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R E T R E A T T O V I C T O R Y

ALLAN A. MICHIE

Retreat to Victory



ALLIANCE BOOK CORPORATION

CHICAGO • NEW YORK

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**First printing . July, 1942
Second printing . July, 1942
Third printing . September, 1942**

Printed in the United States of America

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To

BARBARA AND BOBBY

*who have gone too long
without their Daddy*

A C K N O W L E D G M E N T S

I began these pages as travel notes for my wife to read when I returned home. I turned them into a book when I arrived in America and discovered that, somewhat paradoxically, one of the most important battle areas of the world—the Middle East—was also the least known.

This book is, I believe, the first complete account of the war in the Middle East from the collapse of France down to the Summer of 1942. It is partly personal. I have retained my personal experiences when they offered the most effective way of telling the story.

I might have concluded my book with the account of the British offensive to recapture the Libyan desert at the end of 1941, but I felt obliged to devote the last third of the book to the battles for the Far East and the coming struggle for India.

There is only one world and one global war and it is impossible to understand correctly what is going on at one battlefield without knowing what is happening on all the others. For example, if we wish the explanation of why British General Auchinleck suddenly lost his air superiority, vital to victory, in the Libyan desert in December, 1941, we must look halfway around the world to the jungles of Malaya, where the defending troops waited desperately for the air reinforcements which were dispatched to them from the African front.

My obligations are many.

The number of war correspondents who have been privileged to make a full circle of the world at war can be counted on the fingers of one hand. I am fortunate to be one of them. For that I wish to thank Henry R. Luce and the editors of *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune* magazines.

It is impossible here to thank by name all my newspaper colleagues, American diplomats, United States military observers, British fighting men and their officers, British officials, British and American civilians, and other friends for their many kindnesses. I do wish to extend my thanks to Randy Churchill, Robin Campbell, Colonel Philip Astley, Major Anthony Oakshot, and the handful of British military men and civilian officials who did not regard newspaper men as merely a necessary evil.

I wish to pay tribute to three of my colleagues, who made covering the war around the world a great experience for me.

There was brilliant, 25-year-old Mel Jacoby, wise in the ways of the Far East, who covered the area for *Time* and *Life* from Manila. When the Japs occupied the city, Mel and his bride of a few weeks escaped to Corregidor, where they made history with their pictures and stories of life on the fortress and on Bataan. They escaped from the Philippines to Australia. Before they could come home for a well-deserved rest, Mel was killed when a fighter plane out of control crashed into him at an airfield in the heart of Australia.

General MacArthur, in a communique announcing Jacoby's death, and the death of another friend, Brigadier General Harold H. George, killed in the same accident, said: "Melville Jacoby covered the Philippine campaign . . . with complete devotion to military standards. He could well have served as a model for war correspondents at the front."

There is little Carl Mydans, a crack *Life* photographer, who covered four wars in two years (Finland, France, China, the Philippines). With his capable, hard-working, researcher-wife Shelley, he is now a prisoner of the Japs in Manila.

There is *Life* photographer George Rodger, who for eighteen months in Africa, the Middle East, India, and Burma has endured more hardships to get his pictures than any other photographer in this war. I want to tell him that he is the best campaign companion anyone could ask for.

Special thanks are due: to the editors of *Time*, *Life*, *Fortune*, *Coronet*, the *Reader's Digest*, the *American Mercury*, the *Toronto Star Weekly*, *Who*, *Harper's*, and the *Infantry Journal* for permission to reprint sections of certain chapters which have appeared in those magazines; to Gary Underhill of *Life* for the use of his file material in my chapter on Russian military equipment; to Richard Edes Harrison for his unique end-paper map; to Wilson Hicks, picture editor of *Life*, for permission to use the photographs in the book; to Nanine Joseph and Erna Bagemihl for their helpful cooperation in the preparation of the book; to Norman Michie and Mary Miller for assistance with the research; to Gertrude Monroe, who did the superhuman job of typing this manuscript in twenty-five days; and to my wife, Barbara Townsend Michie, without whom this book would never have reached the printer.

ALLAN A. MICHIE

Ripon, Wisconsin
June, 1942

C O N T E N T S

1. Retreat to Victory	8
2. The Middle East Must Be Held	11
3. The Italians Aren't Mad at Anybody	24
4. Decline and Fall of the Italian Empire	35
5. Down One Side and Up the Other	46
6. Dunkirk in the Mediterranean	54
7. Revolt in the Desert	75
8. Frenchmen Against Frenchmen	90
9. Syrian Hangover	105
10. Mechanized General	112
11. A New Heaven and a New Earth	126
12. Little King Without a Kingdom	137
13. Second Lawrence of Arabia	157
14. Desert Puritan	167
15. London of the Middle East	176
16. Young Man With a Throne	189
17. Henceforth Known as Persia	207

18.	30 Per Cent Winter, 70 Per Cent Russians	226
19.	Tobruk's Desert Rats	233
20.	Middle East Artery	241
21.	Blood, Sand and Steel	246
22.	Auchinleck of Auchinleck	259
23.	Middle East Commanders	276
24.	Battle in the Sand	291
25.	Turkey on the Fence	312
26.	Malta Fights Back	320
27.	Escape from the Blue Pencils	326
28.	India's No-Man's-Land	335
29.	Keep Your Eye on Wavell	351
30.	What Can India Do?	364
31.	The Far East: Business as Usual	377
32.	Blackout Crossing	388
33.	Scrap Iron With Interest	398
34.	Battle for the Far East	411
35.	From Factory to Fighting Front	432
36.	To the Last Britisher	440
37.	The Immediate Future	448
38.	The Long-Range Future	455
39.	Civilian Defense Is a Luxury	465
40.	No Second Front on Tuesday	471

I L L U S T R A T I O N S

	<i>Facing Page</i>
Remains of Il Duce's mechanized army	84
British-Free French column takes over Damascus	98
Camel-mounted <i>bedouin</i> guarding desert fort	180
Major Glubb and Emir Abdullah	146
One of "Glubb's Girls"	162
Arab Legion's camel patrol	178
Defeated Iranian Army surrenders	210
British and Russians meet in Iran	210
<i>Afrika Korps</i> soldiers surrender to British	298
Captured Germans and Italians in Cairo	298

RETREAT TO VICTORY

Retreat to Victory

THE BRITISH ARMY is the best retreating army in the world, and I don't say that as a joke. Almost any army can be good when the odds are in its favor and it is forging ahead, but it takes the kind of plain guts the British have to withdraw as well as they did from the deathtraps at Dunkirk, Greece, and Crete.

Retreats are not pleasant spectacles. I have covered too many of them. I saw the Stuka-stupid Tommies come back across the Channel from the hell of Dunkirk. All we want is a couple of days of sleep, they said, and then let's have another crack at Jerry.

I watched Britishers, New Zealanders, and Aussies, who had been bombed and strafed incessantly for twelve days, as they stumbled down the gangplanks of British warships at Alexandria after the evacuation from Crete. They clutched their rifles as though they were the last thing in the world they'd part with.

Their spirit was magnificent. Some of the Tommies had been through both Dunkirk and Crete. Dunkirk, they said, was a picnic compared to the pasting they took on Crete, but they had not lost their sense of humor. That night Cairo rang with the gag they'd brought back. It was the new names for the three British fighting services: "The Royal Navy, the Royal Advertising Force, and the Evacuees!"

I saw the Aussies, the Indians, and the British at Singapore, and the American and Filipino troops in the Philippines a few days before they were to begin their hopeless fights. They were doomed then—and some of them knew it—but there was no question of giving up without a fight.

In every retreat—Norway, Flanders, British Somaliland, Greece, Crete, Libya, Malaya, Sumatra, Java, the Bataan peninsula, and Burma—it has been the same story. In Europe and Africa it was one Britisher against ten Germans, one British tank against twenty Nazi tanks, one British Hurricane fighter against fifty Messerschmitts. In the fight for the Far East it was more of the same: Americans and Filipinos armed with 1914-18 rifles trying to stop Japanese dive-bombers, dogged Dutchmen trying to push back Japanese 14-ton tanks with their naked hands.

WHEN THE HISTORY OF THE WAR is written, the story of these two years of retreats should be illuminated with the blood of their heroes. Outnumbered and out-equipped, they knew their chances of living were small, but they fought and died so that those who came after them would have a chance. They gave their lives so that their countries could gain the time necessary to put an end to retreats.

The world should long remember the thirty-four boy sailors from the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse*, all of them lads under 18, armed with nothing but daggers and pistols, who battled the Japs to the death at Singapore's naval base. And the thousand Chinese volunteers, armed with shotguns, who marched away into the inferno of Japanese dive-bombers and trench mortars in Singapore's dying hours and were never heard of again. And the four hundred British soldiers who stood their ground at Tengah airdrome, ten miles from Singapore, under a

terrific bombardment until only three lived to tell the story.

We must never be allowed to forget the men who came out of the nightmare on Crete, among them the scores of bomb-shocked soldiers, each with an arm paralyzed against his face as if shielding his eyes from the sun. Dive-bombers had caused this pathological paralysis, the nerve specialists said.

Long after the battles have ended, the delaying fights have gone on. Greece and Crete are marked "German" on the map, but hundreds of British and Imperial troops are still fighting there, hiding in the hills with friendly peasants during the day, sabotaging the Germans and Italians at night. British agents from Cairo make regular contacts with them to land supplies and ammunition and remove the wounded. As late as February, 1942, almost one year after they were supposedly "captured," more than a battalion of New Zealanders slipped across from Greece by the underground railway to join the rebel forces of General Mihailovich in Yugoslavia.

At sea, while the British fought for survival in the Battle of the Atlantic, heroes were made almost every day. Remember the *Jervis Bay*? When a German pocket battleship fell upon a convoy of thirty-eight freighters and began to destroy them one by one, the merchant cruiser *Jervis Bay* sailed straight into the guns of the battleship and gave the convoy time to scatter. The *Jervis Bay* with its 6-inch guns did not have a chance, but by the time the Nazi battleship shattered her with shells and sent her to the bottom, thirty-four of the thirty-eight merchantmen had managed to escape.

In the Far East, during the battle for Java, the Australian sloop *Yarra*, a mine-sweeper, and a sloop of the Royal Indian Navy were assigned to escort six merchant vessels along the Java coast. The convoy was set upon by three Jap cruisers and two destroyers. The little In-

dian and Australian vessels laid down a smoke screen to protect their merchantmen and then went out to battle with the Japanese fleet. Jap planes joined in and dive-bombed them.

The Japanese cruisers steamed in to point-blank range, firing 8-inch guns which riddled their victims. The *Yarra* and the other two tiny naval vessels fought back impertinently with machine guns, a Hotchkiss gun, and one anti-submarine gun. One by one the convoy went to the bottom, but the three little naval vessels fired to the last.

Russia's guerrilla army, while not a major factor in the war against the Germans, played a most important role in Russia's great retreat. Thousands of Nazis have been killed by snipers, the German supply lines and communications cut, and their defense posts sabotaged.

You have probably never heard of Zoya Kosmodemyanskaya. She was an 18-year-old pupil in a Moscow school when Hitler attacked her country and she left her desk, put on a man's clothes and joined a guerrilla band behind the German lines. Before the Nazis caught her she had cut a German field-telephone wire, destroyed a German stable, and fired German troop quarters.

The Nazis tortured her for hours to make her reveal the whereabouts of her compatriots. They whipped her with a leather belt, beat her, scraped a saw across her back, and walked her barefooted, at the point of a bayonet, through the snow for hours. When she still refused to talk, they hung a card inscribed "Guerrilla" about her neck and stood her on a gallows at the village of Petrisheva. The villagers were herded nearby to watch her die.

"Comrades!" cried Zoya. "Smite the Germans! Burn them!"

The Nazi hangman stood her on a box and adjusted the noose around her neck.

"You hang me now," Zoya Kosmodemyanskaya taunted the Nazis, "but I am not alone. There are 200,000,000 of us. You won't hang everybody. I shall be avenged. Soldiers! Surrender before it is too late. Victory will be ours." The hangman kicked the box and Zoya strangled. In death, she became a Hero of the Soviet Union.

THE BATTLES OF THE FIRST TWO YEARS of the war were not lost because the defenders lacked courage. Courage, unfortunately, has been the only weapon which the Allies have had in plenty.

They were not lost because the defenders were greatly outnumbered. In every case the British and British Imperials, Russians, Americans, Dutch, Indians, and Chinese have proved that each man is the fighting equal of four or six or ten Axis soldiers.

They were lost because in every instance the Germans or the Japs held absolute command of the air. Each battle proved more clearly than the one before it that an army cannot hope to hold the ground below unless it can command the air above.

The battles were lost because the Axis armies, once they dominated the air above, had a clear superiority in the offensive weapons (tanks, armored vehicles, field guns, mortars) necessary to drive the defenders from their positions.

From the opening days of the war, when the British and French military and political leaders closed their eyes to the lessons of Poland and sat contentedly behind the Maginot Line, we were soothed with the comforting belief that "time is on the side of the democracies." The Allied military men then in command, thinking in terms of a defensive war of limited liability, actually hoped that the British-French blockade tactics would strangle the Nazis to the point where they would engage in one

last desperate attack on the Allied positions. The Gamelins and Gorts, Daladiers and Ironsides of the Allied High Command, convinced of their invulnerability behind the steel and concrete wall of France, hoped that the Nazis would batter themselves against the Allied defenses until they had reached a state of exhaustion, when the French and British would launch the counter-attack that would bring victory at little cost.

When the attack did come, at a time and place chosen by the Nazis, it was an entirely new kind of war for which the static defenders of France and Britain were completely unprepared. The strategy was the strategy of the textbooks, but the tactics were based on new weapons—the airplane and the tank—which, ironically, the Allies had pioneered and left to the Nazis to develop.

After Dunkirk, Britain began the tremendous job (which she should have begun following the invasion of Poland, where the Nazis gave the Allies a preview of the German military machine) of matching and ultimately beating the Nazis with these new weapons. Time was still on the side of the democracies—but only if Britain gained it in sufficient quantities to build up her military machine. To gain time, she was forced to fight the Axis at every point they chose to attack—regardless of the odds.

For the defenders of Greece, Crete, and the Far East there were only two alternatives: to fight with the inadequate weapons they had, or to surrender without a struggle. Surrender would have given the Axis half the world for the taking. The British, then the Russians, then the Americans and the Dutch, as the Chinese had done for years before them, chose to fight the Axis for every inch of ground. They fought to hold the enemy, and then retreated in order to gain time to fight another day.

Inadequately armed and organized for the world-wide scope of the war the now-United Nations have fought to

wear down the Axis strength on an 8,000-mile front by a series of delaying actions, which began on the beach of Dunkirk.

Russia, the only nation approaching the Nazis in the quantity and quality of weapons, was forced to stage the greatest retreat of all along a 2,000-mile front from Leningrad to the Black Sea. On the defensive for months, the Russians took as high a price for every Nazi gain as possible, while retreating farther and farther into the interior. Moving back at great speed, they kept their armies as intact as they could and never suffered a major break in their lines that could not be mended.

It was not until Hitler's armies were within sight of Moscow that this delaying fight began to show results. Then Moscow made the final resistance.

"Hold we must—and will," said a political commissar to the people gathered around the loudspeakers in the streets of the capital, "through the next few days of strain, if we are to make this final thrust of the enemy the turning point for his final defeat. We must check the enemy's offensive and bleed him white."

Moscow held.

These delaying retreats, discouraging and humiliating on the surface, are as much a part of the global war strategy of the United Nations as the counter-offensives which will later bring us victory. The only strategy open to the British after Dunkirk, which became the strategy of the United Nations at the end of 1941, was this: Delay and retreat, delay and retreat, until the time comes when first parity, then superiority, is won over the Axis. Every retreat has thus been a step backward to gain time, a step toward eventual superiority, a step toward final victory.

In only two major operations have the British had anything like the necessary air strength for victory—in the aerial Battle of Britain and in General Auchinleck's

campaign against the Axis in Libya at the close of 1941. Time and again—in Norway, Greece, and Crete—the British have been forced to close their eyes to military strategy and, for political reasons, undertake land and sea battles without air support. They simply did not have the air forces available.

We have been forced to retreat because Britain and America failed to prepare for war when they had the time. For that failure we have paid—and will continue to pay—a terrible price in blood and broken bones. Americans are prone to forget that the Nazis and the Japs had a head start of from five to ten years in building their war machines. In 1935 Nazi Germany spent five times as much as Britain on war production, and more than twice as much as Britain and France combined. In 1938 the Nazis spent more than \$7,000,000,000 on their military machine, while the British spent a puny \$2,000,000,000.

The full tide of British and American productive efforts is unlikely to turn in our favor for another year, perhaps two. In the meantime we will suffer further defeats and retreats.

We can only keep on fighting with the weapons we have, at the same time utilizing every hour, every minute in our factories at home to turn out more. As Admiral Ernest Joseph King said after he became Commander-in-Chief of the United States Navy, "We've got to have more planes, more warships, more guns, more of everything. Meanwhile . . . we are going to do the best we can with what we've got."

The Middle East Must Be Held

THE FIRST GREAT DELAYING BATTLE of the retreat to victory began in the air above Dunkirk and extended into the Battle of Britain, when some three thousand young men and a few hundred fighter planes staved off defeat, gave Britain time to recover, and gave America time to make up its mind.

Following the victory of the RAF in the Battle of Britain, the United Nations have staged three major delaying fights—in the Middle East, in Russia, and in the Far East.

Only a small fragment of the story of Russia's great battle has yet been told, and it will remain untold so long as Russia refuses to permit non-Russian war correspondents and even military observers of her allies to follow the Soviet armies up to the front lines. The battle for the Far East has been adequately covered. In a sense, it has been "America's battle," and the American press has paid minute attention to its smallest skirmishes. There are more special war correspondents covering the Australian front than there were in Britain throughout the air blitz of 1940-41.

The Middle East, however, is a battlefield that is inadequately understood, partly because it is so vast, partly because it is hard enough for Americans to comprehend why their war is being fought in Australia—much less in Iraq, Iran, and faraway Libya.

In the Middle East a full-scale war has been going on for two years. It was there that occurred the only real fighting between Dunkirk and the Nazi attack on Russia. It is in the Middle East that the strategy of the United Nations' delaying fight, the retreat to victory, can best be seen.

THE ENORMOUS AREA known variously as the Middle or Near East,* stretching from the borders of European Turkey, Russia, and India across the face of the Arabian peninsula to the Egyptian-Libyan frontier in north Africa, has a military history half as old as time. Over this cradle of mankind swept the hosts of Alexander the Great and Genghis Khan and Tamerlane; Selim the Grim and Suleiman the Magnificent; the armies of Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes; of Julius Caesar, Pompey, and Mark Antony; the legions of Saladin and Richard The Lion-Hearted.

Before World War II has ended, these tortured, sun-scorched lands will probably see Adolf Hitler try to add his name to the long list of Middle East invaders.

In the Cairo study of General Sir Claude Auchinleck, Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in the Middle East, the first thing I noticed was a large military map showing Turkey and the southern half of Russia's Caucasus. General Auchinleck expects the Germans to make a drive through Turkey and/or the Caucasus for the lands of the Middle East sometime in 1942.

* In normal American usage, Turkey, Egypt, and the whole of Asia Minor constitute the Near East; most of Asia proper is the Middle East; the eastern part of Asia and the islands of the Western Pacific are called the Far East. The British call the Balkans and Turkey the Near East; Egypt, Syria, the Lebanon, Palestine, Transjordan, Iraq, Iran, Saudi Arabia, the Yemen, and the small Arabian *sheikhdoms* on the Arabian peninsula and the Persian Gulf comprise the Middle East; and this, in the interest of clarity, is the usage throughout this book.

The immediate objective: oil for Germany's war machine. The ultimate objective: a junction with the Japs in India.

General Wavell, British Commander-in-Chief in India, is also sure that the Middle East will soon become a major battlefield.

"The Caucasus, Iran, Iraq, and Syria may well prove to be the great battlefield of 1942," Wavell told me in India. "And," he added significantly—this was before Pearl Harbor—"any Japanese attack against British positions in southern Asia would, of course, merge the Western and Far Eastern wars into one."

What Wavell meant—but did not say—was that the Japs, once they succeeded in establishing themselves in Malaya, Burma, and the Dutch East Indies, and secured control of Singapore, would make a coordinated drive with the Nazis on India in an attempt to win all Asia for the Axis.

The Japs are already well on their way. With the Nazis it is still a matter of if-and-or-but.

The immediate lure for the Nazis in the Middle East is oil. The oil of conquered Rumania, even added to Germany's synthetic output, was not sufficient to supply Hitler's terrific needs for long. The best Soviet sources I know estimate that the Nazis used 1,400,000 tons of oil monthly in their drive against Russia from July to December, 1941. With Germany's domestic needs, and the internal requirements of German-conquered Europe, this would bring the total monthly consumption to 2,000,000 tons. In all of 1941 Germany obtained only 11,000,000 tons; of this, Rumania furnished half, Germany's synthetic plants provided 4,000,000 tons, and Albania, Poland, Hungary, and Alsace-Lorraine, 1,500,000. Thus, for her Russian campaigns, Germany was forced to draw deeply on her reserve stocks.

Capture of Russia's Caucasian fields, which were de-

nied to Hitler when his offensive into the Caucasus failed at Rostov late in 1941, would end Hitler's oil worries for years to come. Capture of the rich, high-grade oilfields of the Middle East, although they contribute only six per cent of the world's production, would, when added to the oil of the Caucasus, mean that Hitler's mechanized and air-borne forces could roll on indefinitely.

The great northern Iraq fields at Mosul and Kirkuk yield 30,000,000 barrels per year, while the vast deposits in southern Iran are almost twice as rich as the fields of Rumania, thrice those of Iraq. At Abadan, Iran, the Germans would find the world's largest refinery. Half-way down the Persian Gulf, on the road to India, lies little Bahrein Island. Bahrein, I was told when I visited the island, can produce 100,000 barrels per day without grunting.

Seizure of the Middle East fields would be a double Nazi victory. It would also deprive the British of the very lifeblood of their Middle East defenses. British tanks, planes, and warships in the Mediterranean area operate directly on Middle East oil, refined at Palestine's port of Haifa, which processes about 7,000,000 barrels annually, and at the refineries in Iraq and southern Iran. In peacetime, one-quarter of Britain's oil supplies came from the Middle East. I cannot reveal the present proportion but it is obviously much greater now. If the Middle East were lost, the United States, with sixty-three per cent of the world's production, could still produce enough for herself and Britain and her other allies, but we would face the problem of getting that oil to the world's battlefronts, a job which might prove impossible because of the already desperate shortage of oil tankers.

The long range objective of the Nazis' *Drang nach Osten* is so grandiose, so ambitious, that only Hitler would attempt it. It is to conquer the entire Middle East

and join hands with the Japs across India and the Indian Ocean. When that has been accomplished, the Nazis intend to turn the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, and the China Sea into an enormous Axis sea lane. (I believe that it is with this in mind that the Germans and Italians have carefully refrained from blocking the narrow Suez Canal, by bombing, during the first two years of the war.)

Along this sea highway, in the bottoms of the large Japanese and Italian merchant fleets, would travel the raw materials Germany needs from Japan in the Far East and India (rubber, tin, cotton); and back to Japan from German factories would go the finished war equipment Japan needs.

The consequences of this join-up might prove fatal to the United Nations. That is why we must prevent the Nazis from breaking through the Middle East.

Once the European and Asiatic ends of the Axis were allowed to join hands, they would possess the greatest combination of war-making power the world has ever seen. Once this immense Axis sea lane was established, it would make the broad highway of American and British supply ships across the Atlantic seem like a narrow country lane.

Look at your map of the world. The roles of the belligerents would be reversed. If the Axis powers unite across the face of Asia and add the wealth of India, the Middle East, and Africa to that of the Far East, they would become the Have powers. The United Nations would become the Have-Nots, forced to harry the Axis sea communication line as the Axis once snipped at ours across the Atlantic. But neither the United States nor Britain has the submarine force to do this one-tenth as effectively as the Nazis have done it in the Atlantic. That is why the Middle East must be held.

With the Middle East and Mediterranean in their

hands, the Nazis would take over Gibraltar, Vichy French North Africa, Morocco, and half the west coast of Africa. From there (Dakar is only 1,800 miles from the coast of Brazil) they expect to gain the footholds in South America which will ultimately put them within striking distance of the Panama Canal. Secure in the Mediterranean, they could settle down to build at their leisure the invasion force to take care of Britain and America. That is why the Middle East must be held.

I believe that it is in the Middle East that the whole future of the United Nations and the very destiny of the world will be decided. It is in the Middle East that the decision will be made whether the war can be won in a year or two, or drag on for a decade or more.

As long as we hold the Middle East it is possible to squeeze Hitler from three sides—by British-American power in the British Isles, from Russia, and from the Mediterranean. If we hold the Middle East and keep the Nazis within this tightening circle, the war might end within two years. If we lose the Middle East, the United Nations will be faced with a prolonged struggle of five, ten, fifteen years. It is impossible to predict that we could even win at all.

To sum up: If the Nazis are allowed to conquer the Middle East they would: 1) obtain enough oil to fight on indefinitely; 2) sever the United Nations' only all-weather supply lines to Russia via Iran; 3) obtain control of the west coast of Africa, with its jumping-off places for an attack on South America; and 4) join hands with the Japs and exchange the raw wealth of Asia for the manufactured goods of Europe.

If the United Nations hold the Middle East, we will: 1) have a base for an eventual attack on Germany up through Italy, Greece, or European Turkey; 2) out-flank the Vichy possessions in Africa and discourage any German move to establish themselves on the west

coast of the continent; 3) retain the vital Iranian supply route to the Soviet Union; 4) keep the Asiatic and European ends of the Axis separated and enable us to deal with them one at a time; and 5) force the Germans to remain within the boundaries of Europe until we are ready and equipped to stage the offensive that will bring us victory.

HITLER, LIKE NAPOLEON, favors a "plan with branches" and for his attack on the Middle East he may use any one, or a combination, or all of the following:

1) An all-out air and submarine attack on British naval and air strength in the Mediterranean, so that he can transport adequate supplies and reinforcements to the German and Italian forces in Libya. This will include an attempt to reduce the British Mediterranean island of Malta to impotency, either by prolonged air attacks or an invasion.

2) A land attack through Spain (occupying Portugal for his own protection at the same time) across to French North Africa and down the south Atlantic coast as far as Dakar. Possession of Dakar will place Nazi planes and submarines dangerously close to the American-British supply lines and line of communication to the Middle East, and give the Nazis their jumping-off base for an attack on South America.

3) A new drive from the Kerch peninsula, which the Germans captured in May, 1942, through the Crimea to the Caucasus, and then south across Iran to the oil of the Middle East.

4) A major land and sea-borne drive against Turkey, perhaps simultaneous with the Caucasus offensive, perhaps as a substitute campaign, if the Caucasian defenses again prove too tough for the Nazis to crack.

Once through either the Caucasus or Turkey, the Nazis would send one prong striking south across Syria and

Palestine for the Suez Canal, regarded by the Nazis as second only to India in the British Empire structure. A protective, and minor, prong would take up positions along the Caspian Sea and the Russian Turkoman-Iranian border to block Russian troops coming down the Caspian or its eastern shore to reinforce the British in the Middle East.

The major Middle East drive, whether it came through the Caucasus or Turkey, or both, would head across the open sand of Iraq to Baghdad and Basra. Once at Basra the German armored units could utilize sea transport, perhaps Jap freighters, to take them as far as Karachi, India, or else risk the long, 1,200-mile drive along the north shore of the Persian Gulf and the Gulf of Oman to the Indian province of Baluchistan.

IN THE ATTACK through the Caucasus, the Nazis would strike for the vital Russian pipeline which runs across the waist of the Caucasus from Baku to Tiflis to Batum. From Tiflis the Nazis could push along the road and railroad which runs through the mountains down to the Iranian town of Tabriz. From Tabriz, one prong would skirt Turkey's eastern end to reach the Iraqi oil center at Mosul, near the ancient site of Nineveh, and then strike along the main road and parallel railroad to reach Aleppo, key city in the British defense of Syria.

The main Nazi drive out of the Caucasus would probably head for Iran's Kazvin and the capital city of Teheran, in order to utilize the decent roads and railroad which run diagonally across Iran to Baghdad and Basra.

In their attack through Turkey, which could be undertaken simultaneously with, or independently of, the drive through the Caucasus, the Germans will probably avoid a direct attack on the Dardanelles if the Turks decide to fight. The shores of the narrow strait which divides

Europe from Asia, and the islands surrounding it, are strongly fortified and to break through the fortifications would be both costly and unnecessary.

The Germans would probably cross the Black Sea by boat from Varna, in Bulgaria, or Constanta, in Rumania, and land above the Bosphorus unless the Russian Black Sea fleet could prevent this. The main German sea-borne invasion would probably start from Salonika and head southward through the Aegean to Smyrna. In addition, landings would be made all along the Turkish coast from the former Greek islands that the Nazis now control.

There are only two main railroads in Turkey. The Nazis would use both lines, plus the road to Ankara. Once Turkey surrendered, the Dardanelles could be used as a direct supply line back into Bulgaria.

First objective after Turkey would be Aleppo, in northern Syria, astride the only railway running southward through Syria toward the Suez Canal. Alexandria, in the Republic of Hatay, would also be attacked by sea and land. From Aleppo the Nazis could send out three drives—up to the Russian-Iranian border, to Basra, and southwestward to Suez.

In conjunction with their attack on Aleppo the Nazis would have to stage a Crete-style attack on the island of Cyprus, which lies just off the Syrian coast. From airfields in Cyprus, British bombers could attack German columns as they attempted to push southward through Syria. And Cyprus will be harder to take than Crete.

The main drive for Basra and the Persian Gulf, and the secondary drive for the Russian-Iranian border, would start together from Aleppo and head across the open, sandy country to Mosul. At Mosul, provided the Germans had not attacked the Caucasus from the Crimean front, one Nazi column could turn northward, skirt the rough mountains of Kurdistan, and follow the

road to Tabriz and the Caucasian-Iranian frontier, where they could bottle up Russian reinforcements seeking to enter Iran to aid the British.

The main Nazi drive would continue from Mosul to Kirkuk, another oil center, to Khanaqin, Baghdad, and Basra. It would be almost impossible to offer any serious resistance to this drive once it started across the sandy, hard plain of Iraq.

At Basra the Nazis would face another 1,200-mile drive along the northern shore of the Persian Gulf to the borders of Baluchistan. There are no roads. The shoreline is flat, but the country is a sterile, salty, sandy waste marked only by a few fishing villages. Gasoline, water, and supplies would have to be carried overland the whole way or else landed by sea at Bandar Shahpur, Bushire, Bandar Abbas, and Chahbar along the coast. If the Japanese control the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf, however, Japanese merchant ships could be sent to Basra to transport German panzer units down to the coast of Baluchistan or even as far as Karachi.

These first two prongs of such a German drive would meet little resistance, owing to the nature of the terrain over which they would pass, but the drive for Suez would come up against the bulk of the defending British forces (provided General Auchinleck could transfer his troops from the Egyptian desert in time) plus a series of good airfields held by the British in Syria and Palestine.

However, in conjunction with this drive for the Canal the Axis forces in the Libyan desert would make a determined effort to break through the British defenses on the Egyptian-Libyan border to threaten Suez from the other side. Such an attack would give Auchinleck two fronts to worry about and force him to split his available troops. This was what General Auchinleck tried to avert by his desert offensive to crush the Axis in November, 1941.

It is unlikely that the British will enter Turkey before the Germans attack. To take over the defense of Istanbul, Smyrna, and the Dardanelles would only open the British flank to Nazi sea-borne attacks. More probably, Auchinleck and Lieutenant General Sir H. Maitland Wilson, Commander of the British Ninth Army charged with the defense of Syria and Palestine, will attempt to make their first line of defense the Taurus mountains near the Turkish-Syrian border. The main road and railroad from Turkey snake over the Taurus through deep defiles that can be easily blocked and defended.

If the Germans, after taking Cyprus, manage to land at Alexandretta, the British will fall back along the rough mountainous country of Syria and Lebanon until they reach the range that runs between Beirut and Damascus, which are connected by a road and railroad. If the British are forced out of this region they will fall back on a similar high mountain range that runs between Jerusalem (about 3,000 feet above sea level) and Jaffa, on the Mediterranean.

THE BRITISH HAVE LONG ANTICIPATED Hitler's offensive into the Middle East. For the last two years they have made it their major theatre of war, second in importance only to the defense of the British Isles.

British forces in the sprawling, 2,000,000-square-mile military area of the Middle East now number 750,000 men. The Middle East RAF is numerically stronger than the whole RAF was at home when the Battle of Britain began in August, 1940. Yet, in the dark weeks following Dunkirk, the British had only an army of some 30,000 men and a few score antiquated planes to defend this entire Middle East area.

Much has been made of the "miracle of Dunkirk." Little has been written of the greater miracle of the

Middle East. It is the incredible story of how the British, using a combination of bluff and boldness and sheer military skill, held off greatly superior Axis forces for almost two long years while building up their Middle East armies with reinforcements of men and materiel from Britain. In short, it is the story of a retreat to victory.

According to the Allied war plans in the early months of the war, the defense of the Mediterranean was left primarily to the French fleet. The well-trained, well-equipped French armies in Syria (which at one time numbered close to 120,000 men) and Tunisia (at least 50,000 troops) were supposed to discourage any ambitions Mussolini had in the Mediterranean-African-Middle East theatre. When the French collapsed, the British in the Middle East were left in what appeared to be a hopeless situation. The tiny British Army of the Nile of 30,000 men was caught between two forces of Il Duce's soldiers in Libya and Italian East Africa, 500,000 strong.

It was then that Winston Churchill made one of the most courageous decisions of the war, a decision which has never been properly appreciated either in America or Britain. Although Britain had but one fully equipped division to defend itself in the days after Dunkirk, and the country was hourly expecting invasion, Churchill, against the advice of many of his military experts, determined to ship to the Middle East a large proportion of the new weapons British factories were straining to produce. I was in Britain then and as I toured the areas along the Channel coast, it was hopelessly obvious that every gun, every grenade, every tank was desperately needed to make safe the shores of Britain. Despite this great need, the equipment for one full armored division was shipped to the Middle East within a few months after Dunkirk. Up to fifty per cent of Britain's produc-

tion of certain weapons was allocated to the armies in the Middle East, to enable them not only to defend the area but to take the offensive at the first opportunity.

British strategy in the Middle East since then has been both offensive and defensive.

General Auchinleck's desert offensive into Libya at the tail end of 1941 was a defensive move primarily designed to clean up the Axis threat in Africa so that the British could turn about to defend Turkey without danger of an attack on their rear. It was for that reason that its partial failure was so ominous for the cause of the United Nations in the Middle East.

Throughout 1941 the British staged three highly successful preparatory moves to ready themselves for the eventual German Middle East drive. On the pretext that the old Shah was not ousting German agents from Iran rapidly enough, the British occupied his country in conjunction with their Russian allies. They ejected the Vichyites in Syria on the ground that they were permitting German infiltration, and drove out the pro-Axis group which staged the revolt in Iraq.

These were offensive moves, but they were defensive offensives, designed to build up an uninterrupted Allied defense bastion across the face of the Middle East.

The first British blows to make certain that the Middle East cradle of democracy would not become its coffin were struck by General Wavell in the Autumn of 1940 when he engaged the Italians in Libya and Italian East Africa and smashed Il Duce's empire.

The Italians Aren't Mad at Anybody

I PASSED THROUGH ITALY twice on my way to and from London to New York in the Spring of 1940. At that time most Italians were embarrassingly outspoken in their determination to keep out of the war. In trains, cafes, hotel lobbies, and taxis the ordinary Italians did not bother to lower their voices when they spoke of the hope that their country would never go to war against Britain. When they mentioned their Nazi allies, their remarks were usually accompanied by a throat-slitting gesture. Il Duce's popularity had increased, but only because he had managed to keep Italy out of the war.

There were a few exceptions. The pilots of the Ala Littoria planes who flew me to Majorca, Spanish Morocco, and Spain were swaggering, swish-buckling boys who obviously believed Mussolini when he said that Italy's air force took second place to none. On the *Rex*, the pride of Italy's merchant fleet, the Fascist party men among the crew were openly resentful when the British Navy shepherded us into Gibraltar for contraband inspection. However, many of the ship's officers were pro-British. They hoped Britain would win and they listened eagerly to what first-hand reports on Britain I could give them.

Slightly more than two months after I stepped off the *Rex* at Genoa, Italy was in the war.

ON JUNE 10, 1940, Mussolini appeared on his usual balcony in the Piazza Venezia. The day he had long waited for had come. France was in her death agonies and Hitler had assured him that Britain would be finished by the end of the Summer.

At one stroke Il Duce saw himself getting everything he had shouted for—Corsica, Nice, Tunisia, and Djibouti from France; the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, and control of the Red Sea from Britain.

Il Duce informed his puppet subjects that he had declared them in on the war against Britain and France.

"The hour destined by fate is sounding for us. The hour of irrevocable decision has come. We want to break the territorial and military chains that confine us in our sea. It is a conflict between two ages, two ideas. Now the die is cast and our will has burned our ships behind us. . . . We will conquer in order, finally, to give a new world of peace with justice to Italy, to Europe, and to the universe."

Less than a year later Rome's aging little Caesar was no more than a bootlicking lackey to the German Fuehrer. His armies in Libya and Italian East Africa were defeated, dispersed, and destroyed, his empire was torn to shreds and he had been forced to call in the Nazis to hold what remained. Gestapo agents and the *Reichswehr* policed Italy, and *Luftwaffe* units held his major airdromes. All decisions concerning Italy's part in the war came not from Rome, but from Berlin and Berchtesgaden.

In the bomb-blasted, once-Italian towns along the Libyan coastline and in the mountains of Ethiopia and Eritrea I have seen all that remains of Il Duce's proud empire: bombastic slogans painted on the walls of battered buildings. "Vive Il Duce! No One Who Is Not Willing To Die For His Faith Is Worthy To Profess It! . . . Believe, Obey, Fight," they read. They are

ironic reminders that Mussolini lost his empire because his soldiers were neither willing to believe, obey, nor fight for him.

To those of us who have seen the hapless Italians in action in the Middle East battleground, the famed backward advance of Mussolini's soldiers at Guadalajara during the Spanish Civil War is easily understandable. The Italians simply don't want to fight. Il Duce's conscripted soldiers demonstrate at every chance that this is not their war. They aren't mad at anybody.

If the Italians had shown one-tenth the enterprise of their Nazi colleagues, they could have driven the British from Egypt before the end of 1940. The British then had no Middle East army to speak of and it was, as I have said, trapped between Italy's East African and Libyan armies, numbering more than 500,000 men.

As long as the British kept the Red Sea open, they could bring in reinforcements to the Middle East, but the long trip around from England took time. Wavell's job was to hold off the Italians, retreating when necessary, until sufficient reinforcements arrived. How he succeeded in holding them off is one of the fascinating chapters in the history of World War II. At one time he held Egypt with fewer than 15,000 men and some ninety planes. Luckily for the British, the Italians never discovered this.

Mussolini's first move was to send proud, tyrannical old Marshal Rodolfo Graziani across Libya to the Egyptian border with an army of 250,000 men. Graziani, who had ruled Libya with an iron hand and helped in the conquest of Ethiopia, was so sure of success that he carried with him from Rome truckloads of marble monuments with which he intended to mark his triumphal way across to the Suez Canal. At Sidi Barrani, inside the Egyptian border, which he reached in the second week of September, 1940, he suddenly halted and

dug himself in. There he sat all through September, October, and November.

His failure to move forward was one of the few occasions on which the Axis has neglected to take advantage of an opportunity in the war. He was only seventy-five miles from the British positions at Mersa Matruh, at the end of the railroad which led straight to Alexandria and Cairo, and he held command of the coastal road to his rear, but he hesitated to press into Egypt because his left flank was open to bombardment by British naval forces in the Mediterranean, and the British Navy was allowed to interfere with the shipment of his supplies from Italy. The Italian fleet, perhaps under orders from the Germans to remain intact and thus detain a large number of British naval units in the Mediterranean, stayed safely in port.

The outside world, which had accepted Italian valor at Mussolini's face value, waited for British General Wavell's tiny army to be annihilated. But while Graziani hesitated, Wavell struck.

Wavell had prepared his attack long and carefully. He confessed that he studied the layout of Graziani's defenses for weeks until one day he suddenly decided that they could be broken. Wavell is a cautious commander. Pressed time and again to begin his offensive by British Cabinet Ministers who were trying to divert the attention of the British public from air raids at home, Wavell refused to attack until his preparations were completed, and twice postponed his drive on the grounds that his men needed more practice under desert conditions. I was in London then and I heard at a dinner party from a reliable source that Anthony Eden had been sent out to Cairo to inform Wavell that if he did not attack immediately Churchill would be compelled to remove him as Middle East commander-in-chief.

On December 9th, when enough reinforcements of

men and material had arrived to reduce his inferiority to only one to three against the Italians, Wavell attacked.

Supported by less than one armored division, Wavell was never able to use more than 30,000 men at one time. The success of his lightning strokes depended on the employment of a small but highly mobile force. The use of a larger army in the desert, even if the troops had been available, would have involved problems of transport and supplies which Wavell was not then equipped to handle.

Moving up at night from Mersa Matruh and concealing themselves in the daytime, Wavell's forces launched a surprise attack on Sidi Barrani. The Italian defenses were well laid out and strongly held. One Italian division was entrenched in positions to the east of the town; a second to the south at Tummar; a third to the southwest at Sofafi. The Maletti mechanized column was stationed in the south, at Nibeiwa. Utilizing surprise to the utmost, Wavell drove a wedge between the Italian outside defenses, captured them by the evening of the first day's attack, and two days afterward entered Sidi Barrani itself.

When I arrived in Egypt later I learned that Wavell's tactical plan had cautiously left the door open for a British retreat if the attack proved unsuccessful. His men carried supplies and water for five days' fighting. At the end of that time, if Sidi Barrani still held out, they were to withdraw and the British action would have been explained as a successful, large-scale raid.

General Wavell is a believer in unlimited pursuit. "In pursuit you must always stretch the possibilities to the limit," he says. "The troops, having beaten the enemy, will want to rest. They must be given as objectives not those you think they will reach, but the farthest they can possibly reach."

Wavell applied this philosophy in the extreme. Using captured Italian food, fuel, transport, and ammunition, his men pressed on to Bardia, Tobruk, Derna, and Bengasi. In eight weeks they had pushed the Italians back almost 600 miles. The harried Italians were given no time to recover before the British were on top of them. Wavell's Middle East RAF, outnumbered though it was at the outset of the campaign, blasted the Italian planes on the ground and gained undisputed command of the air.

On the 16th, eight days after the attack began, the important Egyptian-Libyan border fortifications of Salum, Fort Capuzzo, and Sidi Omar fell to the British. In London at that time the Nazi bombers were giving us some pretty uncomfortable nights, but as we emerged from our shelters in the mornings we would have the headline announcements of more and more Wavell victories to cheer us on.

Two days after the fall of Sidi Omar, the British reached the outer perimeter of Bardia's defenses.

Bardia was even better protected than Sidi Barrani. Its strong natural position had been improved with four years of work by the Italians and the fortifications included an outer ring of defenses circled by a 10-foot tank trap, which was protected by a strong shoulder-high barrier of barbed wire, inside which was a network of blockhouses and machine-gun emplacements. The garrison of more than 40,000 Italians, well-supplied with artillery, believed the town was impregnable.

For more than two weeks the British carefully reconnoitered the defenses, meticulously recording every detail of the fortifications, tank-traps, land-mines, and gun positions. On January 8rd, under cover of a severe bombardment from land, sea, and air, the Australians charged the outer defenses, while sappers cut the wire and infantry poured through to level the ditch and make

a passage for the tanks. The Italian artillerymen fought doggedly, but once the tanks broke through the outer ring of forts the Italian infantry quickly surrendered, and on the afternoon of January 5th, Bardia was in British hands.

In this action alone Wavell's army captured 40,000 prisoners, 130 light and medium tanks, and nearly 500 guns of all calibers. British losses were fewer than 600 casualties. From the opening day of the attack until then, the British had destroyed or captured seven Italian divisions, plus the mechanized unit commanded by General Maletti.

The fall of Bardia gave the British a port of supply for the attack on Tobruk, seventy miles to the west. At the time of the attack on Bardia, British light mechanized forces had swept around to Tobruk and occupied the airfield of El Adem, fifteen miles south of the town, and then pushed on to straddle the coast road at the rear of Tobruk, blocking reinforcements from arriving and the defenders from retreating.

The British made the same careful study of Tobruk's defenses before their attack that they had made at Bardia. Then, while British and Free French troops engaged the Italians along the whole outer perimeter of defenses, the Australians followed the British tanks through a weak spot in the defenses, and on January 22nd, Tobruk fell. At the cost of fewer than 500 British casualties, another 25,000 Italians were taken prisoners. This brought to eleven the number of Italian divisions put out of action since the opening of Wavell's campaign.

About four divisions of Graziani's original fifteen were left in the remainder of Cyrenaica, Libya's eastern province. Wavell's army pressed on behind them, and eight days after the fall of Tobruk, Derna, nearly 100 miles to the west, was captured. The remnants of

Graziani's once-vaunted army retreated rapidly along the coastal road through Bengasi toward Tripoli.

Lieutenant General Sir H. Maitland Wilson, Wavell's field commander, who I believe is one of the most competent generals in any army, then decided on a brilliant and unexpected stroke. He sent a British armored unit across the interior of the Cyrenaican hump, a country of forbidding wastelands which no army had ever crossed, to trap the retreating Italians south of Bengasi. Traveling by compass and the stars, the British tanks and Bren gun carriers made a forced drive of 150 miles in thirty-six hours to reach the Mediterranean coast near Soluch.

They reached their objective with little time to spare. In another two hours the Italian columns would have been beyond Soluch and out of the trap. British forces were outnumbered five to one in both tanks and men, and the Italians fought fiercely for two days in a desperate effort to break through, but on February 7th, with the Australians pressing down from Bengasi in the rear, the Italians completely collapsed.

Wavell's victory was remarkable. In two months his army had advanced almost 600 miles, and as Mussolini himself was forced to admit, had destroyed the 10th Italian Army Corps with all its equipment. The British had taken close to 140,000 prisoners, including nineteen generals and an admiral, at the amazing cost of 1,774 casualties, of whom only 438 were killed.

If the Italian prisoners alone had fought as a single body, they could have slowed up and perhaps stopped the British advance, but the Italians, with few exceptions, didn't want to fight. Some units, particularly the artillerymen and the anti-aircraft gunners, fought well. If their officers had stayed with them, the Italians might have put up a much better show, but many of their officers threw down their arms at the first sound of firing.

The first to run were invariably the Fascist party Black-shirts. At most places the Italians resisted only until it became unhealthy and then surrendered in droves. They came in so fast that wisecracking British Tommies used to tell us that more Italians were injured trying to become prisoners of war than in the actual fighting.

Wavell intended to pursue the battered remnants of Graziani's army to Tripoli, but Britain's obligation to assist the Greeks interfered. Wavell was requested to send half of his desert fighters and 150 tanks, more than half of his armored force, to Greece.

A light British mechanized force was left to hold the British advance posts in Cyrenaica, while a division garrisoned Bengasi. These forces were thought to be strong enough to hold Cyrenaica until the successful British campaign in Italian East Africa released additional troops, but the Nazis, although they enjoyed the spectacle of their weak-sister Axis comrades in retreat, were strategically compelled to take a part in the North African campaign. In order to pin down Wavell's forces to prevent large-scale British intervention in the Balkans and to keep alive the Axis threat to Suez, it was necessary for the Germans to take over from Graziani's army.

The British had demonstrated that success in the desert depended on tanks and motorized equipment. Early in February, while the British were mopping up Graziani's forces around Bengasi, German armored units began arriving in Tripoli and by the end of March the Nazis had one panzer division and most of a second division in Libya.

Late in February I was in Lisbon, on my way home for a vacation, when I heard that the Germans had made their first appearance in a reconnaissance raid against the British forward position at El Agheila. On March 24th the British were forced to evacuate it. While the

world's attention was concentrated on the battle of Greece, heavy German panzer units then attacked and almost wiped out the light British armored brigade in Cyrenaica and when this British protection was removed, swiftly pushed up the coast to attack the British infantry division at Bengasi. The British rapidly withdrew, but the Germans, reversing the exploit of General Wilson's armored column which had crossed Cyrenaica by interior desert roads, encircled the retreating Britishers and captured 2,000 prisoners, including four generals: Lieutenant General Sir Richard O'Connor, one of the best in the British Army, Lieutenant General Sir Philip Neame, Major General Gambier-Parry, and Major General Carton de Wiart.

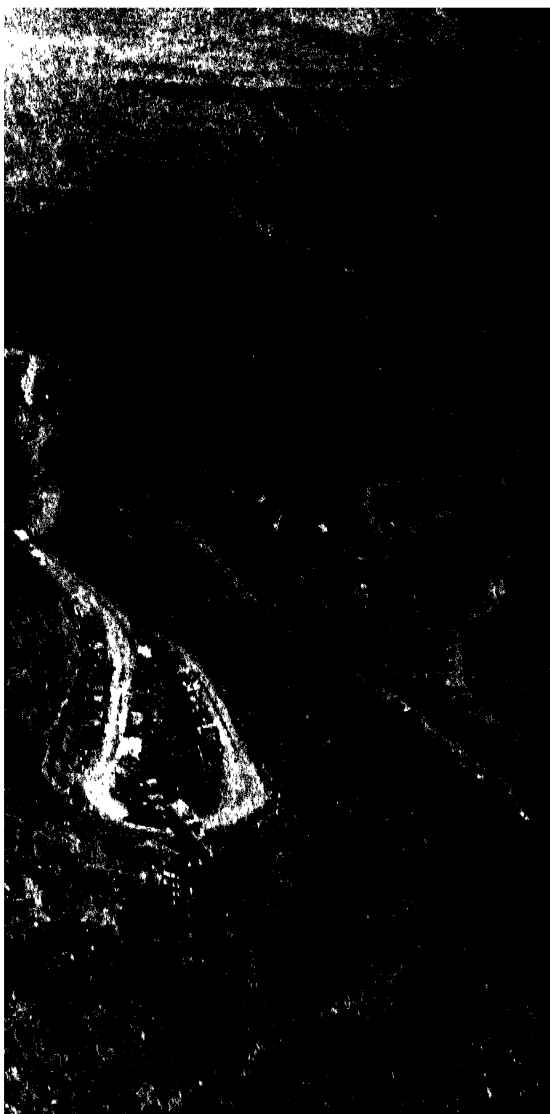
On April 9th, the retreating British established themselves inside the fortifications of Tobruk, where they were to remain for seven and a half months. By-passing Tobruk, the German tank units, followed by Italian infantrymen who were tasting sweet revenge, seized Bardia on April 12th, and two weeks later crossed the Egyptian frontier. The British made a stand at Salum, were driven out, and fell back on Mersa Matruh where Wavell's offensive had started.

All during this Axis comeback, I vacationed restlessly in Florida, which then had nothing in common with Egypt and Libya except the heat, and in Washington, where the war was still an academic matter.

The Axis forces, their communications stretched to the limit, showed no disposition to go beyond Salum. As long as Tobruk was in British hands their chief supply line was in constant danger of being cut in their rear, and the Axis troops settled down to drive the British from this stronghold. Seven and a half months later they were still trying.

On the Egyptian-Libyan frontier, all through the long Summer which saw the battles of Crete, Iraq, Syria,

and Iran, and the opening of the German attack against Russia, both sides harried each other by a series of thrusts and counterthrusts designed to prevent either side from amassing the equipment necessary to launch a major offensive. The fluid situation on the frontier was finally stabilized when the Axis forces took the commanding Halfaya Pass, on the coast outside Salum, and established a strong defense line running from Halfaya to Salum to Sidi Omar. There they remained until General Auchinleck drove them out in his offensive of November, 1941.



: of Il Duce's mechanized army
abandoned in Ethiopia's mountains.

Decline and Fall of the Italian Empire

THE CRUSHING DEFEAT OF GRAZIANI reduced the danger that the Italians could attack simultaneously from Libya and Italian East Africa (Ethiopia, Eritrea, and Italian Somaliland) thus squeezing the British defenders between them. Mussolini's original idea had been to strike at the British in Egypt, the Sudan, Kenya, and British Somaliland while the British at home were being battered into submission by Hitler's *Luftwaffe*.

Only the Somaliland stroke had any success. The French surrender to the Italians of the important port of Djibouti on the Gulf of Aden left British Somaliland outflanked. Against two Italian divisions equipped with artillery and tanks the 7,000 British defenders put up a delaying fight and were finally evacuated from Berbera on August 19, 1940, by a Red Sea Dunkirk.

The Italian forces in East Africa in the meantime made local forays into Kenya and the Sudan. In the Sudan they seized the frontier post of Gallabat and the important railway and trading center of Kassala, which put them in a position to threaten Khartum, capital of the Sudan. On the Kenya border, after a three-week attack, they succeeded in taking the fortified post of Moyale.

In their two years of retreats the British have never hesitated to take the offensive whenever they have had

the slightest hope of success. Although he has been involved in more strategic retreats than any other general in this war, Wavell would be the first to agree that defense will not win the war. He showed that he was not restricted by a Maginot-minded defensive outlook when he moved against Graziani's 250,000 Italians in Libya. He showed it again in Italian East Africa when he sent a comparative handful of British and British Imperial troops against an Italian army even larger than Graziani's.

As in Libya, the British in East Africa were prepared to retreat if retreat became necessary, but they were willing to take every conceivable risk to achieve a victory. In British Somaliland they were forced to retreat before a greatly superior Italian force. A few months later, a still-better equipped British force took the colony back again.

WITH GRAZIANI SAFELY OUT OF THE WAY the British were free to turn their attention to Italian East Africa. Although the Italians were cut off from all hope of Axis supplies as long as the British held the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal, they were nevertheless a formidable threat to the British rear. Under Prince Amadeo di Savoia, Duke of Aosta, Governor General of Italian East Africa, and Viceroy of Ethiopia, there were close to 325,000 troops, Italian and native, well-equipped with stores of supplies.

The British could spare few men. Their total forces for the attack numbered not over 80,000 against Aosta's 325,000. One Indian division, which had made the initial assault on Sidi Barrani, was transferred to the Sudan, where, assisted by Scotch Highlanders, Free French, Belgians, and British-Indian cavalry, they were assigned to attack the Italians from the north. In Kenya the main attacking forces consisted of one division of South Afri-

cans, aided by colored soldiers from the Union of South Africa and black troops from the Gold Coast and Nigeria.

In order to discourage the Italians from making an attack in force upon the Sudan while he was preparing his offensive against Libya, Wavell kept up a constant harrying of the Italian border positions until his own East African attack was ready.

The British used plenty of bluff. At Gallabat, 2,000 British troops, through a series of countermarches and hasty double-backs, fooled the Italians into thinking they were opposed by at least 50,000. I learned that native agents were deliberately sent into Ethiopia with the information that there were 150,000 British troops in the Sudan, which the Italians apparently accepted as a fact.

Against Gallabat, small British units kept up constant raids and skirmishes until by the beginning of November the Italians abandoned it and retired across the border. At Kassala the British made daring raids against the garrison and its communications until two whole Italian divisions holding the town evacuated it on January 18. The recaptures of Kassala and Gallabat were important. They commanded two of the main lines of communication from the Sudan into Mussolini's East African empire.

Meanwhile, Emperor Haile Selassie had been flown out from England to Khartum and had slipped across the border into Ethiopia to rally his feudal chiefs. For months before this, young British officers, performing jobs which made Lawrence of Arabia look like a parlor soldier, had been organizing, training, and arming fierce native bands in the Ethiopian northwest province of Gojjam. By January, they were conducting guerrilla raids on such a scale that the Italian outposts were forced to fall back toward Addis Ababa.

The British campaign was thoroughly planned, me-

thodically prepared, and brilliantly executed. The core of Italian strength lay around Addis Ababa, Ethiopia's capital, and the British attacks were designed to converge upon it. In order to split the defenders' forces and draw them away from the Addis Ababa center, the British attack was laid out to enter Italian territory from as many points as communication lines allowed.

The southern columns, under Lieutenant General Sir Alan Gordon Cunningham, Commander-in-Chief of the whole campaign, were to drive northward from Kenya, capture Italian Somaliland on the east coast of Africa, swing through British Somaliland on the Gulf of Aden, and then cut back toward Addis Ababa. The attack from the north, which consisted of several columns under General Sir William Platt, was aimed first at Eritrea, from where it would continue to Addis Ababa through the almost impassable mountains of Ethiopia's interior.

IN THE SOUTH THE ITALIAN DEFENSES were pinned on the Juba River. Once that crust was broken there was little to stop Cunningham's forces from pushing upward through the marshy plains of Italian Somaliland to Ethiopia. The Italians, who had concentrated most of their defenses in Eritrea and the interior of Ethiopia, had never expected a major attack to materialize from Kenya.

February 10th, after heavy raids on Italian frontier defenses by South African air-force units, General Cunningham's light mechanized forces in Kenya dashed into Italian Somaliland for Afmadu, which they captured two days later. Cunningham's lightning advance then headed for the Juba River in three separate columns; and on the 14th, land, air, and sea forces under Cunningham captured Kismayu, the second port of Italian Somaliland, at the mouth of the Juba River.

The King's African Rifles, which had helped to take

Kismayu, moved across the river and captured Jumbo, another strong defense fort guarding the Juba. Ten days after the fall of Kismayu, Cunningham's forces captured the capital of Mogadiscio and the collapse of Italian Somaliland was assured.

The fall of the colony opened up new Italian-built roads which led straight to the heart of Ethiopia. One of Cunningham's columns advanced along a new highway up the Juba valley toward Addis Ababa, while the column which had captured Mogadiscio turned inland and rolled toward Harar up the Webbe Shebeli, along which they pushed forward at the rate of 50 miles a day.

In the meantime the British staged a blitz to recover British Somaliland. While RAF bombers and naval guns smashed at the Italian positions, fighter planes kept the Italians out of the air and two columns of British troops were landed at Berbera. After a short resistance most of the Italian garrison withdrew under cover of darkness. From Berbera the British struck south to join up with Cunningham's column coming up from Italian Somaliland. Cunningham's forces captured Jigiga on March 17th, and moved on northward to cut the railway linking Addis Ababa with Djibouti. Then Cunningham's troops swung left to attack Harar and Addis Ababa.

In the meantime, native Ethiopian forces working from Kenya had recaptured the fort of Moyale and, in conjunction with one of Cunningham's columns, took Neghelli on March 22nd, destroying the last main defense of Addis Ababa from the south.

THE ATTACK FROM THE NORTH under General Platt began with the capture of Kassala on January 19th, and was designed to cut the railway from Massawa to Addis Ababa. This would assure the fall of Eritrea. The Italians retreated from Kassala in two columns, one to

Agordat, the other to Barentu. One of Platt's columns cleverly outflanked the Italians at Barentu and prevented them from joining up with the Italians at Agordat, and the remaining Italians retreated along the railway to the mountainous stronghold of Keren.

The retreating Italians destroyed the main road which climbed the steep sides of Keren and took up positions in the natural and prepared fortifications up the mountainside. Two of Platt's columns assaulted Keren from the south and west. A third British force was landed from the Red Sea and drove down through Elghena to tackle Keren from the north, but the railway between Keren and Massawa, the Italians' main supply base on the Red Sea, remained open. After seven weeks of hand-to-hand fighting, Keren was finally captured on the night of March 26th, but not before the main body of 85,000 Italians had managed to retreat along the railway to Asmara.

The fall of Keren virtually ended Italian resistance in Eritrea. Asmara was declared an open town and surrendered without fighting, and a column of British and Free French forces raced along the winding road to Massawa and occupied the port.

The British columns under Cunningham and Platt then aimed for Addis Ababa. The ancient town of Harar was captured, almost without resistance, after a heavy air bombardment on the same day the Italians abandoned Keren. Four days later, at Direedawa, Cunningham's troops cut the main railway between the Ethiopian capital and Djibouti. The Italians then sent an envoy to arrange the surrender of Addis Ababa on the excuse that they wished to "spare the civilian population," and on April 5th, the advance British forces entered the capital.

Italian resistance was expected to collapse with the fall of Addis Ababa, but Nazi General Rommel and his

panzer divisions had appeared in the Libyan desert and Rome (speaking for Berlin) ordered the Duke of Aosta to continue the fight as long as possible in order to decrease the strength of Wavell's troops in Libya.

The fall of Addis Ababa left three main Italian forces, one in the Gondar region north of Lake Tana, a second south of the capital in an area known as the Lakes Region, and a third and most important along the main road between Asmara and Addis Ababa. The last force was being pushed southward by General Platt, while Cunningham chased the Duke of Aosta's forces toward the north.

Aosta turned and made a stand at Dessie, but on April 26th, after a week of siege, South African troops stormed their way into the town behind an intensive artillery bombardment and captured 8,000 prisoners. Aosta and the remains of his army retreated northward to join the defeated Italians from Eritrea who had turned to make a last stand on the towering mountain of Amba Alagi.

Indian forces struck at Amba Alagi from the north, South Africans from the south. The Indian troops, skilled in the mountain fighting of India's Northwest Frontier, finally hacked their way up to capture the 10,000-foot Toselli Pass and the South Africans blasted the Italians from their hastily erected defenses on the south side of the mountain. On May 18th, the Duke of Aosta sent an envoy to ask for terms and the next day, with the garrison of 7,000, capitulated. Aosta was interned in Kenya, where almost a year later he died of tuberculosis at the age of 43.

Resistance continued until the middle of June in the Gondar region and in the southwest of Abyssinia, but the British were able to withdraw the bulk of their forces for the defense of Egypt soon after the fall of Addis Ababa. The Italians had been terrified of the knife-

wielding Ethiopians during the campaign, and the British, when they withdrew their own troops, shrewdly assigned Haile Selassie's soldiers the task of mopping up the Italian areas of resistance. In the Gondar region some 50,000 Italians, unwilling to risk surrender to the Ethiopians, held out until starvation forced them to send a message offering to surrender *en masse* if the British would send a force to protect them from the Ethiopians. They did.

In the final stages of the campaign, the Italian retreat became a rout. Surrenders came so fast that some South African soldiers were able to do a neat bit of business. For two thousand cigarettes or a Leica camera they would make prisoners of the Italians and put them safely inside a prison camp, out of reach of the Ethiopians.

The news of what had happened to their General Volpini did more to break the morale of the Italians than all the British victories. Volpini, a cruel tyrant whose bloody rule as a military governor will never be forgotten in Abyssinia, left Toselli Fort, on the side of Amba Alagi, to surrender to the British and Indian troops surrounding him. He was carrying a white flag, but before he had taken a dozen steps the Ethiopians with their long curved knives reached him and cut off their trophy.

The British were able to pull off incredible single-handed captures which should only happen in the comic papers. One South African pilot friend of mine, stationed at an airdrome in Kenya, received a shipment of six Hurricane fighters for his squadron. When the first plane was uncrated and assembled, he took it up to test it and almost before he knew it he was a couple of hundred miles into Abyssinia.

Quite by coincidence, of course, he found himself over an Italian airdrome. As he roared over one of the hangars he decided to test his guns; when he banked around to give the hangar another spurt he was startled to see

half-a-dozen Italian airmen run out frantically waving white flags.

He raced back to his home field and announced that he had just captured an Italian airdrome. His five flight companions refused to believe him, but they took their newly assembled planes and flew back with him. Just to make sure, they came down line astern over the field and peppered the buildings with bullets. This time the whole Italian personnel ran out waving white sheets.

The South Africans went home again, loaded eight South African infantrymen aboard a German Junkers-52 transport plane, which had belonged to the South African Airways, and headed back for the Italian field. This time they landed and as the six pilots stood guard in their fighters, the eight infantrymen rounded up a couple of hundred Italian pilots and ground men.

Life photographer George Rodger, my colleague in the Middle East, who had made an incredible three-month drive across the jungles and desert of Africa from the west coast in order to cover the campaign, was photographing the British assault on Keren when he ran out of film in the midst of the battle. He took a short cut to the British headquarters for more film.

As he came around a small dune a burst of machine-gun fire ripped the leaves from the trees above his head. He flopped to the ground and crawled on his hands and knees around to the other side of the dune. Suddenly he came face-to-face with five crawling Italians.

Rodger, who was unarmed, leaped to his feet and threw his hands in the air. Simultaneously, the five Italians jumped up and threw their hands into the air. Then the six of them burst out laughing. Rodger gave them a handful of cigarettes and they showed him how to reach British headquarters without getting shot up. They gave him a bayonet and an automatic and he showed them how to get to the British lines to surrender.

THE BRITISH CONQUEST of Italian East Africa will long be studied by military men because of the speed and mobility with which it was conducted over the toughest terrain in the world. Churchill has called it "one of the most remarkable campaigns ever fought by British or Imperial arms." It robbed Il Duce of his Ethiopian spoils in less than half the time it had taken him to capture them. Cunningham's forces covered 1,370 miles from Kismayu to Addis Ababa in fifty days. Five years before, the Italians, with only ill-armed, spear-throwing tribesmen to oppose them, took seven months to travel 425 miles.

Never able to employ more than 20,000 men and sixty-eight field guns, Cunningham was forced to take terrific risks, but he got away with them. In the Battle of the Lakes, for example, he sent three brigades with forty guns against an Italian force of 40,000 and 200 guns. After the fall of Addis Ababa, with an Italian army of 30,000 within striking distance of the Addis Ababa-Djibouti railroad, Cunningham protected this vital communications line with only two battalions.

Cunningham rated the Eritrean natives as the best fighters on the Italian side, the Somalis next best until their morale broke, and the Fascist Blackshirts the worst.

THE CAPTURE OF ETHIOPIA hastened the decline and fall of the Italian Empire, the history of which, as Churchill has said, "will not take a future Gibbon so long to write as the original work." A month after the fall of Addis Ababa, on the fifth anniversary of Mussolini's vaunted conquest, Haile Selassie re-entered his capital.

I had talked with him in London a few days before he was flown out to Khartum. He was staying at the Royal Great Western Hotel, an old-fashioned, dingy railroad hostelry. A pathetic figure of a little man, he always stayed at this hotel in London, instead of at the

posh Savoy, Claridge's, or Dorchester, because it had Royal in its name!

When he was finally re-established in his Palace at Addis Ababa, I assigned George Rodger to photograph him. Rodger, who had also photographed him in London, found a greatly changed Negus. Animated, eager to talk of the future of Ethiopia, he looked ten years younger than he had in London. On his Palace desk, from behind which he will manage the reconstruction of his country, he retained a souvenir of the Italians—a huge, ornate gold inkstand left by the Duke of Aosta.

Ten months after the Italian capitulation the British formally restored Ethiopia to the independence which Mussolini had taken away. Under a two-year pact, the British gave the King of Kings \$10,000,000 to begin the rehabilitation of his country and his people. In return, Haile Selassie agreed to let Britishers officer his police force and sit on the benches of his courts, and consented to the appointment of a British political and military mission to advise him. He further agreed to give all possible aid to the British Army and to stage no private wars of his own. The Addis Ababa-Djibouti railroad, the wireless station at the Ethiopian capital, and all Italian property in Ethiopia will remain under control of the British Army for the duration of the war.

If the pact did not grant complete independence, it was at least a sharp contrast to the terms which the Nazis offer to the helpless members of their New Order.

Down One Side and Up the Other

I WAS IN FLORIDA, recuperating after more than 600 air raids in Britain, when the Germans attacked Yugoslavia and Greece. On April 26th, I boarded the Lisbon-bound clipper at New York's LaGuardia Field. The same day Nazi paratroops seized Greece's Corinth Canal. The day before, the Germans had captured Thermopylae. The delaying fight by the British and Greeks was almost over. Buried by the news from Greece was the report that the South Africans had captured Dessie, one of the last strongholds of the Italians in Ethiopia.

I was headed for Cairo. The main question was speed in getting there. At that time there were only two routes open: one by air across the Pacific to Singapore, then across India and Arabia; the other across the Atlantic and then through or around Africa. Pan-American was jammed with waiting passengers and the Pacific route would have taken six weeks at least. I had decided to hop to Lisbon and try my luck with Africa.

Lisbon is Europe's dead-end. There was one Portuguese steamer, a combination passenger-freight boat, sailing on May 4th for the Portuguese African colonies. She was loaded to the gunwales. Of course, one of the travel agencies suggested, if I were willing to pay a "premium" they might get me a passage.

Portugal is the first of many countries around the world where the traveler finds that the machinery won't move until it is well greased. Day before the boat sailed the travel agency produced a first-class *especial* passage. I handed over \$380. How much was "premium" I never did find out.

At Lisbon, if you are lucky, you stay at the modern Palacio Hotel, down the Taugus River at Estoril, or at the swank Aviz. Lisbon is jammed with thousands of refugees who have poured into this European bottleneck in the hope of escaping to the United States or South America, and with hundreds of Americans and Britishers who wait impatiently for seats in the few planes flying up to London. Most of them are unlucky and have to stay in the dingy Avenida Palace, the Hotel Europa, or pensions around the town.

The Palacio at Estoril is the German hangout and the lobbies and the nearby Estoril Casino are filled with Gestapo agents. The Aviz, which is Portugal's best hotel and one of the finest in Europe, was once the palatial home of a Portuguese grandee who married an Englishwoman. Their two sons converted the score of rooms into an exclusive old-world hotel.

The two boys are very pro-British. One is flying with the RAF and the other invariably tunes in on the BBC for his guests, which makes the Germans in Lisbon very mad. One day a German came in and asked for a room. He stalked into the little bar with its beautiful 16th Century paneled walls and rubbed his hands.

"Ah, yes, this is very nice. Soon it will be the headquarters of the German General Staff and I am here already."

The clerk was instructed to inform him that the Aviz had no vacancies. Ever since, the hotel has been on the German blacklist.

Except for the German papers and magazines which

crowd the British publications off the bookstands, German influence is not very noticeable, but it is there just the same. Once in a while you see a German Army officer in uniform, and every now and then German "tourists" and businessmen arrive in groups. Lisbonites say you can tell what they really are by the way they occasionally all walk in step.

There are some 250 Germans officially established in Lisbon in three separate offices. The Portuguese told me that the British innocently opened the way for the Germans to increase their representation. The British decided that their Consulate was overcrowded so they took a separate building to house the navicert officials who work with the Portuguese in control of contraband. After the fall of France a third office was set up to deal with the repatriation of Britishers who managed to escape from the Nazis. The Germans promptly applied for permission to have three buildings also, and the Portuguese didn't dare refuse them.

On May 2nd, I deciphered enough Portuguese headlines to discover that a politician named Seyid Rashid Ali El-Gailani had begun a revolt against the British in Iraq. Two days later, still trying to figure out what it meant, I sailed from Lisbon.

For the next twenty-five days the grimy, 6,000-ton S.S. *Quanza* chuffed along at nine knots down one side of Africa, around the corner at the Cape of Good Hope and up to Mozambique. The deck cargo included an airplane, scores of basketwork cradles for the families in the Portuguese colonies, chickens, and a dozen little pigs, which rooted and grunted all night under my port-hole on the forward deck.

We stopped at Madeira Island, and then at São Tomé, a pin-point Portuguese island perched smack on the Equator; we made a detour nine miles up the unbelievably wide, dirty mouth of the Congo; then we

stopped at Loanda and Lobito, in the Portuguese colony of Angola.

I had previously planned to land at Lobito and take the train across Angola to the Belgian Congo and then down to Beira, in Mozambique on the east coast of Africa, where I could catch a plane for Cairo. The Portuguese railroad officials back in Lisbon didn't know if the train was still running. For their information, it leaves Lobito every Wednesday and takes eight days to reach Beira.

We saw very little of the war. Going past Dakar, the Vichy port only 1,800 miles from Brazil, which the Germans were even then using as a submarine base, I waited up half the night but saw nothing, not even a light.

Once we saw a British armed merchant cruiser zig-zagging off on the horizon. Rounding the Cape in a storm, we picked up an SOS from a Brazilian freighter which had foundered and lost her rudder. Her lifeboats had been smashed by the heavy seas and her holds were filling fast. She was about 1,000 miles, more than three days, away from us. In a few hours we heard another SOS and the message: "We are lost . . . Adios, Adios, Adios."

On May 21st, the day after we left Lobito, the American steamer *Robin Moor* was attacked and sunk by a German U-boat a few hundred miles from us in the South Atlantic. In Lobito I heard the BBC announce that a German surface raider had sunk the *Zam Zam*, an Egyptian freighter, on which Dave Scherman of *Life* and Charlie Murphy of *Fortune* were traveling from Rio de Janeiro to Cape Town. The passengers were taken aboard the German raider and later transferred to a prison ship which must have passed within a few miles of us out in the South Atlantic when it headed for St. Jean du Luz on the French coast. Scherman, Murphy, and most of the others were ultimately released.

Over the *Quanza's* little radio we heard the news in Portuguese, which was translated into bad French and then into worse English, that the Nazis had launched a full-scale attack on the Mediterranean island of Crete⁶ and that Rudolf Hess had parachuted down in Scotland in the mistaken belief that if he could reach the "right people" in Britain they would turn out the Churchill government and join Hitler in a war against Russia. On May 24th, as we rounded the Cape, we got the news that the Nazi battleship *Bismarck* had sunk Britain's *Hood* with a lucky hit in the powder room, and we waited anxiously for three days until the British tracked the *Bismarck* down and sent her to the bottom.

At Lourenço Marques, which is a pocket edition of Lisbon, filled with international refugees, I left the boat and caught a British Overseas Airways Corporation (BOAC) plane bound for Cairo. In four days we hopped more than 4,500 miles up the guts of Africa.

This airplane view of Africa is an unforgettable experience. The first day we flew parallel with the coastline hundreds of miles to Mozambique, an incredibly hot, muggy town on the northern end of Portuguese East Africa. Because of the danger of disease we were not allowed into the town but were landed across the bay and put up at a comfortable BOAC resthouse. BOAC has had to face innumerable difficulties on this African route. All supplies have to be carried up from South Africa as far as Mozambique by airplane, but that night we had an English roast beef dinner which Simpson's in London's Strand would have been proud to serve.

From Mozambique we flew along the coastline of Tanganyika, the former German East Africa which was taken over by the British under a League mandate after World War I, and landed to refuel at Dar-es-Salaam.

We flew north to Mombasa, which the natives of Kenya call "Kisiwa cha Mvita," meaning Island of War.

Its history has been saturated with the blood of Egyptians, Arabs, and Portuguese, and the Portuguese explorer, Vasco da Gama, once poured boiling oil on the natives of Mombasa because their boats got in the way of his ships.

Today Mombasa is one of the United Nations' busiest African ports. It is an assembly point for the shipment of supplies to India and an important air base for American bombers going out across the Indian Ocean to Australia.

We turned inland at Mombasa, flew over the towering mountain ranges of Kenya, past 19,700- and 17,500-foot snow-covered twin peaks of majestic Kilimanjaro, and landed for the night at Kisumu, a pleasant little English town which sits right on the Equator on the dirty shores of Lake Victoria, the headwaters of the Victoria Nile.

All the third day we flew over the big game country of Uganda Protectorate and southern Sudan. The steward came around and informed us that if we wanted to see game the captain would bring the 25-ton flying boat close to the ground, but he warned us that it would be pretty bumpy. The captain eased the ship down to 100 feet until we could see every mudhole along the river bank.

Suddenly the game came so fast that I couldn't see it all. I spotted a hippo floundering in the mud and three or four giraffes turning their long necks to watch us pass. A herd of buck galloped away when they heard the noise of the plane and three lions glared at us from a river bank.

I picked out half-a-dozen elephants calmly feeding on the river's edge but before I could move across the aisle to get a look at them the captain eased the plane down to twenty feet. Suddenly, directly beneath, I saw a huge herd of at least 300 elephants. The cows and calves

scrambled frantically out of the swampy water onto the hard ground, but the old bulls stood firm and tossed their trunks in the air. They were part of the large Juba herd which inhabits this part of the country. The BOAC pilots check on their movements and report to the game wardens.

We flew on up the White Nile and landed near Khartum, where the Blue and the White Niles join. This was my first sight of the desert. As we drove into town across the sands where the Fuzzy-Wuzzies broke the British ranks in another war, the wind blew off the desert as hot as a blast furnace and literally scorched our faces.

At the Grand Hotel at Khartum I ran into Jimmy Roosevelt, on his way up to London after a junket through the Middle East, and Ed Angly, then of the New York *Herald Tribune*, who was so fed up with the British censors and press relations officers in Cairo that he had decided to go back to America. Lord Louis Mountbatten, now chief of the Commandos, was staying slightly incognito at the Grand, under the name of Mr. Louis Mountain.

The Grand was crowded—three flying boats had arrived at the same time—so Ed Angly and I spent the night in a railway sleeping car on the banks of the Blue Nile. The temperature in the compartment remained at 120° F. all night long.

We left Khartum before dawn in order to escape some of the bumpy heat waves rising from the sand. Leaving the course of the Nile, we struck out over several hundred miles of sand. It seems incongruous to sit in a flying boat and roar over hundreds and hundreds of miles of trackless desert, yet BOAC has established an amazing record on its long run from South Africa to Cairo.

Below us for hour upon hour there was no living thing to be seen, nothing but sand running in undulating

waves all the way back to the horizon. Across it weaved thin camel trails and now and then it was broken by *wadis*, fantastic clefts in the earth.

We landed twice, once at Wadi Halfa, a way-stop on the Nile where we were taken ashore to have a lemonade in the resthouse at which Kitchener and Gordon often stopped during their Nile campaigns, and again at Luxor. We were not allowed ashore at Luxor because of a yellow fever epidemic, but when we took off, the pilot obligingly banked low to give us a bird's-eye view of the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, the Tomb of Tutankhamen, and the great Temple of Karnak.

Approaching Cairo we followed the course of the Nile, and from above, the fields of the *fellaheen* along the banks of the river looked like an endless patchwork quilt. We slipped down past the little pyramids, then the two huge Cheops pyramids and the Sphinx, past swank Mena House Hotel where we could see the Cairenes enjoying their Sunday afternoon tea-dance, and slithered to a landing on the Nile.

I had flown about 4,500 miles up the heart of Africa and covered a total of some 20,500 miles since leaving New York five weeks before.

I checked in at Shepheard's Hotel and met Frank Gervasi of *Collier's*, who told me that the censor's stopper had just come off the news of the British evacuation from Crete.

Dunkirk in the Mediterranean

IN THE BALANCE BOOKS OF THE WAR, the Battle of Crete will be listed as a British victory.

Americans, who even now unfortunately dismiss the Battle of Crete as just another British blunder, and even Britons, who saw in Crete only another in the long string of defeats, may not agree at first glance with that statement.

To those of us who were as close to Crete as we could get, however, the fight for the Mediterranean island sums up this way:

As a military battle it was unquestionably a British defeat. As one phase of the complicated campaign which the British are fighting in the Middle East, however, it was a victory. Crete, like the hopeless fight in Greece before it, was another step in the great delaying action which the British have been fighting since Dunkirk. As Winston Churchill has said, it was like Douaumont at Verdun in 1916, like Kemmel Hill in 1918. These were taken by the Germans, but in each case they lost the campaign, and in the end they lost the war.

British resistance in Crete, as in Greece, ended Hitler's long walk through Europe. For the third time in two months (first Yugoslavia, then Greece) Hitler was forced to unleash every destructive weapon at his command in order to win.

The delaying fight put up by the British on Crete upset Hitler's plans for the Summer of 1941 in the Middle East and spoiled the timing of his June attack on Russia.

The Nazi occupation of Crete was to be merely a stepping stone on the way to the Suez Canal. From Crete, which the Nazis had planned to take in two days, the *Luftwaffe* was to hop off for Syria where, with the connivance of the Vichy French, they were to consolidate their position before striking out at Iraq. The Rashid Ali El-Gailani revolt in Iraq was timed to go off after the Nazis had established themselves in Syria, but El-Gailani got out of hand and for reasons of his own struck a month ahead of time. After Iraq, the Germans intended to take over Iran, which would have put them on the highroad to India by the end of the Summer of 1941.

British resistance in Crete weakened the *Luftwaffe* at a time when British and American airplane production was just beginning to pull even with Germany's output. When the fighting ended, Crete looked like a *Luftwaffe* graveyard, with planes and gliders piled up on the beaches and airdromes. Some 200 fighters and bombers were shot down or crashed and some 250 troop-carrying transport planes destroyed.

The mauling which the Nazis' trained invasion troops took in Crete will not soon be forgotten by them. At least twenty-five per cent of the Nazis' highly-trained parachute and air-borne troops were killed, a larger share wounded, and the remainder badly shocked. Germany's 1st Parachute Division, at that time the only such Nazi division, was so badly battered that it was unable to take an effective part in the Russian war until September 26th, when the chutists made an unsuccessful attack on Russian positions in the Crimea.

If it did nothing else, Crete exploded the myth that parachute troops are unbeatable. Crete proved what the

British and Imperial soldiers had known for a long time—that man to fighting man they are better than the Nazis. Without their absolute superiority in the air the Germans could not have taken Crete with 100,000 parachutists.

The loss of Crete cost the British Navy its one good advance operating base in the eastern Mediterranean and gave the *Luftwaffe* new jumping-off places only 250 miles from British positions in the Egyptian-Libyan desert, 340 miles from Alexandria, the main British naval base in the eastern Mediterranean, and 550 miles from the Suez Canal.

As a preview of the Nazis' long-boasted invasion of Britain, Crete proved that the combination of parachutists, air-borne troops and equipment, and sea landings cannot hope to succeed unless the Germans win absolute superiority in the skies—superiority which they tried desperately and failed to win in the Battle of Britain in the Fall of 1940.

Casualties were heavy on both sides. About 17,000 British, Australian, and New Zealand troops were safely evacuated. About 15,000 of their men, plus several thousand Greeks and Cretans, were killed, wounded, or left on the island to await capture because they could not be taken off in time. Many British units were cut to pieces; the Royal Marines, for example, who did most of the rear-guard fighting, lost 1,400 dead, wounded, and captured out of their 2,000 men. British losses (killed or captured) during the Dunkirk evacuation were twelve per cent, in Greece twenty-five per cent. In the battle of Crete they were close to fifty per cent.

At least 12,000 Nazis were killed or wounded. Of 5,000 additional who tried to land in small boats, hardly a man remained alive after the British Navy caught the landing attempt in the dead of night.

The British Navy took a tough pounding. The British

Admiralty admitted the loss of four cruisers, six destroyers. This was more than the Italians lost in the much-heralded Battle of Cape Matapan (three cruisers, three destroyers). One of the British cruisers was an anti-aircraft ship, which the British sailors call "bristling porcupines." The anti-aircraft ship and two of the other vessels were sunk in Suda Bay when Italian suicide sailors sneaked in under cover of darkness and attacked with their mysterious one-man "human torpedoes."

The cruiser *Dido* just managed to limp into Alexandria with its bridge completely blown away by dive-bombers. The aircraft carrier *Formidable* and the *Warspite* were hit, and the *Orion*, loaded with evacuating troops, caught a bomb in its guts. More than 500 naval officers and men were killed in the evacuation.

Crete was the most clear-cut triumph of air power over sea power that World War II had seen up to that time. The tonnage which the British Navy lost off Crete was twelve times as high as that lost in the evacuation from Greece.

The Nazis' superiority in the air won again. At the time of the Crete battle, the RAF in the Middle East was shockingly weak. I can now reveal that there were barely fifty serviceable fighter planes in the Middle East command to oppose the full weight of the *Luftwaffe*.

The Nazis worked from Greek bases close at hand—they had nine large fields within striking distance, the average not more than 100 miles from Crete—while the hopelessly outnumbered RAF had to fly from bases in the Egyptian desert, at least 350 miles away.

At the end of the battle, RAF fighter pilots were ordered to fly from Egypt to protect the evacuation. Their Hurricanes and American Tomahawks had enough gasoline left for about ten minutes of fighting once they made the long hop to Crete. There was no return trip. Pilots were instructed to fight until their

gas ran out and then parachute down and await capture. The more fortunate ones managed to crash-land in the sea next to British naval vessels and were fished out to fight again.

THE FULL STORY OF THE BATTLE OF CRETE has not yet been told. There were no American or British correspondents on the island during the fighting. By the time I arrived in Cairo the evacuation was on, and all I could do was go up to Alexandria and watch the boys come in. Later on, I accompanied them to their rest camps to get the story first-hand.

The British official communiques on Crete were brief and meaningless, often contradictory. The Germans took advantage of this and smartly played up Crete as a propaganda victory.

The only newsman on Crete throughout the whole campaign was young Bob Miller, official correspondent with the 2nd New Zealand Expeditionary Force. Another newspaper man, Geoffrey Cox, at one time a crack foreign correspondent for the London *Daily Express*, had joined the New Zealanders as a gunner but he was withdrawn from his battery in Crete to edit a one-sheet paper for the troops. With Cretan civilians setting type by hand, Geoff managed to issue his *Crete News* until the British were forced to evacuate. From Miller and Geoff, from soldiers who were there, and also from British intelligence officers in Crete, I managed to piece together the incredible story of the fiercest twelve days of hand-to-hand fighting this war has yet seen.

Crete is a two-by-four island, measuring 160 miles long by 80 at its widest point, lying off the southern tip of Greece. Seven months before the invasion attack began, the British landed their first troops on the island, in accordance with their pledge to help Greece if the

Axis attacked her. At that time Crete's main value to the British lay in Suda Bay, a magnificent natural anchorage on the north side of the island. There were only three postage-stamp airdromes on Crete, at Malemi, Herakleion, and Rethymno. The British decided that it was useless to build more because they could not spare the ack-ack (anti-aircraft) guns to defend them. To provide more airdromes would only facilitate the enemy landings.

The British did begin developing Suda Bay into a naval base, largely for use against the Italians in the eastern Mediterranean, and an attempt was made to fortify the town and its small airdrome with anti-aircraft guns. For seven months, however, only three battalions (about 2,400 men) were maintained in Crete and the British did little defense work. Few efforts were made to build concrete pill boxes and gun emplacements around the airdromes.

With the evacuation from Greece, the High Command at Cairo suddenly decided to defend Crete. It was a hard decision to make. On the one hand, they could give the island to Hitler without firing a shot and save the lives of thousands of men. On the other, they could order the troops to fight, knowing that they could give them neither air support nor anti-aircraft protection against the *Luftwaffe*. The British chose to fight. Some 32,000 troops evacuated from Greece were landed in Crete. Most of them were scratch outfits, however, and they had not had the experience of working together side by side under fire.

The War Cabinet in London agreed that the island should be held as long as the navy could remain in its exposed position, without air support, in Crete's northern waters to bring in supplies and carry out the evacuation. When naval losses grew so large that the total Mediterranean strength of the fleet was impaired, the evacuation was to begin. The War Cabinet hoped that

before that became necessary the army might have bitten off the head of the Nazis' invasion attempt.

The defense of Crete, a hopeless assignment from the start, was given to 52-year-old Major General Bernard Cyril Freyberg, who is called "Tiny" because he is huge. Freyberg, who was picked to command the 2nd New Zealand Expeditionary Force in 1939, fought a rear-guard action down to the beaches in Greece.

Born in Richmond, England, he emigrated to New Zealand with his parents in 1892 and began work as a dental mechanic. He gave this up to ship as a stoker during New Zealand's 1913 marine strike and ultimately found himself taking part on Pancho Villa's side in the Mexican Revolution of 1914.

World War I lured him. He walked 300 miles to the west coast of America and paid his way across to Britain by winning a swimming meet in Los Angeles and a boxing match in Harlem. Wounded nine times in France, Belgium, and the Near East, he turned in almost weekly exploits of bravery, becoming at 27 the youngest brigadier general in the British Army.

The late Sir James M. Barrie wrote in his essay on *Courage*: "There is an officer who was the first of our Army to land at Gallipoli. He was dropped overboard to light decoys on the shore, so as to deceive the Turks as to where the landing was to be. He pushed a raft containing these in front of him. It was a frosty night, and he was naked and painted black. Firing from the ships was going on all around. It was a two hours' swim in pitch darkness. He did it, crawled through the scrub to listen to the talk of the enemy, who were so near that he could have shaken hands with them, lit his decoys and swam back . . ."

That was in World War I. The officer was "Tiny" Freyberg. No one could deny that the commander in Crete had plenty of guts.

Freyberg's troops had guts. They had little heavy equipment—a few light tanks (the 150 they had in Greece were abandoned after being deliberately wrecked) and a handful of captured Italian 75's. Until the last couple of days of the attack there were still 400 of Freyberg's men without rifles. The only thing they had in plenty was courage.

But courage alone can't win battles.

THE NAZI INVASION began with a dawn blitz on the morning of May 20th, but for four days before that planes came over more or less continuously, bombing the small harbors around the island. One day a German bomber came down and dropped a stick of bombs right into a tented Red Cross hospital, despite the fact that a large red cross was painted on the roof of the main tent and another spread out on the ground. The patients were inclined to think the Nazi pilot had made a mistake, but on the opening morning of the parachute attack the hospital area was raked with machine-gun fire from low-flying planes.

The preliminary raids before May 20th managed to knock out most of the few Hurricanes and American Brewster Buffaloes which the RAF had on the island; those that remained were withdrawn to Egypt for the reason that they would be helpless against the air attack which the Germans were expected to launch. Thus, on the day of the invasion, there was not one British plane on Crete to meet the Nazis.

The British knew days ahead that something was up. Reconnaissance over Greek airdromes had shown an immense concentration of planes, many of them almost obsolete transport carriers, which indicated that an air invasion was in preparation.

Most of the troops were still in their beds on the ground or mounting night guard against paratroops

when the blitz began. An ever-increasing roar filled the air. It was the German air armada and in a minute the specks became larger, until they filled out the sky between Crete and the Greek mainland.

Quickly they dropped down low to work on Crete. It was obvious that they expected little anti-aircraft opposition. First the big bombers, the Dorniers and Heinkels, loosed their bombs from 2,000 feet. On their heels came the Stukas, dive-bombing down close to the ground. After them came wave after wave of Messerschmitt fighters; they hedgehopped over the ground, above the olive trees, firing their cannons and machine guns indiscriminately at everything living.

Wave followed wave: first the bombers, then the dive-bombers, then the fighters. The Allied troops put their noses in their slit trenches and hugged the ground. There was nothing else they could do. Without anti-aircraft protection—lacking adequate small arms such as Bren and Lewis guns—they had to keep under cover or be killed.

There was something about that first prolonged attack, with its constant crisscrossing, circling movements of the 'schmitters and their unaimed spray of bullets through the fields and olive groves that marked it as different from an ordinary raid. The strafing went on for about an hour.

Then came a distinct lull. But it didn't last long. Suddenly the air was filled with a new sound—the harsher knock of the engines of huge transport planes. Junker 52's and Focke-Wulf transport planes droned over at a few hundred feet, opened their doors and dumped their loads. Out of each plane floated as many as thirty parachutists. Behind and above them came other chutes billowing under the weight of huge canisters which came sailing down like a shower of toy balloons. The parachutists were on the ground in a few

seconds. (The Nazis have a special quick-opening, fast-falling chute to get their men on the ground in about twenty-five seconds.) Behind the transport machines came great black gliders. They had been towed most of the way from Greece behind the transports and released when the Crete coastline came in sight. Some of them were aqua-gliders, equipped with outboard motors which chugged them ashore. Others were land-skidders which sailed silently into the coastal hills or settled unsteadily on the beaches.

British troops were ready and waiting. Near Canea, the main city on the island, some 3,000 paratroops were landed in a few minutes. Almost before their feet hit the red earth of Crete, however, many of them were dead. New Zealanders, exuberant as kids with sling-shots, slipped from tree to tree, firing from the hip as the chutes floated down. A dozen chutists made the ground and hid in an olive grove. A Bren gun carrier scampered out and kicked up the dust under the trees as the gunners picked off the Germans. The silk chutes were slashed from the chutists' harnesses for souvenirs and bivouac tents.

More paratroops were dropped in the afternoon, but at the end of that first day about eighty per cent of the Nazis landed in Crete were killed, wounded, or captured. Near Malemi airdrome, however, several hundred Germans had managed to hole up in a *wadi*, a dried-up river bed, and entrenched themselves behind mortars and machine guns dropped from their planes. The British were unable to bring their field guns to bear on them and repeated attempts to drive them out failed. As it turned out later, it was the resistance of this pocket which ultimately gave the Nazis Crete. These paratroops, reinforced by hundreds of others dropped accurately into the *wadi*, were able to hold Malemi airdrome long enough to enable the *Luftwaffe* to land

thousands of men in troop-carrying planes who, in turn, moved out from Malemi to begin the main attack.

Early in the attack the British claimed that the Nazis were disguising their chutists in British uniforms. The Germans denied it and the British later retracted the charge. The real facts, as I got them from three British soldiers involved, were that the Nazis used British wounded as shields for one attack.

By noon of that first day the Germans had also been able to take the Crete prison, four miles outside Canea, where they established their headquarters, and the tented hospital outside Canea, which they had twice attacked from the air. From captured German orders, I learned that the paratroops were instructed to make the hospital their first objective and it was marked on their maps as a "British camp." Either the German reconnaissance had failed to reveal the red crosses on the tents or else the Nazis suspected that the British were using hospital tents to hide armed troops.

When the parachutists stormed the tents they were disgusted to find only wounded soldiers and the hospital staff inside. They herded the walking wounded out of the marquees. Those injured men who didn't move fast enough were given a burst of Tommy-gun fire at their heels.

New Zealand troops sneaked close to the hospital area and picked off two or three Nazis, but the risk of shooting their own wounded was too great to allow a large counter-attack. The Nazis, afraid that the New Zealanders would return in force, herded the wounded British troops in front of them and headed up the road to a village in the hills, where apparently they intended to rendezvous with more paratroops. Using the wounded as protection they had advanced a few hundred yards through the olive groves when New Zealand infantry patrols began to shadow them. The patients, risking a

shot in the back from the jittery Nazis, began a running fire of advice to their own troops: "Look out, chum, Jerry can see you from there," and "Get behind that hump, mate."

The snipers picked off the Jerries one by one until the remainder, badly frightened, took to their heels and raced back to the hospital area.

In the first hours of fighting, King George II of Greece, who had been making his royal headquarters in Crete after his flight from Greece, was separated from his own troops by a parachutist attack. He managed to make a getaway and rode on muleback across the island to the south shore, where he was picked up by a British destroyer and taken safely to Alexandria.

On the second day, the Nazis repeated their invasion tactics, but on a larger scale. There is no doubt that they were taken by surprise by the resistance which they found in Crete. Instead of putting on a surprise attack themselves, which is the chief aim of paratroops, they found themselves fighting for their lives before they could get out of their chute harnesses. From the captured German instructions, I learned that the Germans had expected to find only a few badly armed Greeks and Cretans defending the island. Their intelligence and reconnaissance had failed to inform them of the arrival of more than 30,000 British and Allied soldiers after the Greek evacuation.

The expedition was superbly planned, down to the last detail. Operational orders captured by the British, which I was allowed to see, even listed the equipment which paratroops were required to carry, including "pencil with point protector, handkerchief, and three ounces of toilet paper." Complete instructions were given to Nazi commanders for cooperation with local fifth columnists: "German agents on the island of Crete, a proportion of whom are Cretan, will make themselves

known to German troops by the password 'Major Brock.' "

Nazi paratroop commanders carried enough written instructions to fill a small book. Among other things they were told: "Immediately locate and arrest important personalities, enemy divisional commanders and other senior officers, members of the Greek government, the mayor, bishop, and chief of police. These people may be used for hostages or in negotiations.

"Get interpreters. Write out from German-Greek pocket dictionary the most important points about these people for all commanders and junior commanders. All British subjects are to be provisionally arrested. If population offers resistance ruthless measures are to be taken, but otherwise spare them.

"People working in the fields are not to be allowed into town during the fighting. Requisition all means of transport immediately—motor vehicles, bicycles, and horsecars.

"There must be no individual looting. All stocks are to be seized immediately. The more important stocks of booty will be immediately reported to the regiment.

"The divisional commander has forbidden the wearing of English uniforms. Units will be so instructed.

"Troops will be made familiar with the battle area by careful map study. The names of neighboring units are to be drilled into every man. It must be as though each man had jumped into his own country. Tasks and objectives will be drilled into the men word for word. Adjutants and company commanders will continue reminding troops of the objectives.

"Troops must again be emphatically warned against hysterical firing in view of the ammunition situation."

The chutes the paratroops used were of different colors: usually the non-com in charge of each party had a brown and white checkered chute and the idea was

that the soldiers in his group would make for his chute as soon as they landed. Chutes carrying ammunition were sometimes red, medical supplies pink, food blue and white, etc. Every day the colors were changed. When groups of paratroops needed more equipment or reinforcements they spread their colored chutes on the ground as a signal or fired different colored Very lights and in an hour or so down would come the stuff from the skies. I liked the story I was told of the New Zealand troops who in one place captured the Nazi code signals, spread out some chutes and soon were rewarded with a shower of ammunition, radios, and medical supplies.

The parachutists wore leather jackets, crash helmets, and knee pads and carried everything from hand grenades to submachine guns. Each man carried special kits, two little tin boxes strapped to his chest, complete with vitamin and energy tablets, writing pads and pencils, chocolate bars—and three contraceptives. The Nazis apparently came prepared to stay.

Over most of the island, the newly-dropped parachutists were mopped up as quickly on the second day as they had been on the first, but at Malemi they were able to advance from their *wadi* and take up positions all around the airdrome.

Then their troop carriers started to arrive. Dozens were crashed onto the beach, which formed one side of the drome, and others smashed themselves on the drome itself, but the Nazis were taking no account of losses of men or material. Plane after plane lumbered down, discharged its load, and took off in a cloud of dust, often with wounded Nazis on board. By nightfall, several thousand Germans held a line two to three miles deep across the east end of the drome.

The British decided to counter-attack at dawn on the third day, and New Zealand troops were assigned to

the job. Maori troops took half the advancing sector, South Island troops the other. As they waited for the order to advance they were treated to a grandstand view of the British Navy in action.

Naval intelligence had learned that the Germans were bringing an invasion fleet to Crete on the night of the 21st. The British were ready and waiting for them; warships cruised silently up and down the point on the north coast where the landing was to take place. Suddenly, just before midnight, the coast shook with heavy gunfire about ten miles out at sea. Then the silver beams of powerful searchlights swung across the water, closer to the shore. There, riding in line, were dozens of small Greek caiques and coastal steamers, each gleaming as if coated with luminous paint.

The naval gunners picked them off one by one. The big guns flashed out and incendiary shells chased one another across the sky like a string of glowing red balls. Again and again the searchlights picked out the German ships and the guns spoke. Finally the lights swung across the sea in a full circle: it was empty save for two burning ships, one of which erupted spasmodically in a series of explosions.

The calm sea next morning held no sign of life.

The Nazis rushed pictures to America showing the rescue of members of this invasion fleet, but I doubt if more than a few score men of 5,000 got out alive.

The counter-attack on Malemi was successful. New Zealand troops along the beach fought their way through German defenses right onto the drome, but in the middle of the line the Maoris and other New Zealanders came up against Malemi village, where the Germans had established themselves in houses. The New Zealanders closed in with bayonets, Bren guns, grenades, and sometimes just plenty of bluff. The Maoris shouted their bloodcurdling war cries and charged. The Nazis often

threw down their weapons and tried to run away. Some scrambled under beds in the houses and cried for mercy when discovered. The New Zealanders told me that German marksmanship was poor at close range. The New Zealanders rushed them and used their rifle butts, their fists, and even wrestling holds to make the Germans drop their weapons.

Doggedly wiping out post after post, the New Zealanders took house after house until they had the whole village. But it was too late. By the time they had driven the Nazis out it was broad daylight, and with the light came the German planes. Stukas hammered the defending troops on the airdrome with the most intensive aerial pounding yet seen on the island. It was impossible to hang on under the weight of stuff the Nazis were dropping.

That morning began the general retreat which in ten days was to carry the Allied troops over the mountains, which run like a backbone through the island, to the south side from where the evacuation took place. But most of the British soldiers I talked to did not know that it was a retreat for the first few days. They thought they were falling back to new lines for another stand.

The *Luftwaffe* did not leave the sky from dawn to dusk, but the British were still taking it. On that third day young Miller wrote confidently: "The Germans must still come down to earth and stay there if they hope that Crete will be theirs."

The Nazis were none too confident. The German High Command kept mum about the attack on Crete for the first four days and then cautiously announced: "The western portion of the island . . . is securely in German hands."

On the afternoon of the third day the Germans were strong enough to begin an attack from Malemi on a mass scale. They opened up with five- and six-inch mor-

tars, perhaps their most effective weapon, and the shells and mortar bombs landing in the flinty ground threw fatal splinters all over the place. Whenever Allied troops showed themselves the 'schmitters were on top of them, forcing their heads into the ground. The Nazis also dropped small, wicked fragmentation bombs which spread over a wide area. The troops took what cover they could find—in the olive groves, beneath the oats, in the shallow ditches along the country roads.

The Germans had planes and time to spare to bomb Cretan civilians. Anything that moved—man, woman, child, goat, sheep—was machine-gunned until it no longer moved. The three main towns of Crete were pulverized until they looked like Rotterdam or the center of Coventry. Greek Premier Emmanuel Tsouderos reported: "The principal towns—Canea, Candia, and Rethymno—were literally plowed up by bombing, which was carried out with mathematical precision laterally and diagonally, so that eventually there was not one stone left standing."

On the third day Nazi troop-carrying planes began to come in force and at Malemi there were landings at the rate of one every three minutes. Thousands of troops were landed there, perhaps 35,000 in all. The huge Junkers ambled onto the drome, barely rolled to a stop, and were off again to Greece for more loads.

Meanwhile at the little whitewashed village of Galatos, between Canea and Malemi, a scratch outfit of Greeks, Cretans, and New Zealand cavalrymen and lorry drivers was writing a page of the battle which for sheer bravery equaled anything I heard of during the retreat to Dunkirk.

On the first day of the attack some fifty parachutists had come down at Galatos and were quickly wiped out, but three full battalions of chutists came down out of range in the valley behind the village. Within half an

hour they were attacking in force up the road to the village. In Galatos at that time there were two battalions of Greek troops, one of which had only three months' training, a few Cretans, a detachment of New Zealand cavalrymen, and a composite battalion of New Zealand lorry drivers and artillerymen, none of whom had infantry training. A New Zealand colonel took command, told the drivers and gunners they were now riflemen, and began the defense of the little town.

The cavalrymen and the composite unit went into the olive groves and after a day of fierce fighting they stopped the German attack. The following day, after fresh German parachutists and supplies had been landed, there were hot encounters and dogged manhunts among the trees. The defenders fought their way up a slope, called "Cemetery Hill" because so many died there, lost it, retook it, and then retired when it became untenable.

That evening the Germans launched a heavy attack along the valley road from their prison headquarters. As a small party of lorry drivers pluckily held a deep salient into the German lines, a little force of Greek soldiers and Cretan civilians sprang a surprise counter-attack. The Germans broke and ran. Urged on by gestures from the New Zealand officers, the Greeks charged headlong after the Jerries; the New Zealand drivers joined in and the Germans retreated more than a mile.

For two more days the British and Allied units held on. Then they were forced to watch helplessly as German air-borne infantry arrived from Malemi airdrome in large numbers—one group contained more than 1,500 men—and massed in front of them for an attack. It came on the afternoon of the sixth day, on the heels of a terrific mortar and air bombardment. As many as six mortar shells per minute burst on the defenders. But for two hours enemy rushes were beaten off. Finally, after a

violent dive-bombing attack just before dusk, the Germans came over in six waves.

One New Zealand company was overpowered; another managed to make a fighting withdrawal, and finally the whole defense force had to fall back east of Galatos, which the Germans entered. The New Zealand cavalrymen and lorry drivers held their part of the village, however, and were in danger of being cut off.

Two light British tanks barged into Galatos and out again, shooting up surprised Germans on the streets, and the tank men offered to do it again if two wounded crew members could be replaced. A New Zealand machine gunner volunteered and another officer was trained in five minutes to be a tank commander. Just then two companies of New Zealand infantrymen rushed up, panting for breath, but anxious to help recapture the town.

In the early evening light the attack began. New Zealanders charged forward on either side of the tanks, scrambled over back walls, rushed from house to house, until German dead lay thick in the streets and in every building, including the little church. The attack was over in twenty minutes. The Nazis fled, leaving the New Zealanders in possession of Galatos. The endangered cavalry and lorry drivers' unit, incidentally, was found already fighting its way out of the town.

That night the general British evacuation of Crete began.

From then on the story was much the same. The New Zealanders and Australians retreated gradually along the north side of the island until they came to Suda Bay. Commandos, picked British troops whom the other soldiers called the "Death or Glory Lads," held the last line at Suda Bay while the retreating troops passed through them.

The Germans were observed moving over the foot-

hills with their equipment piled on pack donkeys in what appeared to be an attempt to outflank the Allies. A withdrawal to the south coast was immediately ordered.

The Aussies, New Zealanders, and British troops started up over the mountains to the south side of the island. Day after day they leapfrogged each other; one turning to fight off the Jerries while the others marched upward a few miles. It was down one hill and up another, through wild mountain gorges on rough metal roads which bruised the feet. On the first day, and on the second, there was joking, singing, and wisecracking all back along the line, but after that there was nothing but silence which meant sheer weariness. In the end the retreating troops were forced to march by day in order to rest at night, but the German air attack had by that time fortunately slackened off. Apparently the Germans reasoned that since the British were evacuating the island they might as well halt the terrific wastage of their machines.

On the night of June 1st the bulk of the troops were evacuated on British destroyers, anchored just off the little harbor of Sphakia. A small company of New Zealanders volunteered to remain another day in the hills overlooking the town as a rear guard while the navy made a second evacuation attempt the following night.

When the last little boat pulled away from the beach at least 15,000 dead, live, and wounded Allied troops had to be left behind. Many of them were still fighting in the hills, unaware that a retreat had been ordered.

When Major General Freyberg arrived in Cairo from the island the first thing he did was to request that food and medical supplies be rushed to the men who remained on Crete. For the next two days RAF Short Sunderlands and Blenheims risked German air attacks to drop cannisters of tinned food and medical dressings on the beaches of the island.

THE BATTLE OF CRETE has a pleasant postscript. The fight is still going on. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of British and Imperial troops took to the hills of the island as their comrades did in Greece rather than suffer capture by the Germans. They hide in the mountains with friendly peasants during the day and at night forage for food and engage in sabotage against the Germans and Italians on the island. The Axis authorities have become so worried that they have offered a reward of 400 drachmas for every British soldier, 1,000 for every officer, turned in to the authorities by the Cretans.

The British in the Middle East are not neglecting this pocket of resistance. Night after night British submarines and long-range flying boats make landings along the Crete coast to evacuate more men and land supplies and trained saboteurs. A school has been set up in Palestine to teach Greek to Allied officers and men so they can be landed on Crete and the Greek mainland to carry out espionage and sabotage.

Revolt in the Desert

FIVE DAYS AFTER the Nazis entered Athens, birthplace of democracy, trouble broke out in Iraq, birthplace of mankind, legendary site of the Garden of Eden.

Just before I left London a member of the British War Cabinet confided to me that Britain, in her retreat to victory, was prepared if necessary to lose the entire Middle East. She would fight and retreat, fight and retreat even if her armies were forced back down both sides of the Red Sea, deep into Africa or across Arabia to the borders of India. The only way to stave off this great retreat was to meet the Germans wherever they appeared—in the Balkans, in Greece, in Crete, and in Libya.

As a corollary to this grand strategy, however, Britain had to make sure that no diversionary battles developed in her rear. The first internal trouble to flare up was the Rashid Ali El-Gailani revolt in Iraq.

THE IRAQI REBELLION, which began on May 2, 1941, and died as suddenly on May 31st, was misunderstood in the world outside the Middle East. It did not begin as a popular revolt of all Iraqis against the British. It began as an army revolt, engineered by unscrupulous military men anxious for their own gains, who used an equally ambitious politician as their front. The Iraqi

Army has always been the country's revolutionary force.

The revolt was able to gain what popular support it did get during its brief existence because the seeds of resentment against the British were already deeply planted in Iraq.

It was ironic that Britain's first armed clash with the Arab world since the end of the "troubles" in Palestine in 1939 had to come in Iraq. It was Britain that placed Iraq on the map. As a reward for Arab assistance against Turkey in World War I, the British released the Iraqis from the Turkish yoke and amalgamated the Turkish vilayets of Mosul, Baghdad, and Basra into the League of Nations mandated state of Iraq, which was eventually given its independence.

Britain trained Iraq's soldiers, supplied most of the equipment for the Iraqi Army, bought the oil which supplied the country with its running expenses, and established the administrative machinery of the Iraqi Government. I do not know of any other British-controlled territory that moved so rapidly toward self-governing independence as Iraq did.

When I visited Iraq after the revolt, it was evident that the industrial exploitation of the country was by no means one-sided. British taxpayers paid for the roads, railways, bridges, and communication lines which the British forces constructed during the 1914-18 war. The British built the magnificent Basra airport, which I think is one of the best in the world, and the adjoining air-conditioned Shatt-Al-Arab (Arab River) Hotel, at a cost of \$750,000, for the Iraqi Government.

Oil, Iraq's lifeblood, never was a British monopoly. Under the League mandate terms the British had to admit international capital on equal terms. American, French, Dutch, and British capital was used in forming the Iraq Petroleum Company and at one stage an Italian combine held control of a large oil interest.

On the other hand, I must admit that the British have never been popular in Iraq, any more than they are in the other Arab lands. Iraqis never let the British forget that their independence was not granted peacefully. It took a bloody revolution, which cost some 10,000 British and Iraqi lives and about \$250,000,000 of the British taxpayers' money before the British were willing to grant concessions. Ever since, the Iraqis—and most of the Arabs—have seen nothing but imperial shrewdness in every move the British have made toward their country.

German strategy in the Middle East since the coming of Hitler has been simple: it has been to play on these resentments, to encourage Arab nationalism along anti-British lines, making full use of the Palestine Arab-Jewish riots and anti-Semitism. The Germans reasoned that if they could rouse the Moslem-Arab worlds against the British, the geographic internal organs would be knocked out of the British Empire.

Germany began to take an active interest in Iraq about 1935. One of the Nazis' smartest foreign agents, Dr. Fritz Grobba, was sent to Iraq as Minister. Grobba, who was puttering about the Middle East as an archaeologist even before the last war, served as German Minister in out-of-the-way Saudi Arabia, and is known throughout the Arab world as Hitler's champion intriguer. Even the British in the Middle East call him Germany's Lawrence of Arabia.

Grobba's personal direction of the distribution of German gold and propaganda came to an end when Iraq was pressured by the British into breaking off relations with Germany at the beginning of the war. His place was secretly taken by smooth, Arabic-speaking, efficient Georg Werner Otto von Hentig, former Middle East Chief of Berlin's Foreign Office. Von Hentig, who sneaked into Iraq via Turkey, used to present the most

important desert *sheikhs* with sleek Mercedes-Benz autos, and the lesser *sheikhs* with bicycles.

Ranking with Dr. Grobba for his services to the Nazis was Haj Amin El-Husseini, Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, spiritual leader of Palestine's Arab terrorists, who fled into Iraq when the British cracked down on him at the outbreak of the war. The Mufti had unlimited funds—he had his own foreign relations committee for the collection of overseas contributions—with which he was able to build up a widespread organization of his Arab followers in Iraqi Government and other key posts. At one time, I learned, he was able to count on \$72,000 voted by the Iraqi Parliament, as well as \$4,000 monthly from the Iraqi secret service funds, two per cent of the salary of each Iraqi government official, including the military and police, which was accommodatingly checked off at the source, and \$240,000 in a lump sum given to him by the Germans and \$160,000 by the Italians.

The Grand Mufti's funds, along with those dispensed by Dr. Grobba and his successors, were spent liberally on Iraqi army officers. Anti-British, pro-German propaganda was pumped into the young nationalist teachers and pupils in the Iraqi schools.

THE IRAQI REBELLION was over when I arrived in the Middle East and it was some weeks before I was able to arrange a visit to the country. In the meantime, however, I began scouting around Cairo and Jerusalem to get the background of the revolt. Freya Stark, British woman diplomat and author, who knows the Middle East as well as anyone, says that there were three main factors behind the revolt.

One was the presence of the Mufti, his funds, and several hundred of his followers.

Another was the inevitable conflict between age and

youth, with age on the side of the British. In Iraq for the past twenty years the British have been content to allow the power to remain in the hands of a tight clique of elderly politicians. No room was made for the youngsters and little new blood was allowed to enter Iraqi politics. As a result, the ardent young nationalists of the country began to look upon Britain as the self-satisfied, conservative guardian power, doing its best to retain the status quo.

The third, and most important, was the army. In 1930, when Britain signed the treaty giving Iraq independence, the Iraqis introduced conscription and began to build up an army. But when the army was conscripted the country could not buy equipment for it. Iraq insisted that Britain supply her with the most up-to-date guns and mechanized equipment, to which the country was entitled on the same basis as the Dominions, but Britain was then beginning the reorganization of her own army and there was nothing to spare.

In October, 1936, Bekr Sidky, a Turkish-trained, ambitious officer in the Iraqi army, staged a *coup d'etat* and held the powers of a dictator until he was murdered less than a year later. Bekr Sidky, who had an Austrian wife, had a lucrative German arms contract in his pocket when he was murdered. He had purchased airplanes from Italy and was planning a trip to Berlin.

With Sidky's murder, the Iraqis quieted down. They agreed to accept reconditioned British weapons, supplied to them as fast as the British troops were equipped with modern ones. The British agreed to extend Iraq a credit of £1,250,000, but typical British red tape held up the arrangements so long that September 3, 1939, came before they were completed.

Meantime, in April, 1939, sports-loving, speed-crazy King Ghazi was killed in an automobile accident and was succeeded by his infant son, Feisal II.

With the war, Iraq's chances of getting arms from Britain vanished. The Germans jumped into the breach and gradually won over to their side the four most influential military men in the country. It was these men, known to the British in Iraq as the "Four of the Golden Square," who led the Iraqi Army in the final revolt.

Boss of the four was Salah ud Din al Sabbagh, a fat, flabby army man who commanded what was known as the Iraqi Western Army. Salah ud Din was brought up in Syria, but he served in the Turkish Army in the first World War and then finished his training at the British Staff College. An ardent Arab nationalist, he has opposed British and French policies in Palestine and Syria. He has been in the pay of the Axis since the start of the war.

Salah ud Din's confederates were Kamil Shabib, commander of the 1st Division, Colonel Fahmi Said, commander of the mechanized forces, and Colonel Mahmud Salman, commander of the air force. Salah ud Din obtained command of the 3rd Division and with his colleagues embarked on a quiet purge of the officers who disagreed with them.

Working along the same lines was Seyid Rashid Ali El-Gailani, the politician who was ultimately to give his name to the revolt. He is the black sheep son of one of the oldest and noblest Moslem families, descended from Abdul Qadir El-Gailani, the 11th-Century Mohammedan saint. Rashid Ali, now 47, has been in and out of Iraqi politics for fifteen years. Educated as a lawyer, he spent the first World War in the Turkish legal service and in 1926 first entered the Iraqi Cabinet as Minister of Interior.

A rabid nationalist and persuasive orator, he has the reputation even among the Iraqis of being a double-crosser because of his failing for giving promises he cannot fulfill. He became Prime Minister for the first time

in 1933 and used his job to better his own and his family's financial position. He flitted from office to office and again in March, 1940, became Prime Minister, which post he held until he clashed with the British over the activities of the Italian Legation in Baghdad.

The British demanded that the Iraqis break off relations with Italy (which Iraq was bound by treaty to do when Italy declared war on Britain) because it was known that the Italian Minister, Luigi Gabbrielli, was the organizer and pay-off man for the Axis intriguers in Iraq. The Iraqis, however, like all the Arabs, want to be on the winning side and they were then convinced that Germany was going to win.

The pitiful collapse of France had thrown fear of the Germans into every country in the Middle East. The Nazis were then organizing their campaigns in the Balkans; soon they would be at the borders of Turkey. The British were taking an aerial pounding at home. They had defeated the Italians in the Libyan desert, admittedly, but in the Arab countries the Italians and Germans are not of the same breed and the beating of one had no relation to a victory over the other.

Rashid Ali played for time—he was taking bribes from both the Germans and the British—but the members of his party, not yet ready to break away from Britain, their traditional ally, quietly withdrew their support from the Prime Minister. Rashid Ali, casting about for help, threw in his hand with the Golden Square. That was in January, 1941.

Prime Minister Rashid Ali tried to force the Regent, who rules for six-year-old Feisal II, to fill the Cabinet with stooges. The Regent refused. Parliament threatened a vote of no confidence in Rashid Ali. The Regent fled to Diwaniyah, in the Euphrates area southwest of Baghdad, where the army commander was loyal, and Rashid Ali finally resigned. The new Cabinet under

General Taha al Hashimi lasted only until April, when the second crisis came.

Rashid Ali was out, but the Golden Square still held military power and the new Cabinet decided that nothing could be done about the Italian Legation until the power of the Square was broken. It was decided to transfer them to posts where they would be harmless. Kamil Shabib, commander of the 1st Division, received an order transferring him to Diwaniyah. Kamil, a nasty, negroid-featured, obstinate little man, tore the order in pieces. He met with his three colleagues and the Square wrote a rebellious protest to the Cabinet.

On April 1st, as soon as Parliament had been dissolved, the Square commanders made a night march into Baghdad and seized all key positions. The Prime Minister resigned and Rashid Ali took over. The Regent barely escaped and most of the ministers fled. Little King Faisal II, a sloe-eyed moppet of six, was kept with his mother at his Baghdad palace, more or less as a prisoner, with an English nurse tasting all the food before the youngster ate it.

In the midst of this crisis a new British Ambassador arrived. He was Sir Kinahan Cornwallis, a tough six-footer, a shrewd diplomat with thirty-five years' experience among the Arabs in the Middle East, whom I rank as one of the best men in Britain's Foreign Office. Sir Kinahan played his cards skilfully. The rebel government wanted to stall for time until the Germans could send them military assistance. Germany intended to hop, in a matter of weeks, from Greece to Crete to Syria to Iraq. They expected to begin work in Iraq about the middle of June.

But the British moved first. According to the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty of Alliance of 1930, the British have the right to land troops in Iraq to protect their communications and the oil pipelines which run from Iraq across

Transjordan, Palestine, and Syria to the Mediterranean. Sir Kinahan informed the Iraqis that 1,200 British troops were landing at Basra, Iraq's main port, at the head of the Persian Gulf, on April 17th and 18th.

For a moment it looked as if the British had the upper hand. Rashid Ali El-Gailani had been outsmarted, but the Golden Square still ruled the military forces. When three more British troop transports were announced off Basra, the Iraqi army leaders decided to strike. Without warning, they made a night march across the Tigris and Euphrates rivers to Britain's main air base in the desert, Habbaniya, on the west bank of the Euphrates, sixty-five miles from Baghdad. That was on May 2, 1941. They ranged their troops on the three sides of the drome and threatened to use their artillery on any British plane that tried to leave the ground.

The British Ambassador warned the Iraqis that the continued presence of Iraqi troops at Habbaniya "might lead to an unfortunate incident." Sir Kinahan did not realize what an understatement an "unfortunate incident" was. The Golden Square commanders replied by sending more troops to Habbaniya, where they dug trenches, placed their artillery in position, and opened point-blank fire on the British. The British, although horribly outnumbered, went into action immediately and returned the fire.

At Habbaniya, one of the two first-class airfields which Britain then held in Iraq, there were cantonments for 5,000 British troops and about fifty antiquated Gladiators, Fleet Air Arm biplane fighters, and Lysanders, army cooperation planes.

The revolt came so suddenly that the British were taken unawares. A commercial BOAC flying boat was caught on Lake Habbaniya but it took off in a hurry, piloted by Captain Ralph Mountain (who later was to fly me up through Africa) with Iraqi machine-gun bul-

lets pinging all around it. On April 29th, fearing that trouble was coming, the British had evacuated some 200 women and children to Habbaniya, but there was no way of getting them out of the airdrome until later.

In the south the British seized the Basra airport, docks, and power station and began a systematic bombing of Iraqi airports. Troops from Basra began a slow march over the 300 miles up the Tigris and Euphrates to Baghdad. From Palestine other British troops were assigned to cross Transjordan and make the long 400-mile trek across the waterless, sandy wasteness of Iraq.

The British used RAF armored cars and two hitherto-unpublicized units, the Transjordan Frontier Force and the Desert Patrol of Transjordan's Arab Legion. The former, composed of Transjordan Arabs officered by Britons, did not prove reliable. At the borders of Iraq the Arabs rebelled and refused to enter Iraq to fight fellow Arabs. When their officers ordered them forward, the men turned their machine guns on the officers and two newspaper men and threatened to shoot if they were not allowed to return to their Transjordan base. They were. The British censors have never allowed that story to get out.

The Arab Legion, however, took a leading part in suppressing the revolt in Iraq. The Legion's Desert Patrol, a mechanized fighting force equipped with armored cars and American trucks, is composed of *bedouin* Arabs from all over the Middle East. Their loyalty to their British commander, Major John Bagot Glubb, is stronger than their kinship with the Iraqi Arabs. Under Glubb Pasha, as he is called in the Middle East, they headed out from Transjordan along the oil pipeline into Iraq.

Utilizing their intimate knowledge of the desert, they guided the British troops and RAF armored cars along the way, guarding their rear with quick sallies into the

desert, cutting off Iraqi supplies coming in across from Syria by quick blows in the night.

Working in 130° heat, which made their armored cars untouchable, this composite column closed in and took the stations along the oil pipeline, known as H-5, H-4, and H-3, and Rutba Fort, which is little more than a Beau Geste outpost on the pipeline about 250 miles from Baghdad. Rutba held out for a few days but ultimately the blasting of light bombs from British Blenheims and the pounding of the RAF and Arab Legion armored cars brought about its surrender. Five days after the revolt started the column reached Habbaniya. Meanwhile the Iraqis, with the aid of German *Luftwaffe* units, seized the valuable oilfields at Kirkuk and Mosul and shut off the British pipeline to Haifa, where Britain's eastern Mediterranean Fleet obtained its fuel.

In Baghdad the atmosphere was tense. Some 358 men and women—Britons, Indians, Jews, Armenians, and Greeks—had barricaded themselves inside the British Embassy compound. The Iraqis allowed food to be sent inside the gates, but police stood guard outside and Iraqi machine gunners watched from adjoining housetops. Every now and then stray bullets would come singing into the Embassy grounds from the other side of the Tigris.

At the American Legation another 200 British subjects had taken refuge. The rebels threatened to bomb the Legation unless they were kicked out and the British offered to leave in order to save the house, but the American Minister, the late Paul Knabenshue, told the Iraqis to go to hell. They didn't bomb.

In the streets, bands of young Iraqis, trying to look like Hitler Youth, marched up and down shouting slogans. In the coffee shops the radios blared the news from Italy and Germany. The Grand Mufti took the air to preach a *jihad* (holy war) against the British.

Now and then Gladiators skimmed low over the town, dropping leaflets, and the Iraqi police loosed off at them with their rifles. Several times the old Glads successfully took on Messerschmitt fighters which the Germans had sent in to help the Iraqis. British Blenheims zoomed over the town and started fires at the Iraqi barracks and airfields outside the city.

The British military campaign was noteworthy in that it brought into the open a new military personality, General Sir Claude Auchinleck, then Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in India. Auchinleck, with an eye on the strategic defense of India's frontiers, had advocated that the British take over control of Iraq early in 1941. General Wavell, in command of the Middle East, did not see at that time that the defense of India's frontiers was of major importance and refused to spare the troops for the occupation of Iraq. The El-Gailani revolt precipitated Auchinleck's plan and forced Wavell to co-operate. The bulk of the troops had to come from the Middle East, but it was the quick work of Auchinleck which turned the tide for the British at the beginning.

The British garrison at Habbaniya was hopelessly outnumbered and in the first few days of the revolt was in danger of annihilation unless reinforcements arrived. Wavell hesitated.

The Indian Government, however, had just received ten Douglas DC2's which had been purchased from TWA and Delta Airlines in the United States. Auchinleck grabbed them. Using RAF and Indian civil pilots, he loaded British troops into the planes and sent them racing for Habbaniya, via Basra. They landed in a hail of Iraqi artillery, but every one got in safely and deposited the troops. They loaded up with the women and children evacuees and raced off again safely. Again and again they made the long trip, until a whole battalion (about 800 men) had been flown into the besieged air-

field. The battalion was badly cut up in the fighting that followed—it lost twenty out of its twenty-six officers—but it held Habbaniya until British troops arrived from Transjordan.

Several transports of Indian troops were leaving India, bound for the Middle East, when the Iraq revolt broke. Auchinleck countermanded their orders without waiting for London's or Wavell's approval and sent them racing for Basra to reinforce the British and Indian troops there.

The RAF and Arab Legion armored cars drove on from Rutba, broke through the Iraqi lines at Habbaniya, and pushed the Iraqis back to Feluja on the Euphrates, forty miles from Baghdad. The Iraqis picked strong positions across the river, dominating the one bridge to their capital.

At dawn the next day, the British dropped proclamations in Arabic calling on the Iraqis to surrender—or take the consequences. When no reply came, the British gave them the consequences. These consisted of a combined bombing and artillery attack, two land drives across the river, and an air-borne expedition which landed in the sand behind the Iraqis and threatened their rear. The Iraqis fled, but in the next few days they managed to cut the dikes on the Tigris and Euphrates and flood the land between the British and Baghdad. The British then made their objective the holy city of Kadhimain and pressed on.

One by one Rashid Ali's ministers stole off into the country, ready to skip across the frontier into Iran. On May 30th the Britishers in Baghdad saw preparations being made for a last stand in the city itself and the rumble of retreating Iraqi artillery drew nearer. Native riots broke out in Baghdad and in the interior. The thieves of Baghdad began to loot.

I learned later that Rashid Ali had made a plaintive,

last-minute appeal to the Nazis to come and help him. There is nothing that Hitler would like better than to be hailed as the savior of Islam, but at that time he had his hands more than full in Crete.

Then, suddenly, came the surrender. An Iraqi officer carrying a white flag approached British headquarters outside Baghdad. He asked for an armistice and the British complied. On May 31st the mayor of Baghdad called at the British Embassy to announce that Rashid Ali El-Gailani had fled. With a party of thirty fellow intriguers, he flew into Iran, where Iranian border guards relieved him of a fortune in Iraqi Government gold. In his party were Nazi Dr. Grobba, Italian Minister Gabbrielli, and the Grand Mufti, Iraqi army officers and dissident politicians.

On June 1st, in an open space outside Baghdad, the Regent made his formal return to Iraq. The British Ambassador opened the gates of the Embassy and drove out along streets filled with police who had suddenly become helpful, with people who no longer shouted insults. General Seyid Nuri Es-Said, a good friend of Britain, took over the Premiership.

THE ABORTIVE REVOLT gained nothing. The Germans lost face in the Arab world, the Iraqis lost a rebellion, and after a costly four-week struggle the British had established their right to use Iraqi communications—something they were supposedly entitled to under their treaty in the first place.

It will take a long time to wipe out the poison which Axis agents have sown in Iraq. When I visited Iraq two months after the revolt, the situation was still tense. British and Indian soldiers were not allowed to walk the streets after dark unless they traveled in pairs.

Remnants of the propaganda machines set up by Grobba and the Grand Mufti are still functioning. The

Iraqi Parliament has passed a law making it illegal to listen to Axis broadcasts but it is an unpopular regulation, almost impossible to enforce in the scattered villages of the interior, and the German-Italian broadcasters from Bari, Rome, Athens, and Berlin continue to hold their nightly audiences. The Grand Mufti, whom the British allowed to slip through their fingers into Turkey when they occupied Iran, is a star broadcast attraction for the Axis.

Most of the known anti-British Iraqis have been rounded up. Some 200 of them, together with minor Axis agents, are being held in a concentration camp outside Basra. Rashid Ali, who escaped from Iran to Berlin before the slow-moving British agents could catch up with him, is under Iraqi sentence of death. Colonel Salah ud Din, Colonel Fahmi Said, Colonel Mahmud Salman, three of the Golden Square, remained in Iraq and have been sentenced to death. General Ahmin Zaki Suleiman, who acted as chief of the Iraqi General Staff under Rashid Ali, has been sentenced to fifteen years at hard labor, and Siddiq Shanshal, who directed Rashid Ali's Propaganda Department, to five years.

Sentences have not been carried out and it is unlikely that Britain will risk Iraqi disturbances by insisting on the penalties. The Arabs have an old proverb—"A dog doesn't bite another dog from his own neighborhood"—which the British know well. Most likely the sentences will not be imposed until after the war, if then.

British terms to the Iraqis after the revolt were generous. The Iraqis were allowed to continue exercising complete control over their internal affairs and the Iraqi Army was allowed to keep its weapons. This last may prove to be a dangerous gesture. The Iraqis may yet stab Britain in the back, particularly if Britain's position becomes shaky during a Nazi military drive into the Middle East.

Frenchmen Against Frenchmen

IN THEIR RETREAT TO VICTORY in the Middle East the British have taken offensive action to forestall the Axis whenever possible.

The British lost one round of the battle for the Middle East in Crete. The Germans lost the next round by their failure to support Rashid Ali El-Gailani's revolt in Iraq. The third round within five weeks—the fight for Syria—came up almost immediately.

Ever since the fall of France the Nazis had steadily bored into the French Empire. In French Morocco the German Armistice Commission took complete control of the military facilities. Even in the early part of 1941 there was a strong suspicion that the Vichy regime was allowing the Nazis to use Dakar as a submarine base for operations in the South Atlantic. The British were convinced that the Vichy authorities in Tunisia had granted facilities for the transshipment of supplies to the Axis troops in Libya. In Syria the Italian Armistice Commission, composed of five pompous military men, tried vainly to secure command of the territory and were greeted with insults from the civilian population. The hapless Italians were replaced by an efficient business-like German Commission which promptly extended its control to the far corners of the country.

By May 11, 1941, when the then Vice Premier Ad-

miral Darlan went hat-in-hand to Berchtesgaden for an interview with Hitler and von Ribbentrop, Syria was ripe for German occupation.

Little is known of what transpired at that meeting. The Nazis undoubtedly pressed their demands for the remainder of the French fleet and for the complete subjection of Unoccupied France. From the former chief of the Lebanon police, a tough, bull-necked Frenchman who escaped from Syria to join the De Gaullists in Palestine, I learned that Marshal Petain, after the Darlan-Hitler meeting, informed General Henri Fernand Dentz, the Vichy High Commissioner in Syria, that he must defend Syria against a British attack at all costs. Petain explained that the Germans were increasing their pressure to take over all of France, Unoccupied as well as Occupied, and that a Vichy surrender to the British in Syria would simply give the Nazis an excuse to act against France.

General Dentz, who surrendered Paris to the Germans, did not need any urging to fight against the British. Fiercely anti-British, he blames them for the necessity of turning over France's capital to the Nazis.

STRATEGICALLY, THE TERRITORY OF SYRIA, slightly smaller than Nebraska, held the key to the whole Middle East. Capture of Syria by the Germans would have: 1) isolated Turkey from the British; 2) left Iraq and its oil-fields at the mercy of the Nazis; 3) put the Germans in a position to stage a double-pronged drive through Palestine and Transjordan to the Suez Canal, and across Iraq and Iran to the borders of India.

The British had been keeping an eye on Syria for some months. Two considerations forced them to delay military action. One was that attack on Syria would push the Vichy government openly into the German lineup; the other was that the Iraq revolt, which endan-

gered the British flank, might spread throughout the Arab world.

It was decided to risk the first, once the revolt in Iraq had been put down.

General De Gaulle wished to stage the Syrian campaign with Free French troops because of the propaganda effect a Free French victory would have in France. De Gaulle was anxious to wipe out the stigma of his defeat in Dakar in 1940, but General Wavell and General Wilson, Officer Commanding the British forces in Palestine and Transjordan, advised waiting until they could spare at least one Australian and one mixed Indian-British division to do the bulk of the fighting. From what I saw of the campaign it was obvious that the Free French forces would have suffered a horrible defeat if they had gone in alone.

The revolt in Iraq brought the German penetration into Syria out in the open. Shipments of French arms from Syria to Rashid Ali's forces were arranged by the German Armistice Commission. German airplanes, on their way to help the Iraqi rebels, landed and refueled at Syrian air bases. When British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden charged on May 15th that German planes were using Syrian air bases, General Dentz, with his tongue in his cheek, explained that the Germans had suffered a sudden epidemic of forced landings. German technicians and ground personnel filtered into Syria, took over air bases at Latakia, Syria's northernmost port, Aleppo, Palmyra, and Damascus. From Latakia, German planes could outflank the British Mediterranean island stronghold of Cyprus, seventy miles away.

German airmen and ground crews discarded the usual role of "tourists" and came into Syria under a variety of disguises. At Beirut many of them descended from a hospital ship as fake-wounded—bandaged, limping, and laughing. Others came down through Turkey under

phony passports as refugee Rumanian Jews, their suitcases marked conspicuously with large J's.

The British countered the German infiltration with the bombing of three Syrian airdromes on May 16th, and the bombing of Beirut on June 4th.

The first encouraging sign of Syrian opposition to the Petain-Darlan-Dentz collaboration with the Nazis came a week before the British struck, when colorful Colonel (now General) Philibert Collet and 300 of his Circassian soldiers crossed into Palestine to join the Free French. Collet, whom I met later on in the campaign, is a dashing, Hitler-mustached, dark-skinned, Algerian-born Frenchman, and is something of a legend in the Middle East. Mentioned in World War I dispatches twenty times, wounded twelve, Collet was the youngest officer to receive the *Legion d'Honneur*. He has fought his way out of so many tough spots in Syria that his Circassian followers say he is bulletproof.

Collet came to Syria in 1923 and was put in charge of the troublesome Hauran district, inhabited largely by Circassians originally from the Russian Caucasus who had carried on guerrilla warfare for years against the French. As a war-playing youngster in Algeria, Collet preferred to lead the native kids against the "army" of white French children. In Syria he turned to the Circassians and tried to enlist them in his real army. He formed a squadron composed solely of Circassian horsemen, modeled on the Russian Cossacks. The men were given money to buy their own colorful uniforms and Arab horses and before long they were so proud to serve under Collet that they were used to maintain order not only in the Hauran district but all over turbulent Syria. The families of his men were settled in the Hauran, where they lived according to the patriarchal rules of their native Caucasus. Collet was a demigod to them. He made the law.

As a close friend of Maxime Weygand, his one-time chief in Syria, Collet, like General Weygand, chose to remain loyal to Petain after the collapse of France although he was itching to continue the fight against the Nazis. He decided to break with the Vichy regime only when Dentz allowed German airplanes to use Syrian dromes on their way into Iraq.

Collet sent a messenger to the British in Palestine. British officers, disguised as Arabs, crossed the barren frontier between Transjordan and Syria, contacted Collet, and made arrangements for his flight. Collet wished to take with him as many of his men as were willing to follow. Most of them voted to go with him, although it meant leaving their families at the mercy of Dentz. When plans were almost completed for the flight, General Dentz began to suspect that Collet was turning De Gaullist. He ordered Collet to come to Damascus with his Circassians for transfer to a distant part of Syria. Collet decided to make a break immediately.

His wife, a vivacious, charming Dublin-born woman, telephoned to a Damascus hotel for rooms in order to disarm Dentz's suspicions and then, leaving a loyal A.D.C. to answer their phone, they drove for the Transjordan frontier. At the border a guard of quick-shooting Senegalese troops was waiting to stop all cars, but Madame Collet, who was driving, stepped on the gas, held down the horn and raced through. Nothing so impresses French colonial soldiers as speed and noise. The surprised guards snapped to attention—and presented arms.

"That's surely the first time a man, soon to be condemned to death, received a military salute," laughed Collet.

Some three hundred of his Circassians managed to steal across into Transjordan that same night. Others were forced to remain behind.

WITH THE GERMANS RECOVERING from the pounding they had taken in Crete, the British decided that the time had come to strike. The balloon went up at 2 on the morning of June 8th. Four main British prongs pushed their way into Syria. One double-headed prong from Palestine aimed up the coast for Beirut, capital of Lebanon. The two prongs joined at the ancient Phoenician city of Tyre, then stalled up the coast at Tyre's sister city of Sidon. Another double-headed drive struck for Damascus, capital of Syria, with one column moving across the sandy, barren plain from Transjordan into the mountainous, lava-rock Jebel Druse territory, another coming up along the west shore of the Sea of Galilee from Palestine.

A third column, which included the famed Desert Patrol of Transjordan's Arab Legion, which had fought in Iraq, thrust up along the Euphrates valley toward Deir-ez-Zor, one of the most important French garrisons, from where it intended to turn back on Palmyra, the ancient city of Tadmor, then to Homs and Tripoli.

The fourth column, which worked in complete secrecy for many days, crossed over from Iraq, paralleled the borders of Turkey, and headed for Aleppo, ancient Hittite city with its 12th Century Saracen citadel. From Aleppo this column would have been in a position to strike at the German concentration at Latakia.

Not since the days of the Crusaders had the ancient battlegrounds of the Middle East seen such a polyglot army. Under British General Wilson were Transjordan Arabs, Aussies, British and Scottish regulars, mounted English Yeomanry, Indians (most of them Sikhs and Gurkhas), and white and black Free Frenchmen from the De Gaullist colonies and France. On the opposing side, in addition to his white Vichy troops, General Dentz had a mixed force of colonial Senegalese, Annamites, Algerians, Moroccans, and Lebanese.

The Australians, aided by a few British units and British Navy destroyers, were assigned to take the Beirut road. The Free French and Indians were assigned to fight their way to Damascus.

Life photographer George Rodger and I rushed from Cairo to Jerusalem and set up temporary headquarters in Jerusalem's King David Hotel, the finest—and most expensive—hostelry in the Middle East. General Wilson ran the campaign from his H.Q. in a converted bedroom on the floor above us.

Although the fighting was going on only eighty miles away, for the first few days it appeared that we would see little of it. It was impossible to get transport out of Jerusalem; all military cars were being used. The army finally commandeered a Jerusalem taxi for us. We loaded it with canned goods, bedrolls, and dozens of oranges and grapefruit, and set off for the war. At the front we attached ourselves to the Indian Army.

The Free French bungled their part from the beginning. General De Gaulle took no military part in the campaign. His Free French staff work was done by General Georges Catroux, and the field command was left to General Paul Louis Le Gentilhomme. De Gaulle, Catroux, and Le Gentilhomme had insisted that the Vichyites would welcome the Free French troops as liberating brothers. To prove it they sent their men over the Syrian frontier at the zero hour led by a Free French band playing *La Marseillaise*.

It was greeted by a hail of machine-gun bullets. From then on the fighting was as tough as any in the war so far. At the end of the five-week war, British, Imperial, and Free French troops had suffered nearly 1,500 casualties. If the Vichy French had fought as fiercely against the Nazis as they did against their Free French brothers, Paris might still be the capital of France.

The British had hoped that the occupation could be

carried out without serious resistance. General Wilson was instructed to go slowly for two main reasons: 1) to the Arabs, Damascus is the "Pearl of the East" and the British were anxious to bring about a Vichy surrender without a direct assault on the holy city; 2) if French public opinion became sufficiently aroused by the spilling of French blood in Syria, the Vichy regime might be encouraged to hand over the remaining French fleet to the Nazis. The objectives of the four advancing columns were to be taken if possible, said the British, "with a view to obviating needless strife and bloodshed."

A declaration promising Syria independence, signed by the British Government and De Gaulle representing the Free French, was intended to insure that the natives would greet the Allied move. RAF planes dropped copies of the declaration from the air and, as they had done against the Italians in East Africa, the British sent sound trucks up with the forward troops to assure the Vichy force that the Allies were occupying Syria only to keep it from falling into Nazi hands.

The natives, who hated the French, put up no resistance, but the French troops under General Dentz fought for every inch of ground. For months before the attack, I was told, Dentz had combed his army officers for De Gaullist sympathizers and replaced them with men loyal to the Vichy regime. The Colonial troops, who composed the bulk of Dentz's army, fought only because they were ordered to fight.

The Free French had no stomach for rough stuff. Time and again I saw them flop against objectives on the Damascus road and fall back while the 5th Indian Division went in and cleared the way for them.

Rodger and I decided to drive up the west side of the Sea of Galilee through the tiny Syrian Arab village of Kuneitra to get on the Damascus road, but at the Palestine-Syrian frontier we were warned that while Kuneitra

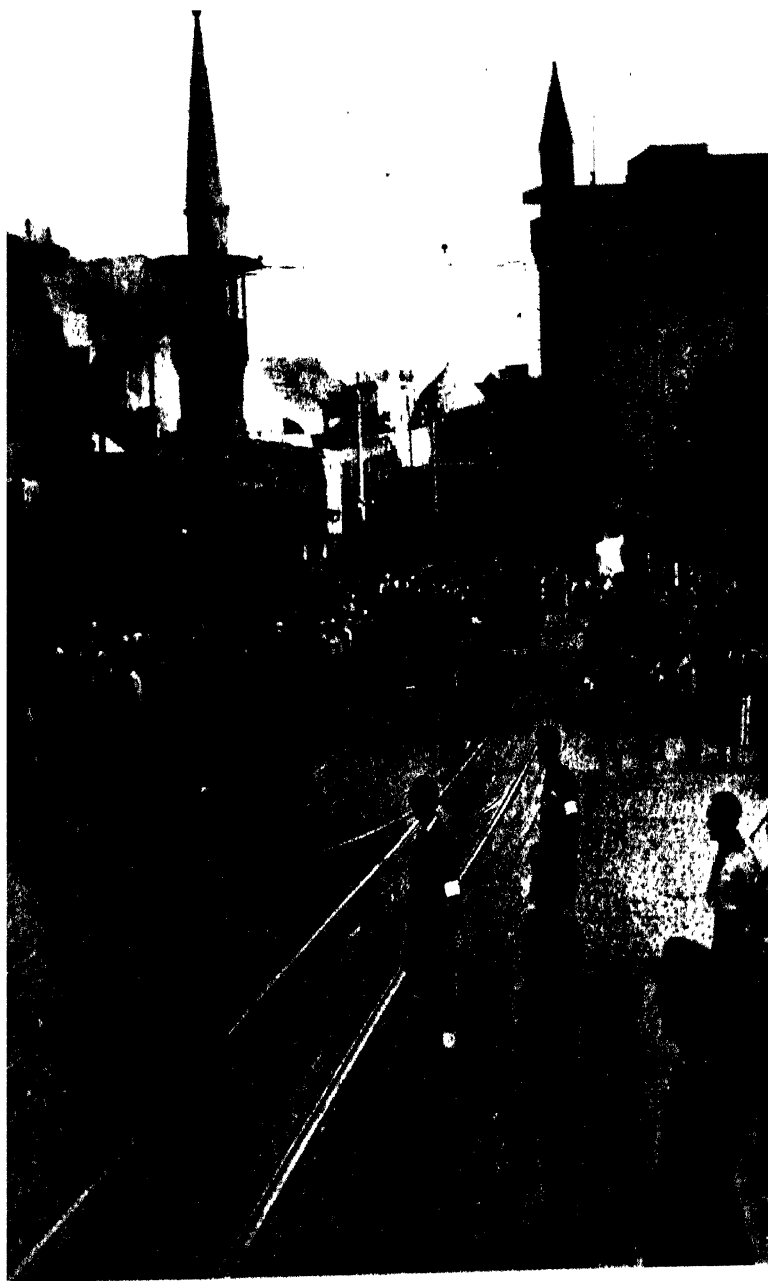
itself had fallen to the British the road beyond and the country around were still enemy territory. We were forced to skirt Galilee to take the longer route through Transjordan.

At Irbid, second largest town in Transjordan, we climbed up a tortuous, hairpin-bending road to the Syrian frontier. There was nothing to stop us there, just a sign reading "Syrie Frontiere." We bumped and slid on over the rough, rutted track, so ancient that the original Roman road stones were visible in many places, until we came to Deraa, the first Syrian town at which the Free French and Indians had met resistance.

The British communiques during the first weeks of the campaign deliberately played down reports of fighting because of the possible reaction in France. The advance into Syria was called, officially, a "political occupation" and not a military battle.

The Aussies, Indians, and British troops who buried their dead after the bloody battles of Sidon, Kuneitra, and Kisweh did not regard their assignment as a "political occupation," and they said so. One morning while we were at Kuneitra, copies of a Palestine English-language paper containing the fatuous "no resistance" British communiques were brought up just as the Aussies were burying 200 men out of one of their battalions. The Australian brigadier general had to rush back to Jerusalem to warn the British press and censorship authorities that he would not be responsible for the actions of his Diggers if the British did not drop their "no resistance" claims. He made his point.

For the first few days the British push threatened to bog down. The trouble was that, even in a minor campaign, the British were outnumbered. They had been able to spare only 35,000 troops against some 45,000 Vichyites. They had no tanks, and only light Bren gun carriers and a handful of anti-tank guns to stop the



*Advance British-Free French column
takes over Damascus from Vichy French*

score of light tanks which General Dentz had. The British, using old Hurricane fighters and U. S. Tomahawks, enjoyed a slight superiority in the air, but it was never evident. The French had few planes—a few Curtiss Hawks and half-a-dozen Martin medium bombers, shipped out from France before the collapse—but those machines they did have they used to good advantage, strafing British columns on the roads almost constantly until all their planes were shot down.

But with the Germans already established in Syria, the British could not afford to wait until they could spare the equipment for superiority.

AT DERA'A, ON THE FIRST DAY of the campaign, the Free French had sent forward a "parley party" to ask the Vichy defenders to surrender. The Vichy commander replied with a shot from a 75 which knocked away the motor of the parley party's car. The negotiators bravely got out and walked into the town, offered to accept the commander's surrender, and were told to go to hell.

The Free French troops under little General Le Gentilhomme then tried to storm the town, but the Free Frenchmen fought half-heartedly and finally the 5th Indian Division was called up to take the town. Storming their way from one machine-gun post to another, the Indians reached the walls of the city when they suddenly saw a railroad train puff hurriedly away from the far side of the town. With it went Dera'a's garrison.

In Dera'a we inspected Weygand Fort, full of shell holes from the Indians' artillery, and then pushed on another twelve miles to the stone-hutted Arab village of Sheikh Meskine, where the 5th Indian divisional headquarters were. The Indian troops had been ordered to stand aside to let the Free French go ahead. The British were anxious to publicize the campaign as a Free French victory because of its propaganda effect in France.

At Indian headquarters we were warned that a column of 100 vehicles had been spotted from the air advancing from Damascus on our right flank and there was danger of being cut off if we went too far forward. Instead we drove along a side road to the east until we reached the outpost of Ezraa, held by an Indian company of the 4/6 Rajputana Rifles. The lieutenant colonel in charge, a quiet, soft-spoken officer named "Jonah" Jones, invited us to have tea with him in his headquarters, which was the house Colonel Collet had occupied in Syria. Collet and his 300 Circassians at that moment had pushed out from Ezraa to contact the advancing Vichy column.

By late afternoon there was no news from Collet so we drove back to Sheikh Meskine and decided to risk a drive fifteen miles forward along the road to Sanamain, where the Free French had set up advance headquarters. Vichy planes were strafing the road constantly. Several cars had been shot up but the occupants escaped by throwing themselves into the fields. We draped khaki ground sheets over our taxi as camouflage and drove as fast as possible on the rough road, keeping our eyes peeled for planes. Rodger watched the sides, I took the rear and our Arab taxi-driver the front. We were lucky.

At Sanamain, a cluster of Arab houses along the roadside, we met Free French General Le Gentilhomme. He is a short, crinkly-eyed little man with a quick temper but a nice sense of humor. He invited us to go out with his advance patrols.

The Free French seemed to pay little attention to their supply problems. Many of the colored colonial troops had been without food for three days because their supply trucks had not come up. Le Gentilhomme's own water canteens had been empty for two days. We gave him a couple of grapefruit to quench his thirst and drove back to rejoin the Indians. Five minutes after we

left his headquarters a Vichy plane swooped down and strafed Sanamain. Le Gentilhomme, refusing to take cover, stood in the doorway of his headquarters. A machine-gun bullet winged him in the arm.

The Indians eventually moved on up to Sanamain to take over from the Free French. Rodger went with them. I arranged to return to Jerusalem in our taxi to interview General Wilson and rejoin the Indians for the final assault on Damascus. A British liaison officer whose car had been strafed out of commission asked for a lift back to Jerusalem. I parked our taxi in the shade of a damaged Vichy barracks at the village of Sheikh Meskine and waited for him to show up. When the Indians moved on up the road I was left in sole occupation of the town.

As soon as the last British truck went out of sight hundreds of Arabs came out and began looting everything they could lay their hands on. They roamed across our old camp field, picking up empty petrol tins, empty bottles, and tin cans. Directly behind my car they started to dig into a Vichy munitions dump. I didn't interfere in case they might decide to be unfriendly. They hoisted shell boxes onto the ground, broke them open, dumped the shells aside, and tied the wooden boxes on the backs of their donkeys. They kept one eye on me. Every now and then one of them would walk around the car and solemnly salute me. Solemnly I had to return each salute.

After an hour the village headman came up and, through my driver-interpreter, paid his respects. He said he was sorry to tell me that one of his men had carried a "*bombe*" (probably a hand grenade) up to the village, where it had exploded, killing one man and wounding two others. We agreed that it was a very foolish thing to do and, as we talked, down the hill from the village came the funeral procession of Arabs in tattered

clothes and white *kaffiyas* (head cloths), carrying the dead man in a makeshift coffin. Without ceremony they buried him in a trench next to the munition dump.

The strangest sights in the whole campaign were the Arabs calmly going on with their primitive threshing operations along the roadside while Bren gun carriers and motor truckloads of troops rolled past. Every few miles along the roads caravans of camels, led by an Arab astride a tiny donkey, stepped aside to let a military convoy pass.

When I returned to the battlefield two days later I found that I was cut off. Vichy tanks and fierce, mounted Jebel Druse tribesmen had swept down the flanks of the Damascus road and cut behind the Free French and Indians at Sheikh Meskine, where I had sat alone three days before. A week of attack and counter-attack followed before the British could drive the Vichyites off. Rodger, operating forward with the Indians, had a hard time of it. In the confusion his bedroll and food supplies were lost. He lived for a week on berries and what food he could scrounge from Indian soldiers. At night he hid in orchards while Vichy tanks circled around, sending bullets singing through the trees.

Meanwhile the Aussies, aided by small British units, including cavalry and a handful of Commandos, and an offshore bombardment by the British Navy, fought a bloody fight for Sidon. They stormed the town, lost it when General Dentz ordered a counter-attack, retook it in a fierce counter-counter-attack and pushed on up the coast road which paralleled the Mediterranean to Beirut. Royal Australian Air Force fighter planes shot down three German Junkers 88's with Italian markings. This was about the only evidence of direct Axis aid to the Vichyites, although Germany had promised, only a few days before the British invasion, to help Vichy in case of an attack on Syria.

German planes, pilots, and ground crews disappeared from Syria as quietly as they had come. They had assignments on another front which was to open soon.

On the Damascus front the Indians again took over from the Free French and, after a hard-fought battle, pressed into the village of Kisweh and on to the suburb of Mezze, on the enormous plain just outside Damascus. Two Indian companies, including one led by Lieutenant Colonel "Jonah" Jones, whom we'd last seen defending the hamlet of Ezraa, were able to take Mezze, where they stopped to wait for Free French reinforcements.

The Free French failed to show up. Instead, the Vichyites returned with a few light tanks. The Indians had neither tanks nor anti-tank guns to oppose them, and the Vichy machines cruised up and down the streets of the village, knocking out Indian machine-gun posts, and rounding up group after group of soldiers.

The Indian commanders had established their headquarters in a large house which had a walled garden around it. By the end of the day the tanks had mopped up all resistance within the town and were pounding at the walled house. Shells ripped holes in the walls, went through into the house itself. All night the besieged Indians held on. In the morning, almost out of ammunition, they sent a captured French officer out to request a truce while they evacuated the wounded from the house. The Frenchman returned with a squad of tough Senegalese who suddenly rushed the door of the house and covered the Indian officers inside. They had no choice but to surrender. The officers were taken into Damascus and then whisked away north to Idlib. Next day Dentz and his remaining troops fled to Beirut, leaving Damascus to surrender.

The Indian officers, together with a score of captured British officers and men, were eventually flown to Greece. Then, although the British-Vichy armistice

terms stipulated the return of all prisoners, they were taken on one of the war's strangest journeys through Yugoslavia, Germany, and Occupied France to Unoccupied France. It was not until the British interned General Dentz and his staff in retaliation that the Petain-Darlan authorities agreed to return the British prisoners to Syria.

ON THE AFTERNOON OF JUNE 21ST, the hard-fighting Indians stepped aside for the last time and allowed the Free French to stage the ceremonial occupation of Damascus. General Catroux drove up from Jerusalem to head the parade.

The news of this first real British-Allied victory in months was swept off the front pages by the headlines:

NAZIS INVADE RUSSIA

CHAPTER 9

Syrian Hangover

AFTER THE FALL OF DAMASCUS the fighting in Syria proceeded in slow motion. General Dentz, determined to fight as long as he could, judged that he had enough men and equipment to make one major stand. He chose to make it at Beirut, where St. George reportedly slew the dragon.

The Vichy defenders of Damascus made a quick trek across the mountain ridge and took up positions before Beirut, where they successfully repulsed several attempts by the Aussies to break through. Finally, on July 12th, after repeated pounding of the Lebanese capital by RAF and naval units, Dentz was forced to request an armistice. With the world's attention fixed on Russia, the end of the Syrian campaign was back-page news and most of us who had covered the fighting reported the armistice like the anticlimax it necessarily was.

Dentz, unwilling to meet the Free French face to face, sent Brigadier General Joseph Antoine Sylvain Raoul de Verdillac to Acre, in Palestine, which Richard The Lion-Hearted had besieged centuries before. It was in another siege at Acre that the Turks, aided by English officers and artillerists, stopped Napoleon in his march through the Middle East.

Up to this time, the British had not been notably

cooperative with the correspondents, but they did arrange for us to be present when the Syrian armistice was signed.

With General Wilson at the conference table in the officers' mess of the Sidney Smith Barracks sat Free French General Catroux, condemned to death by Vichy. General de Verdillac, who has no love for the Germans, lost no time in indicating his sentiments. He winked at one Australian sentry, made a throat-slitting gesture with one hand, and whispered, "*Les Boches!*"

As General de Verdillac took his pen to initial the armistice pact, the strong lights of the newsreel cameramen caused a fuse to blow, plunging the room into darkness. The Vichy general waited patiently until a dispatch rider wheeled his motorcycle into the room. The pact was then signed with the aid of the motorbike headlamp. Two days later, ironically on Bastille Day, the pact was presented to General Dentz for formal signature.

The British invasion of Syria, paradoxically, was a defensive offensive. Although it dragged wearily through thirty-seven days (Allenby's 1918 major campaign against the bulk of the Turkish Army in Syria took only thirty-eight days), the British campaign managed to forestall Germany's 1941 attempt to get a foothold in the Middle East. The efforts of the outnumbered Britishers might have been too little, but this time, at least, they were not too late.

Occupation of Syria gave the Allies an uninterrupted defense line along the eastern Mediterranean shore. More important, it put the British up to the vital Turkish border, propped up the wavering Turks, and gave the British eventual access to Turkey's towering Taurus Mountains, the best natural defense line in the Middle East, which will prove invaluable if the Germans attack through Turkey.

BACK IN FRANCE, Marshal Petain, with one eye on Germany, at first refused to accept the liberal British terms on the grounds that his "honor" would not allow him to deal with agents of De Gaulle, and then left the responsibility for the surrender up to Dentz. Petain sent a farewell message to Syria's civilians:

"France is going to suffer an eclipse in the Levant as sad for her as for you."

Those might have been the sentiments of Petain, but I can assure you they were not the sentiments of the Syrian population.

Syria is synonymous with trouble. Since 1919 it has seen six civil wars or revolutions and it may yet see another before World War II is finished.

The invasion of Syria was a headache from the start. Had the Free French troops been kept out of the campaign, I believe that the Vichyite officers might have surrendered to the British and Imperial troops in a matter of days, but against their Free French opponents they felt obliged to fight as a matter of honor. The colonial troops under Dentz, who neither understood nor cared for the differences between the Petain and De Gaulle governments, fought simply because they were ordered to.

When the campaign was over the British found that their headache had turned into a hangover which might have endangered their whole position in the Middle East. The British Government, hoping at the start of the campaign that the Syrian population would welcome their action, promised Syria and the Lebanon "independence" and persuaded De Gaulle to associate himself with the promise. But promising is one thing and carrying it out is another.

As soon as the fighting started the British made their first mistake in allowing the impression to arise, particularly in the Arab world, that the British and Im-

perial troops were merely helping the Free French recover French territory which was in danger of falling into German hands. The second mistake, from the viewpoint of retaining the vital friendship of the Arabs, was made when the Free French were exclusively allowed to stage the ceremonial occupation of Damascus. The third, and worst, came later when the British allowed General Catroux to proclaim himself Governor of Syria and the Lebanon and set up a Free French civil administration.

The core of the problem is that the Syrians, particularly the Syrian Arab nationalists, hate the French, Free or "Fixed." The Arabs say that, although the Free French have changed uniforms and now follow a man named De Gaulle instead of Petain, they are still French.

For this attitude the French themselves are responsible. The brief history of Syria under French rule is a story of betrayal, double-dealing, and deliberate economic stagnation. Even imperialist Turkey realized before the last war that Syria's agricultural life depended on the extension of irrigation methods, yet the French did not carry out a single major irrigation project for twenty years. Nowhere in the entire Middle East are agricultural wages so low as they are in Syria. Under French rule nothing was done to improve the abject position of the Arab farmer. Huge areas are owned by feudal landlords who take up to half the income of their tenants. The French supported the landlords, who in turn supported the French and assisted them in keeping down liberal, national movements.

Fed for fifteen years on vague promises of eventual independence, the Syrians finally erupted in a bitter two months' general strike in 1936, which moved the liberal *Front Populaire* government at home to evolve a plan to withdraw from Syria and replace the League of

Nations mandate with a treaty of alliance, as Britain had done with Iraq. With the overthrow of the *Front Populaire* came a more reactionary, imperialistic attitude and, for various reasons, the treaty of independence was never ratified by the French Parliament. The Syrians have not forgotten. Nothing less than complete expulsion of the French, Free or otherwise, from Syria, will satisfy them.

Syrian nationalistic underground activities against the French grew so strong after the collapse of France that Vichy sent out the notorious M. Chiappe, strong-armed chief of the Paris police, to be High Commissioner. The airplane carrying Chiappe disappeared somewhere in the Mediterranean. His successor was General Dentz, who carried out Vichy's orders as vigorously as Chiappe would have done.

The Syrians scoff at French claims of "historical interest" in Syria because France's occupation dates only from the post-World War I years. They argue that the French hold on Syria stemmed from a League mandate and that that authority therefore lapsed when Vichy renounced the League. The Syrians allege, correctly, that France's main interest in their country is the fact that forty-two per cent of her oil in pre-collapse days came from the Mosul-Kirkuk oilfields in Iraq, from where it was piped across Syria to Tripoli, on the Syrian Mediterranean shore.

After the campaign was over the British were thus faced with the problem of pacifying both the Free French and the Syrians. De Gaulle and Catroux are as conscious as any Vichy politicians of France's "historical interest" in Syria and they began quietly trying to rid the country of British influence. The first act of Catroux as Governor was to fill all former Vichy-held civil posts with Free Frenchmen. Even though there were not enough Free Frenchmen to staff all the posi-

tions, he was reluctant to accept the aid of British officials lest the French hold on Syria be loosened. As a result the civil administration for a time was horribly understaffed.

Catroux traveled about Syria trying to warm up the civilian population to the presence of the Free French, but he met with cold receptions. A few weeks after the armistice was signed he went to Deraa, an important railroad junction above the Transjordan border, where he asked the most influential *sheikhs* to cooperate with him in administering the area. After listening coldly to Catroux, the most important *sheikh* rose, informed the General that he and his fellow *sheikhs* would prefer to have their lands transferred to Transjordan, where they would be under the Arab Emir Abdullah, and stalked out of the meeting.

The British decided to take a firm stand with the Free French. A secret meeting was held at Beirut, attended by Captain Oliver Lyttelton, then British Minister of State in Cairo, De Gaulle, and high British and Free French military men, at which the British insisted that the Free French grant Syria and the Lebanon at least that measure of "independence" which the British had granted Egypt and Iraq. There was a great deal of table thumping and many harsh words were exchanged before the British could get De Gaulle to agree to this concession.

Two months after the Vichyites surrendered Syria, General Catroux finally declared that France's mandate was ended, that the state of Syria would henceforth be an independent republic. The Free French took care to name the new republic's first president, a chubby, round-faced, 55-year-old jurist, Mohammed Tageddine el Hassani. Religious Mohammed el Hassani was not a popular choice. For five years he had soft-soaped the authorities in Paris, trying to get the appointment as

Governor of Syria, and Syria's rabid nationalists resented his bowing and scraping in the French capital.

Two months after he freed Syria, Catroux proclaimed the end of the French mandate over the largely Christian-populated state of Lebanon, announced it would be an independent republic with its capital at Beirut. The Lebanese elected Alfred Nacache, former Prime Minister under the French mandate, as their first President.

Mechanized General

PERHAPS NO SINGLE CONTRIBUTION to the United Nations' retreat to victory is as important as the symbolic resistance of General Charles de Gaulle and the Free French. De Gaulle's conviction that his countrymen should have retreated and continued the fight—from North Africa, if necessary—was summed up in his assurance: "France has lost a battle. But France has not lost the war!"

Although three-fifths of France proper is now under Hitler's heel and all of it is feeling the Nazi noose tightening around its neck, Frenchmen by the thousands have rallied to that clarion call.

On land, on sea, and in the air, the Free French are fighting on. Their forces numbered, at the last count, 40,000 trained troops, 1,000 airmen, and numerous armament technicians, and their ranks have steadily been swelling. Some seventeen warships and sixty merchantmen proudly fly the flag of Free France, the double-barred cross of Lorraine that was Joan of Arc's standard in her struggle for freedom five centuries ago. All French Equatorial Africa—representing a fourth of France's entire colonial empire—the Cameroons, the French colonies in India, and New Caledonia and Tahiti in the Pacific have pledged their loyalty to De Gaulle.

Free French possession of the sprawling French colonies across the middle of Africa has proved of great strategic value to the United Nations. A recently improved road from Lagos, on the west African coast, across Nigeria and French Equatorial Africa to Khartum, in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, may be the beginning of a great transcontinental artery over which will flow much of the supplies from America and Britain to the Allied armies in the Middle East. The main United Nations' air supply route to India and the Middle East operates from airdromes dotted across the Free French territories.

In the Syrian campaign the Free French troops were not at their best. Up against fellow Frenchmen, many of them distant relatives and men from their own localities, De Gaulle's men could put no spirit into their attacks. Time and again I watched Free French units come up against Vichy soldiers from their old regiments and call off the battle long enough to exchange greetings.

In Syria the Free French were also operating in a large body—about 5,000—for the first time. Staff work was sketchy, supplies and equipment were lacking and often went astray.

During the campaign against the Italians in East Africa they did better. Fighting alongside South Africans, Indians, Britishers, Belgians, and colored troops from the Gold Coast and the Sudan, the Free French rolled rapidly across Eritrea and Ethiopia. French Foreign Legionnaires helped carry out the final assault on the important Italian Eritrean seaport of Massawa.

By far the most spectacular part played by the Free French in the war has been their daring assaults on Italian outposts in the great Libyan desert. Free French territories in Africa point dagger-like at the rear of the Axis positions along the Mediterranean. From the Chad

territory small, mobile Free French units—both modern mechanized forces and native camel-riding soldiers trained to endure long stretches in the desert—struck in January, 1941, at the Italian garrison holding the oasis of Murzuk. The garrison was wiped out.

A month later a small motorized force under Colonel Le Clerc, a tough, old-time French colonial fighter, made a spectacular drive from Fort Lamy far up into Italian Libya to capture the strategic oasis of Kufra. *Life* photographer George Rodger, driving a battered Chevrolet truck, pushed along on Le Clerc's heels, got lost in a fierce desert sandstorm, and arrived at Kufra just one day after the Free French had captured it.

Early in March, 1942, another Free French force under Le Clerc, who had in the meantime become a general and Governor of the Free French Cameroons, made another daring sweep 200 miles up into Italian Libya to raid Murzuk again and capture the Italian outpost of Temissa, only 320 miles south of the main Axis positions and vital supply route along the Mediterranean coastline. The entire sweep took the Free French over 1,600 miles of desert, where no roads and only occasional supplies of water exist. Sandstorms bogged them down for days at a time.

THE NEGROES IN THE CAMEROONS have already built General De Gaulle into a legend. They say: De Gaulle was a corporal. He was dead. He had been dead for five years. In his grave he heard that a German corporal had taken Paris. He leaped from his grave shouting: "I'm a general now and I'll show you something."

De Gaulle did his utmost to save his country from a humiliating defeat at the hands of Hitler. Take the time when, in the early morning hours of June 7, 1940, a camouflaged French Army staff car hurtled along the ribbon of road from Abbeville to Paris.

In the car was De Gaulle, a lean, long-faced officer six-and-a-half feet tall, commander of the 4th Armored Division of the French Army. In the back seat with him as they sped toward the capital, to which De Gaulle had been summoned by an urgent message from Premier Paul Reynaud, sat his young aide-de-camp; and to him the usually taciturn general spoke freely of the almost hopeless position which the armies of France and Britain then faced.

De Gaulle, more than any other Allied commander, knew what the Allied armies were up against. For ten years, as one of the world's greatest exponents of modern warfare, he had been arguing, writing, pleading in vain for the creation of a French mechanized army, manned by technicians instead of untrained conscripts, and dependent on monster tanks applied *en masse* to crush all before it. His pleas had fallen on deaf ears, for they ran counter to the traditional French policy of static defense.

The Gamelins, Petains, and Weygands, deep in the rut of trench-warfare methods, regarded him as a crank with tanks on the brain.

Now, at least, he had the cold comfort of seeing his teachings proved in practice—by the Germans. General Guderian, chief of the Nazi tank corps, had broken through the French lines at Sedan and pushed an ever-widening salient through to the mouth of the Somme River and the Channel ports, thus severing the French forces in the south from the French and British armies that were bottled up in Flanders.

But there was still time to do something, De Gaulle was certain. France still had almost a thousand tanks, most of them not larger than thirty tons, scattered along her front from Switzerland to the Channel. Immobilized in the Maginot Line were hundreds of thousands of technicians and mechanized soldiers. If Gen-

eral Weygand, hurriedly recalled from Syria to replace the immovable Gamelin, would agree to withdraw these men from their concrete fortresses and concentrate the bulk of the tanks for a mass attack on the German salient to the sea, there was still time.

For De Gaulle had proved that it was possible to beat the Nazis at that game. Only six days before, he had led a hastily assembled mechanized division against the Germans south of Abbeville, at the mouth of the Somme, and pushed them back for ten miles, capturing thousands of prisoners and a great quantity of materiel. For four days he held up the Nazis at Laon. Weygand, who later was to join with the old men of Vichy in condemning De Gaulle for "deserting his post," had issued an Order of the Day commending "this admirable, audacious, and energetic leader."

Dawn was breaking as De Gaulle's car rolled up before Reynaud's residence in the Place du Palais Bourbon. If only the premier would let him have his head!

The two men who met in the study needed no introduction. In 1935, inspired by De Gaulle's ideas, Reynaud had urged the Chamber of Deputies in vain to sanction ten armored and motorized divisions. Later, in his own book, "The French Military Problem," published in 1937, Reynaud again paid tribute to the vigorous young colonel (as De Gaulle was then) by warning the French general staff that the German high command, taking the cue from De Gaulle's writings, had begun to discard its light and medium tanks for the monster machines which were later to flatten France.

And now, when France's military position had become so critical, it transpired that Reynaud had summoned De Gaulle to offer him the post of undersecretary of war.

De Gaulle accepted. That very day he flew to London to see Prime Minister Churchill, but by the following

day, when he arrived back in Paris, high military and political figures had combined to persuade Reynaud to capitulate. De Gaulle went from Petain to Weygand to Reynaud, and to each he insisted on being allowed to defend the Marne, the Seine, or Paris, or at least the line of rivers south of the capital. From each in turn he received a flat No. Reluctantly, Reynaud finally consented to let him establish defenses around Bordeaux, and the seat of government was hurriedly moved southward.

But De Gaulle was fighting virtually alone. The harried premier was being told on all sides that it was hopeless to continue the struggle. At the last hour, when Churchill flew to Tours, Reynaud was ready to throw up France's hand and asked the British prime minister to release France from her Treaty of Alliance. It was De Gaulle who stood at his side and insisted with all the patriotic fervor he could muster that the fight must go on—in Africa, if necessary. The next morning he flew again to London to ask for half a million tons of shipping to move hundreds of thousands of French troops and their equipment to Africa. His request granted, he telephoned Reynaud in Paris to break the still more important news that Churchill had proposed a formal union between France and Britain.

But it was then too late. Reynaud's mind had been made up for him, and hours of pleading by Churchill and De Gaulle could not change it. Next morning De Gaulle awoke to the news that Reynaud had resigned.

De Gaulle realized that the only place to continue the fight for France was from London. But he could not remain in England without having made a last effort to get Petain and Weygand to carry on. At great danger to himself, since he realized that he might be arrested in France, he flew again to Bordeaux. But his one-time superiors refused to listen, and De Gaulle hur-

riedly boarded a waiting British bomber for London. On June 28th the British Government recognized him as the leader of all Free Frenchmen.

TO GENERAL DE GAULLE, the major reason for France's military collapse is clear. "The people who are entirely responsible for our disasters on the battlefield," he has said in one of his many broadcasts from London, "are those who, whether war ministers or high military commanders, neglected to remodel the French Army, and I am convinced that at least two of these are at the present moment at the head of the self-styled Vichy Government." In De Gaulle's mind, Gamelin, Weygand, and Petain, slavish in their admiration for the tactics of their old World War I commanders, Joffre and Foch, utterly failed to comprehend the extent to which the offensive power of tanks and bombing planes could be used by a rearming Germany.

Yet De Gaulle, ever since 1932, when he was secretary of the committee of national defense, had been clamoring for a mechanized, armored army. His struggle came to a climax in January, 1940, when he went so far as to submit to Gamelin a memorandum entitled "The Advent of Mechanized Force," which pointed out that the war would inevitably be decided by the use of mechanized troops and armored machines.

"To all intents and purposes we are still employing the maneuvering system which Carnot and Napoleon invented," wrote De Gaulle. "From the very beginning [of this war] it was quite certain that neither one nor the other of the opponents, facing each other on the Western Front, would undertake to have its male population butchered in attacks on the model of Verdun. . . . In modern warfare, active operations can only be carried out by means of mechanical force. . . . We must, indeed, face the fact that the Maginot Line, however many

reinforcements it may have received and may receive, whatever quantity of infantry and artillery occupy it or support it, is capable of being broken."

That was pretty strong stuff to give Gamelin, whose military and political future had been pinned on the steel and concrete fortresses along the Franco-German line.

"Technicians and industry are now able to produce tanks which, employed in mass formation as they must be, would be capable of climbing over our active and passive defenses," De Gaulle went on. "It is merely a question of armor plating, armament, and crossing-power, all of which merely depend upon their being given the appropriate tonnage. . . . The defender who limits himself to resisting in a fixed position with antiquated weapons is doomed to disaster."

The French High Command, committed to the policy of static defense, received De Gaulle's warning with complete unconcern. In less than five months, however, the mechanized general had been proved undeniably right.

DE GAULLE IS ALMOST AS UNKNOWN to the people of France as he is to the outside world. Born in Lille on November 22, 1890, he grew up in the atmosphere of a typical French professional family. His father was professor of philosophy and French literature at a famed Catholic college in the Rue de Vaugirard in Paris. In 1910, after winning honors in his general education, young De Gaulle entered the military academy of Saint-Cyr, France's West Point. At the age of 21, he passed out of Saint-Cyr, a second lieutenant, and was granted a commission in the 33rd Infantry Regiment. His commanding officer was Petain, then a colonel. As full lieutenant and later company commander in Petain's regiment during the first World War he came to

know well the man he was to confront years later in France's most dramatic hours.

Wounded three times, the last time by a shell splinter in the defense of the historic Verdun fortress of Douaumont, De Gaulle was finally captured by the Germans. He tried on five occasions to escape, but his injuries hampered him and he was severely punished after every attempted break.

On his release after the Armistice he rejoined the service. As captain and later as major he served under Weygand during the 1920-21 anti-Bolshevik campaign in Poland. Then he returned to Saint-Cyr, this time as professor of military history. His success in teaching the cadets led to his being sent to the *Ecole de Guerre*, the French staff college, where he became aide-de-camp to Petain, the commander-in-chief. In 1927, according to French service policy, he was returned to active duty as commander of a light infantry battalion. Two years later he was sent on a secret mission to Iraq, Persia, and Egypt.

In 1932, as general secretary of the committee of national defense, he reached a post from which he could propound his theories on mechanization. It was in that position that he wrote his two most important military works, "*Au Fil de l'Epee*" (The Philosophy of Command) and "*Vers l'Armée de Métier*" (The Army of the Future). The latter, published in 1934, is still regarded by the Germans as the most important work written on mechanized modern warfare. In it he prophesied with uncanny accuracy:

Tomorrow the professional army will move entirely on caterpillar wheels. Every element of troops and services will make its way across mountains and valleys in the appropriate vehicles. Not a man, not a gun, not a shell, not even a piece of bread will be transported in any other way.

And he even predicted the exact spots where the Germans would break through the French lines in the war that was to come.

But the traditionalists were firmly in control of French military policies and, with the exception of Reynaud, no one of influence would listen to the young officer with revolutionary ideas. In 1937, after a short course at the Center for Advanced Training, De Gaulle was given command of the 507th Regiment of Tanks, from which he rose with the rank of colonel to command a tank brigade attached to the 5th Lorraine Army. On May 15, 1940, just the day before he was allowed to demonstrate his theories on the battlefield around Laon, he became brigadier general in command of the 4th Armored Division.

IF YOU SIT WITH GENERAL DE GAULLE in his simple, sparsely furnished office in the London headquarters of Free France, or the suite at Sheppard's Hotel which serves as his office in Cairo, you get the impression that the man is extraordinarily quiet. He is quiet, but only because he never speaks until he has something to say. Then he says it straight to the point in a deliberate, resonant voice. He has been learning English during the past year.

He is a first-class orator, which, for a serving soldier, is unusual. His radio talks to conquered France, filled with a ringing sincerity, are models of the balanced approach which he insists all broadcasts to his homeland must have.

"France must be treated as an invalid," he explained to me, "—an invalid slowly recovering from a very serious operation. You must bring her fruit, not admonish her. You must tiptoe into the sickroom, not pound at the door and berate her for her weakness."

De Gaulle's admirers call him a Man of Destiny who

will galvanize the new France into action—one of the great and inspiring leaders in the crusade to re-establish a free world. This estimate may perhaps be too high. Certainly he is a great soldier, equipped with profound military knowledge, but he is too trusting to be a political leader. His expedition to Dakar failed because he naively believed that he had only to appear before the port to be welcomed with open arms. When the expedition was first planned, such a bloodless conquest might have been possible; but in the interval between planning and the actual appearance off Dakar the political loyalties of the city had been changed.

The Germans heard of the proposed expedition—it was openly toasted by De Gaulle's officers at a luncheon in London—in time to send their agents to Dakar armed with enough cash to change the minds of key French officials who had previously indicated that they would favor De Gaulle's occupation of the city.

De Gaulle is not a politician. Reports spread abroad by the Nazis and the government at Vichy that he is catering variously to Royalists or Communists, Jews or Fascists, are propaganda designed to weaken his appeal to the French at home.

"I solemnly declare that I am neither connected with, nor committed to, any political party or politician whatsoever, whether of the Right, Left, or Center," swears De Gaulle.

His connections with varied political groups stem solely from the fact that in the old days he tried to talk mechanization of the French Army to anyone who would listen. As a matter of fact, most of his Free French colleagues in London tend to the Left in politics. It was in order to remove the grounds for the Vichy charge that the Free French Government was under British control that General De Gaulle moved most of his administration to Free French territory in Africa,

where he set up a capital at Brazzaville, in French Equatorial Africa.

As soon as it became apparent that De Gaulle was the hope of a free France, one by one French officers came from the far corners to join his cause.

Small, quiet General Georges Catroux, who was Governor General of French Indo-China, hesitated before making up his mind. Vichy replaced him with Admiral Jean Decoux, who gradually handed his colony over to the Japs. Disillusioned with his Vichy superiors, Catroux flew incognito to England and presented himself to De Gaulle. A five-star general, senior to De Gaulle (entitled to only two), Catroux tore off three of his stars and became De Gaulle's second in command.

Vice Admiral Emile Henri Muselier, until the Spring of 1942 commander of the Free French Navy, headed the same class of naval cadets to which Admiral Darlan belonged. During France's sit-down war he was in charge of the Allied contraband control base at Marseilles. A brusque, quick-tempered fighting man, he cracked down on the local French moneyed interests who tried to avoid the Anglo-French contraband regulations. Darlan retired him. Muselier reached England soon after the armistice, one of the few high service officers to get away. He resigned as chief of the Free French Navy after a tiff with De Gaulle.

Colonel Martial Valin, energetic, bouncing young commander of the Free French Air Force operating from Cairo, was in Brazil when France collapsed. Vichy offered to let him name his own terms if he would stay there. "I am going to serve France where my conscience dictates," said Valin, and sailed for England.

The Chief of the Free French General Staff, Brigadier General Ernest Petit, was in Paraguay in June, 1940. He promptly joined De Gaulle's growing group.

General Paul Louis Le Gentilhomme, who has served

De Gaulle in Africa and Syria, was kicked from his post in French Somaliland by Vichy because he declared he would continue the fight against the Nazis.

The Nazis sneer that De Gaulle is "a general without an army." Actually, he has a responsibility to three armies: first, to his own Free Frenchmen, reorganized on land, sea, and air to cooperate with their British allies; second, to the army of Britain. It is still too early to estimate how much De Gaulle's mechanized teachings have affected the remodeling of the ill-equipped British Expeditionary Force which came back from Dunkirk—at any rate, in General Sir Alan Brooke, Commander-in-Chief of Britain's Imperial General Staff, and General Andy McNaughton, who commands the Canadian forces abroad, De Gaulle has two mechanically minded sympathizers.

The third army which looks toward De Gaulle consists of the vast numbers of French civilians living under the iron boot of Nazism, to whom De Gaulle is a symbol of freedom. In his military forces De Gaulle may have only 40,000 men, but in the France of Petain, Laval, Darlan, and the Men of Munich he is building an army of millions. They are still unarmed and unready civilians, but when Hitler and Vichy begin to crumble the Free French and their allies will have an entire nation of fifth columnists to help them.

De Gaulle believes that the war will be won by invasion—the invasion of Germany. But in order to bring it about, Britain and her allies must adopt his theories, chapter and verse, and apply them better than the Nazis have done.

"Has the last word been said? Must hope disappear? No!" he has told France. "The same means that have defeated us can one day make victory possible. . . . Destroyed today by mechanical force, we shall be able to conquer, in the future, by superior mechanical force.

... This is the time when we must attack. *But not with an expeditionary force of men in battle dress with rifles at the slope. Tanks and guns. More tanks and guns. Thousands of airplanes. Tens of thousands of airplanes.*"

Defense will not win this war. Granted. But neither will premature offensives of men inferiorly equipped with 1914-18 fighting tools, inadequate armored striking power, and too few planes to keep the enemy from the skies. To those armchair strategists who think that all the United Nations have to do is to pick a likely-looking weak spot in the Axis fronts and attack, there is your answer.

"Tanks and guns. More tanks and guns. Thousands of airplanes. Tens of thousands of airplanes."

Until those tanks and guns and planes are on the battlefields—and not on the drafting boards, the assembly lines, and parking grounds of American and British factories, and the wharves of our ports—the United Nations must fight to hold the enemy, no matter what the odds.

A New Heaven and a New Earth

DURING A LULL in the fighting in Syria I poked around half-a-dozen rude Arab huts which the owners had temporarily deserted. Stuck on the stone walls in most of the huts were gaudy, Sunday-supplement-like pages containing portraits of the members of the Hashimite House, which is something of the royal family of the Arabs.

In the center of the group was the late King Hussein, one-time ruler of the Hejaz, who died a shrunken paralytic after the British allowed him to be kicked out of his kingdom by the upstart Ibn Saud. Grouped around old Hussein were pictures of his sons and royal descendants: the gifted Feisal, who became the first King of Iraq; Feisal's unpopular son, Ghazi, who followed him; and the infant Feisal II, present ruler of Iraq; Ali and Zeid, who had helped their father drive the Turks from Arabia; and Abdullah, whom the British installed as ruling *emir* (prince) of their mandated state of Transjordan.

Emir Abdullah, as the only still-ruling son of King Hussein, claims the title Father of the Arabs and likes to think of himself as the Number One political figure in the Arab world. With the Syrian Arabs chafing under French, then Free French, occupation, I decided the time had come to visit Abdullah. If trouble does

break out in Syria, it is a good bet that the Emir will be behind it.

The British didn't want me to meet the Emir. "Abdullah is feeling his oats. He'll try to sell you a bill of goods," they said at the British Embassy in Cairo. I was more worried that the British would sell me a bill of goods. The British control the Emir's relations with the outside world and it is impossible to interview him without their permission. Despite this, I decided to appeal directly to the Emir. I sent an explanatory wire asking permission for Rodger and me to visit him in Transjordan. Back came a one-word telegram: "Welcome."

I showed it to the British. "If you don't let me go now, the Emir will suspect something fishy," I said. The British agreed. We went.

THE BRITISH AROUSED THE ARABS to fight against the Turks in World War I by promising to create an Arab national state. A Captain T. E. Lawrence, later to become famous as Lawrence of Arabia, guided the Arabs in their victorious drive along the Hejaz Railway right into Damascus and then went on to Versailles to plead that Britain's promise be kept. His voice was unheard.

"We stammered that we had worked for a new heaven and a new earth, and they thanked us kindly and made their peace," wrote Lawrence in his "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." As a sop, the British later created two Arab states: one was Iraq, the other Transjordan. I was anxious to see what this new heaven and earth looked like.

THE JOURNEY FROM JERUSALEM to Amman, the little mountain capital of Transjordan, is only two hours and a half by car, but it takes you back through more than a score of centuries. From Jerusalem, 8,000 feet above

sea level, the road spirals down past the Mount of Olives and the Inn of the Good Samaritan through a rocky, desolate wilderness of grotesque hills which are like a putty-colored version of the Bad Lands of South Dakota. At Jericho, with the Mount of Temptation looming in the background, you emerge suddenly from this ancient land where nothing living remains, into the lush Jordan valley where hard-working Jewish farmers grow oranges, bananas, and pomegranates, and the semi-nomadic Transjordan Arabs bring their herds of cattle and camels to graze.

Palestine ends and Transjordan begins at the Jordan, a dirty, narrow stream which you cross at Allenby Bridge, an iron-girdered army affair reminding you that it was in this region that the British commander defeated the Turks in the last war. Off the road, half covered with underbrush, is "Jericho Jane," the famous cannon with which the Turks used to shell Jericho.

A mile or so downstream from Jericho the Jordan empties into the sulphurous, salty Dead Sea, the lowest spot on the earth's surface and 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, some fifty-five miles to the west. To the south tower the savage Mountains of Moab and the remains of the fortress of Machaerus where Salome danced before Herod Antipas for the head of John the Baptist.

Your car twists its way upward from the hot stickiness of the Jordan valley along a narrow road pared from the sides of the Mountains of Abarim until you complete the huge dip from Jerusalem and emerge on the plateau of Moab, 3,000 feet above sea level. In Roman times this plateau was one of the most fertile grain regions of the East. Across it once ran the busy camel caravan routes linking Damascus with the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, and the paved military roads where Roman Legions marched. On it stood some

of the rich Greek cities of the Decapolis. All that remains of this civilization today is a few marble pavings and a pillar or two standing defiantly against the weather. The once-fertile plateau is a barren, rock-strewn stretch with most of its topsoil blown away where the *bedu* and Arab villagers scabble out a living from their wheat, barley, sheep, and goats.

There are no Jews in Transjordan so the Arabs have to fight among themselves, and all *bedouin* men carry rifles slung loosely across the saddle of horse or camel.

Amman, the capital, is tucked away in the folds of five brown hills. Its citadel, the remains of which frown down from one of the hills, dates back to the days of the Persians, and additions have been made to it by the Greeks, the Romans, and the Arabs of the time of Saladin during the Crusades. In Old Testament days Amman was the chief city of the Ammonites, and when the Greeks possessed it they called it Philadelphia. Across the road from the little Hotel Philadelphia where we stayed stand the remains of a huge Greek amphitheatre with seats for 7,000, where the works of Sophocles and Aeschylus once played to capacity crowds.

Amman is little more than a dirty, oversized Arab village of 35,000 people (twenty years ago it was a miserable little stone-hutted hamlet containing 5,000 Arabs) with a *sukh* (native bazaar), one cinema, a couple of mosques, and the buildings of the government, most of which look like two-car garages, but to the *bedu* who come in from the desert to watch their Emir drive to the Mosque Al Jami'a el Husseini for Friday prayers it is a veritable New York with all its glittering attractions.

Amman is an important outpost of the war in the Middle East. On a flat-topped hill outside the town the RAF has a second-rate airfield from which in peacetime it could show the flag to the natives of Iraq, Palestine, and Transjordan. Medium bombers used it as their base

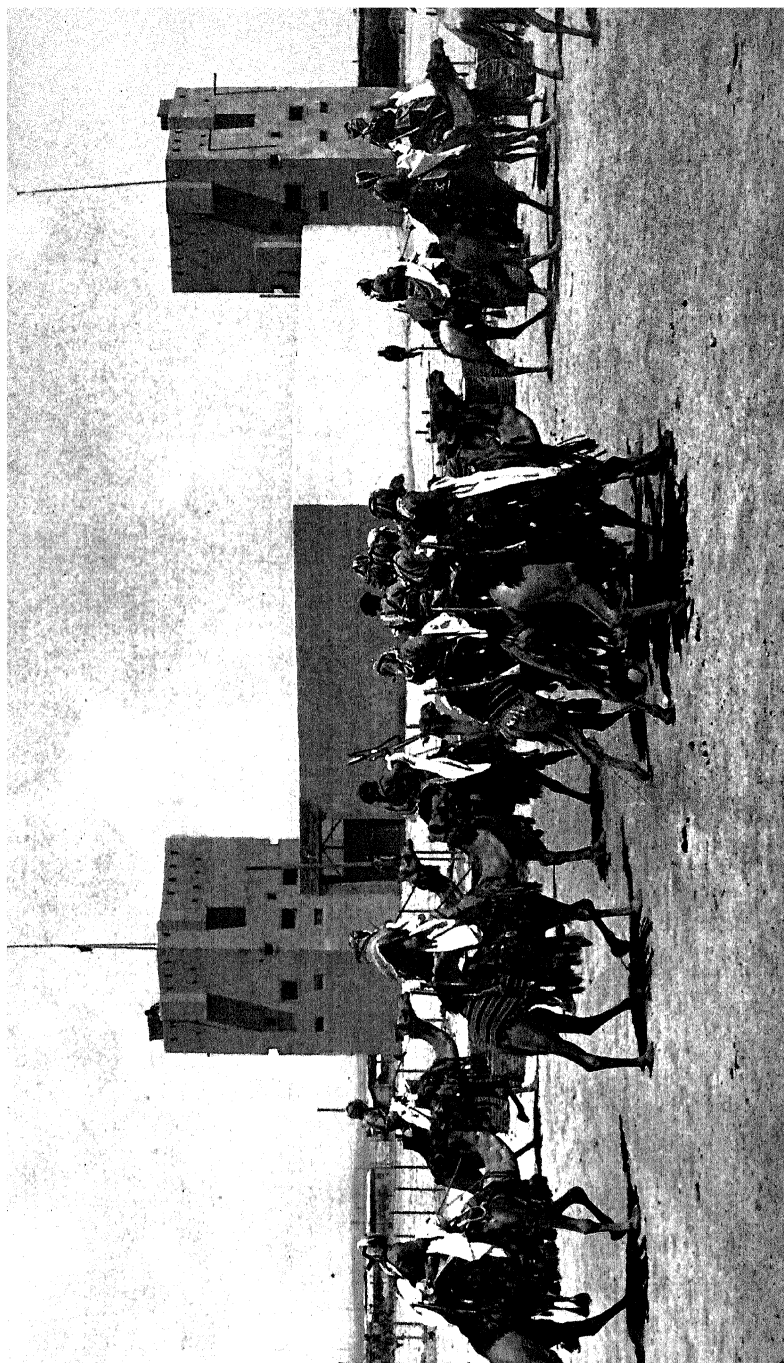
for the campaign in Syria. In the valley below the RAF station is the camp of Transjordan's Arab Legion.

Amman has had a blackout since the first days of the war although it has yet to see a hostile aircraft. There are about 12,000 radios in the town and the Arabs sit around the cafes listening to the news. They are very impressed with Hitler's victories—all Arabs respect force—but the Emir publicly plays along with the British in return for a nice subsidy and he keeps them well in hand. The kids in the street greet you with the thumbs-up sign.

Transjordan is a phony state carved out of former Turkish territory. Some parts of it are so remote and inaccessible that the *bedu*, if they have heard of their Emir Abdullah at all (he has ruled since 1921), think that he is running the country for the Sultan of Turkey. Only one railroad runs through Transjordan, the Hejaz Railway, which the Turks built to carry the Moslem pilgrims to Mecca and which Lawrence blew up time and again in the Arab revolt. The little train chuffs through Amman once a week on its way from Damascus to Ma'an and the Hejaz.

Technically, Transjordan is ruled by the Emir Abdullah but the British Government remains discreetly in the background in the person of the British Resident, Alec Seath Kirkbride, and we made our first formal call on him. Kirkbride, a frank, friendly chap who has served in this part of the world for eighteen years, told us that the Emir had come to him that morning with the news that an American journalist was coming for an interview and what should he tell him about certain political subjects? Kirkbride advised him to say what he liked, which was what the Emir had of course intended to do anyhow.

Samyr Bey el-Rifai, the Director of Education, a brilliant young man who was educated at the American



University in Beirut, called for us at the hotel and drove us up one of the hills to the Emir's Palace for lunch. We were ushered into the Emir's study in a squat stone building which His Highness has erected behind his main residence. Here we received the first of many impressions that Transjordan is the place where East meets West. At one end of the room stood an exquisite oriental desk inlaid with mother-of-pearl from Damascus; at the other stood an American coal stove, with its bare, black stovepipe running up through the ceiling.

The Emir was dressed in a white uniform jacket—over which was a long, white foot-length robe—a white turban, and white European shoes. He speaks only Arabic and a little Turkish but he bade us welcome through Samyr Bey, who acted as interpreter, and a retainer came in with canned American grapefruit juice and thick, sweet Turkish coffee.

Samyr Bey had warned me that our first lunch was to be a formal meeting, with no business to be discussed, and the Emir startled me by asking me to ask him his views. Knowing that it is an old Eastern custom to put off everything until tomorrow, I replied politely that perhaps His Highness might wish to wait for a more informal time to discuss political questions.

"All right," he answered. "I'll tell you my views."

And he did. They are important enough to be dealt with separately in the next chapter.

BEFORE VISITING AMMAN I had half an idea that lunch with the ruling *sheikh* of Transjordan might consist of a whole sheep eaten with the fingers. At such a lunch the guest of honor is presented with one of the eyeballs, considered a delicacy by the Arabs, while the host eats the other. It was with great relief that we followed His Highness to a table set with knives and forks, even if they did happen to be stamped "Made at Krupps" in

Germany! The food which followed might have come from the Savoy Hotel in London. The Emir himself prefers Arab dishes, although he offers European food to his Occidental guests, and actually spends half his day living the life of a *bedouin sheikh* in tents which he has erected in the Palace backyard.

On Fridays, which in Transjordan, as in all Moslem lands, are Sundays, the Emir drives to the Mosque Al Jami'a el Husseini to say his prayers. Friday is something of a holiday in Amman.

All morning the Emir sits in his little *diwan*, or office, next to the Hotel Philadelphia, receiving the salutations of his *sheikhs* and listening to the complaints of his subjects. Transjordanians boast that they are the most democratic people in the world. Anyone can walk in and see the little Emir in his office on a Friday morning.

Abdullah eagerly arranged for Rodger and me to photograph one of his weekly processions to prayer. Just before noon we climbed to the roof of a shop near the mosque where we could get a good view of the ceremony. The bazaar streets around the mosque were sardine-packed with people. Abdullah drove up in his big black Packard, a guard of Circassian horsemen jogging alongside, and the Arab Legion's pipe band played the Transjordan national anthem while the Arab Legion policemen held back the crowds. The Emir is very proud of this weekly demonstration of the loyalty of his subjects. As Christian infidels, we were not allowed inside the courtyard of the mosque.

Later, at lunchtime, Abdullah received us in a fancy, open-front tent in the Palace backyard. The tent was made of goatskins, lined with vivid red quilting, and the floor was spread with rich Persian carpets and low divans. His Highness led the way into another tent, where he told us we were to receive a real Arab meal, and we had an idea that we would have to eat squatting on the

floor, but he had put a camp table in the middle of the tent. The food was Arabic, however: *bureik*, a dish of Turkish origin, consisting of chopped meat flavored with mint inside a buttery crust; rice topped with a layer of chopped meat, sour beans, stuffed gherkins, little round meat balls, crushed dates and almonds, and Palestine watermelon, each served on a separate plate. We retired to a third tent, this one equipped with telephone and electric lights, for a thimbleful of the Emir's special coffee, a bitter brew flavored with cardamom, which must be tossed off neat like whisky.

AS A CLIMAX TO OUR VISIT in Transjordan we were invited to the desert fort of El Mafrak, scene of many of Lawrence's exploits in World War I, where a camel-mounted detachment of the Arab Legion's famed Desert Patrol had arranged a camel fantasia and what was described as a "light lunch" for us. The camel corps maneuvered their ungainly beasts about on the sand, charged at the cameras again and again until we got the action we wanted, staged a mock battle for our benefit, and then led us to a cement platform which had a goat-skin *bedouin* tent erected overhead.

Inside we squatted down on army blankets spread over gaily colored Arabian carpets and the men of the camel corps grouped themselves around us. There were no British officers with them; in charge of the detachment was a small, tough sergeant-major of the Patrol and he had invited some of the local *sheikhs* in to lunch with us.

One of the camel corps men served us with sweet Persian tea in little glass jars, marked "Made in Japan," and then we received tiny cupfuls of bitter coffee from a long-spouted brass tankard. Then, with great bustle and excitement, six men came in carrying an army blanket by the edges. Inside it was a huge basin, about as

large as the old-fashioned bathtub, containing the God-awfullest concoction I've ever seen. It was a whole sheep, cooked Arab style.

On top of a foot-deep base of rice lay the boiled carcass. Staring out at us was the head, with the hairs still on the nose and the jaws wide open to prove to us that the animal had been young and freshly killed. Around the head was draped the great *bedouin* delicacy, the jelly-like white fat of the tail. Over the whole mess had been poured a jugful of sticky, sour, goat's milk.

The little sergeant-major motioned us to gather around and we squatted at the basin, taking care not to show the soles of our feet to our neighbors, since this is considered rude, and dipped in with our right hands. We had been warned not to use our left because it is considered unclean. The sergeant-major tore off a large piece of meat, deftly broke it into several pieces with one hand, and then dropped one piece in front of each of the guests. These were the choice morsels and it would have been impolite to refuse them. Conquering a strong feeling of nausea, I picked mine up and ate it. It was a piece of liver, rich and strong to the taste.

I watched the *sheikhs* and noticed that when they had eaten a piece of meat they took a handful of the steaming hot rice and squeezed it into a ball which they flung quickly into their mouths. The sergeant-major kept dropping morsels in front of us whenever he was not stuffing food into his own mouth. He and the *sheikhs* ate ravenously and we did our best to pretend that we were doing the same. It is not polite to eat a *bedouin* meal slowly; you must pretend to be starving, and after each mouthful it is considered good form to belch loudly by way of appreciation.

I was putting on a fairly good performance, alternately taking a little dab of rice and brushing off the hundreds of flies which settled on the food, when one

of the *sheikhs* leaned forward, inserted his long, dirty finger into the sheep's mouth and snapped off the tongue with a quick jerk. This he ate in one mouthful. After that I had to indicate that I'd had enough, and the men politely rose from the basin. A camel corps man stepped forward with a tankard of hot water which he poured over our right hands and the meal was over.

Immediately after we left the basin ten of the camel corps men squatted down and began shoving food into their mouths. In a few minutes, they were finished and others took their places until not one grain of rice remained in the basin.

We said a hurried goodbye and drove quickly back to Amman. At the hotel I opened a can of Australian corned beef. I've never tasted anything so good in all my life.

ON OUR LAST DAY in this Arab Ruritania, the Emir reorganized his little Cabinet. Samyr Bey, our interpreter, was made Minister of Interior as well as Director of Education. He is one of the cleverest Arabs I've met and if Abdullah ever achieves his dream of a united Arab state it is a safe bet that Samyr Bey will one day be its Prime Minister.

We went up to the Palace to say goodbye to the Emir. I told him that, as a souvenir of our visit to Transjordan, Rodger and I had each bought a \$15 camel-wool *abbaya*, the cloak which *bedouin sheikhs* wear, complete with the *kaffiya* and *aggal* headdress. His Highness replied with a wave of his hand that it was his privilege to present them to us. Just to keep the record straight, I repeated that we had *bought* them in the native market, whereupon the Emir replied with the Arabic equivalent of "don't mention it."

This embarrassing situation was finally resolved when the Emir remarked that our costumes would not be

complete without *khanjars*, the elaborately ornamental daggers which the *bedu* carry in their belts. The Emir clapped his hands and a retainer came in with beautiful, silver-inlaid *khanjars* which His Highness presented to us. Mine bore the Arabic inscription: "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his Prophet."

Little King Without a Kingdom

HIS HASHIMITE Royal Highness Emir Abdullah Ibn Hussein, ruling prince of the British-mandated state of Transjordan, owes his position to Lawrence of Arabia, the British Government, and the fact that he is a lineal descendant of the Prophet Mohammed. For more than twenty years, however, Abdullah has waited patiently to become a king in his own right.

Like Jerome Bonaparte, he has lived most of this time in the shadow of his more gifted brother, the late King Feisal of Iraq, but a long series of disappointments, beginning when Lawrence chose Feisal to lead the Arab Revolt in the first World War and ending when the British installed Feisal instead of Abdullah as King of the Iraqis, has failed to dampen the Emir's burning ambition. Today, as the only remaining leader of the Arab nationalist revolution who carried the banners for the British against the Turks in the last war, Abdullah expects that his long alliance with Britain is about to pay dividends.

The reward he has his eye on is the states of Syria and the Lebanon, lying just north of his own ochre-colored lava and desert land of Transjordan. Abdullah wants Syria, the Lebanon, and also Palestine united with Transjordan in one independent state, with himself as King. At the moment he has about as much chance of

getting this plum as a Christian infidel has of entering the Holy City of Mecca.

The Emir, whom the British in Transjordan fondly call "The Ab," is a most urbane and worldly Arab prince but toward the complicated commitments of the Western imperialist powers in the Middle East he adopts the same childlike naïveté which led him to suggest to General Wavell after France's fall that he, Abdullah, should put himself at the head of an Arab army of riflemen and drive the well-equipped Vichyites out of Syria. Starting with the premise that "the Arab world will never cease struggling for the creation of a unified nation under one leader"—meaning himself—Abdullah will sit in his Palace in Transjordan's little mountain capital and outline his ambitions to anyone willing to listen.

Arguments against his united Arabia seem to glance right off him, without even entering his mind. He airily disposes of the problem of Palestine, the twice-Promised Land, which has proved insoluble to the British ever since World War I, by including it in his dream-state of Syria, the Lebanon, and Transjordan. He is determined that the Jews have no place in Palestine—"Jewish immigration into Palestine is the one black page on an otherwise white administration by the British in the Middle East," he says—but he is willing to allow those Jews already in Palestine to remain within his new state, provided that further Jewish immigration is stopped. The Jews would thus become a permanent minority. Abdullah would allow them self-government in the localities where they are in the majority and a proportionate representation in his single parliament, which would be set up for the four states.

Around this unified Palestine, Transjordan, Syria, and the Lebanon, which might be named Greater Syria, the Emir would like to build a unified bloc of Arab

states, including Iraq, Yemen, Saudi Arabia, the Hejaz, and Egypt. At first this unity would be purely nominal, but later, as the geographical boundaries are broken down, he hopes that these states will come together in one political unit under one ruler. At 63, Abdullah has reached unusual old age for a *bedouin* Arab, but that does not prevent him from dreaming of the day when he will rule over a domain stretching from the borders of Turkey to Italian Libya and from the Mediterranean to the Arabian Sea.

Nor does his dreaming stop there. At the Peace Conference he believes that Britain should disregard the claims of Vichy France for France's North African colonies or the Italians for the return of Libya and Tripoli; instead, these colonies should be returned to their native royal families, thus creating an Arab bloc of states running from the Atlantic coast along the Mediterranean to Turkey. As long as Britain retains her Empire she must remain the Number One power in the Mediterranean and Abdullah has shrewdly provided for this in his dream federation. If this link of Arab states is to be able to resist future aggression from European powers, it must have a modern military force. The job of equipping, training, and then assisting these armies in time of war Abdullah would leave to the British, thus assuring them control of the sea route from Gibraltar through the Suez Canal to Aden at the lower end of the Red Sea.

TO UNDERSTAND ABDULLAH'S hopeless longing for a united Arabia it is necessary to know something of the whole turbulent history of the Middle East.

The Semitic, Arabic-speaking peoples who inhabit the Arabian parallelogram have never been politically conscious. A dogmatic, narrow-minded race, they specialized in the manufacture of religious creeds. Two of their

efforts—Christianity and Islam—were good enough for export to the non-Semitic world. Unlike Christianity, which was modified and taken over by the Latin and Teutonic peoples, the more militant Islam remained wholly Eastern.

Under the successors of Mohammed the Prophet it began as spectacular a conquest as the world has ever seen, carrying its impact from Spain to China. The flag of the green crescent was planted in Anatolia, Iraq, Persia, the greater part of Afghanistan, and what is now known as Turkestan. In one great rush around the Mediterranean the forces of Islam took over Egypt, the whole of the North African coast, then turned northward into Europe at Gibraltar and overran Spain and a good part of southern France. In 732 these Moslems were driven back from the gates of Paris by Charles Martel. In the one hundred years which followed the death of Mohammed, an Arab Empire was thus established which stretched from Gibraltar on the west to the banks of the Indus on the east.

But even in their greatest period of conquest the Moslems had little political sense. They could not govern or control the areas they conquered and while Islam retained its religious influence over the Arab Empire for centuries, its political counterpart, Arabism, gradually failed and receded. The Arab world split in the time of Ali, the fourth Caliph after Mohammed, and has never been united since. Within the remains of the Arab Empire rival dynasties scrambled for power: the Omayyids took Damascus, the Abbasids Baghdad, the Fatimites Egypt and the Sherifians, descendants of Mohammed himself, the Arabian peninsula. Unable to govern the provinces they had overrun, the Arabs sought help from their conquered subjects or called in foreigners to administer their Empire. Thus, early in the Middle Ages, the Turks entered the Arab states, first as

servants, then as helpers, and finally as political masters who threw out their Arab employers. In 1517, when Selim I marched into Cairo, the Turks laid the foundations for the Ottoman Empire.

Arab nationalism ceased to exist. It lay dead until Abdullah, with his father and brothers, led the Arab Revolt against the Turks in the first World War.

Turkish rule in the last quarter of the 19th-Century, an era of tyranny and corrupt abuse of power, has been equaled only by the Nazis in conquered Europe. It was a rule of military and police, based on espionage and repression. Dishonest and incompetent officials ran the provinces by bribery, graft, and corruption. The Arabic language was banned from the courts and government offices. Arabs were led to distrust one another. Agents of the Sultan at Constantinople, the wily, despotic Abdul Hamid II, went among the *bedouin* tribes, fanning discord and promoting and exploiting tribal disputes and blood feuds to prevent them from banding together against the Turks.

It was into this atmosphere that Abdullah Ibn Hussein was born in 1879 in the Holy City of Mecca. His father was Sherif Hussein Ibn Ali, member of the house of Bani Hashem, noblest of all Arab families, which could trace its descent in the male line back to the Prophet Mohammed through his daughter, Fatima, and Hassan, her eldest son.

Abdullah began his education under a private tutor and although his brother Ali was the first son and his younger brother, Feisal, more gifted, Abdullah was his father's favorite. Hussein, who even then was dreaming of the day when the decadent Ottoman Empire would crumble, began to prepare his sons for the roles they would have to play. With a half-brother, Zeid, they were sent out on forced camel marches and made to live the hard life of the *bedouin* to toughen their bodies and their

minds. In private conversations, Hussein initiated them into the maze of the intra- and inter-tribal relations which made the whole Hejaz a hodgepodge of conflicting clans.

At that time the Emir of Mecca, the elected Sherif of Sherifs, who administered most of the Hejaz under the Turks, was Abdullah's uncle. The position of Emir had long been a hollow title. For generations it had been filled by a member of Abdullah's family and the standing of the Hashimite house in the Moslem world was so great that the Turkish Sultans were forced into an outward show of reverence. But it was reverence mixed with distrust and in 1893, when Abdul Hamid's agents reported stirrings against the Turks in Mecca, the Sultan decided to insure the loyalty of the Hashimite house by taking some of its members into honorable captivity. He chose Hussein, then in his late thirties, who had been rumored as a young man with a will of his own, and his wife and four sons. Their enforced residence in Constantinople under the watchful eyes of the Sultan's spies lasted for nearly eighteen years.

Hussein took this opportunity to provide his sons with a modern education under Turkish and European tutors. By nature talkative, he learned to be reserved and cautious with the Turks and taught his sons to be the same. In the public life of the Turkish capital, he was a conspicuous figure and the Sultan ultimately appointed him a member of the Council of State. There he mastered the intrigue and political double-talk which made up Turkish politics and he passed his findings on to his sons.

It was in Constantinople that Abdullah found himself. Brother Feisal was too serious, Ali and Zeid were uninterested in the riches of the East, but Abdullah as the charming, fun-loving, well-educated favorite of Hussein established himself with Turkey's first families and moved about with a retinue of servants and admirers

in imitation of old Abdul Hamid himself. Abdullah's skill in composing Arabic verses made him friends among the Turkish intellectuals and by them he was given an insight into the forces which were gathering against the despotic rule of the Sultan.

In 1908 the revolt came. The Young Turks, working with the army, forced Abdul Hamid to restore the constitution which had been suspended for thirty-one years. The less wily, unsuspecting Young Turks nominated Hussein to be Emir of Mecca and at the age of 53 he sailed back to the Hejaz, where he promptly began to lay the foundations for an Arab revolt.

Abdullah was appointed a delegate from Mecca in the new Ottoman Parliament; later he became vice president of the House where, with Feisal, who sat as delegate from Jedda, he became the champion of Arab rights. Abdullah, then a shrewd young politician in his early thirties, foresaw the collapse of the whole Ottoman Empire and began to goad his father into seeking help from the British for an Arab uprising, but old Hussein held his hand. His tribes in the Hejaz were in no position to take on the entire Turkish army, but Arab secret societies pledged to bring about Arabian independence had sprung up in Syria and even within the Turkish army itself, and it was possible that the Hejaz rebellion could be built into a general revolution against the Turks throughout Arabia.

Hussein entered into correspondence with these secret societies. Messages were sent out by trusted family retainers, who sewed them into their boot linings and inside their camel saddles. These feeler negotiations took months, then years, and Abdullah began to grow impatient. Although old Hussein was as ambitious as his son to found an autonomous Hejaz which would lead the rest of the Arab states to freedom, he urged caution until the moment when the revolt was prepared.

Abdullah, hasty and over-confident, finally took matters into his own hands and early in 1914 called on Lord Kitchener, then British Agent in Cairo, and asked what the British Government's attitude would be toward a Sherifian revolt against the Turks. Kitchener, who did not see the part the Arabs would play in the coming war, gave him no encouragement. Abdullah refused to be snubbed.

When the World War broke a few months later he rushed to Mecca and advised his father to throw in his hand with the British immediately. Hussein, backed by Feisal, who was wary of allowing the Western Powers a foothold in Arabia, again insisted on caution, but he authorized Abdullah to open a correspondence with Sir Henry McMahon, who had replaced Kitchener in Cairo, regarding the *quid pro quo* the Arabs could expect for their help against the Turks and their German allies.

These letters between McMahon and Abdullah and Hussein, upon which the Arabs base their present case for an independent nation, have been subjected to a dozen historical interpretations. The British withheld publication of the English version for years, but there is no doubt that, in the Arabic translations, McMahon acting for the British Government promised that Britain would recognize and uphold an independent Arabia covering the entire Arabian peninsula, including Palestine but excluding certain districts in Syria and Iraq. McMahon himself, however, has argued that he intended to exclude Palestine as well. This did not come out until years after the Arab revolt.

On the basis of what he believed to be McMahon's promise, Hussein prepared to call his revolt, and on June 5, 1916, on the very day of Kitchener's death, Feisal and Ali rode out to the tomb of Hamza and proclaimed the independence of the Arabs from Turkish rule in the name of Sherif Hussein, Lord of Mecca.

In quick succession Hussein's four sons led their Arab riflemen to the capture of Mecca, Rabegh, and Taif but they were stopped by the well-equipped Turkish garrison at Medina and for the next three months the whole revolt came close to petering out. It was revived by a trickle of British military equipment and a handful of British officers, among them Lawrence, who was attached to the Arab Bureau of the British Residency at Cairo.

Lawrence was an independent spirit who had spent many pre-war years absorbing the complexities of the Arabian peninsula and at the outbreak of the war had become attached to the intelligence section of the British Army in Egypt. Rebelling against the manner in which the red-taped brass hats were mishandling the potentialities of the Arab revolt, he wangled a transfer to the Arab Bureau, under the Foreign Office, and then went down to the Hejaz out of curiosity to see the revolt for himself. He remained to lead it into Damascus.

As political agent for the British Government it fell to Lawrence to select one of Hussein's sons to be commander-in-chief of the Arab armies. After visiting the brothers in their camps, he chose Feisal for his superb ability in handling the *sheikhs* who had gathered under old Hussein's banner.

Of Abdullah, Lawrence wrote in his famed *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*: "Abdullah was too balanced, too cool, too humorous to be a prophet; especially the armed prophet who, if history be true, succeeded in revolutions. His value would come perhaps in the peace after success. During the physical struggle, when singleness of eye and magnetism, devotion and self-sacrifice were needed, Abdullah would be a tool too complex for a single purpose . . . The Arabs thought Abdullah a far-seeing statesman and an astute politician. Astute he certainly was, but not greatly enough to convince us al-

ways of his sincerity. His ambition was patent. Rumor made him the brain of his father and of the Arab Revolt; but he seemed too easy for that."

Abdullah, who thought that his earlier position as his father's unofficial foreign minister gave him first claim to lead the uprising, has never forgiven Lawrence for that indictment and even now says, bitterly, "Some day I shall publish my diaries . . . and then we shall know the real story of Lawrence and the Arabs."

Abdullah was delegated to besiege the Turks in Medina while Feisal and Lawrence dynamited and fought their way up along the Hejaz Railway to Damascus, which they reached on October 1, 1918, neck-and-neck with General Allenby, who had conducted the brilliant Allied operations in Palestine and Syria.

With the Armistice on the Western Front, the Arabs felt that they were in a position to re-establish themselves as a nation for the first time since 1517. Their dreams were shattered on the secret territorial deals which the Allied powers had arranged during the war and which the peacemakers at Versailles saw fit to keep.

Most notorious of these was the secret Sykes-Picot Agreement of 1916 among Britain, France, and Russia in which France was given a "sphere of influence" in Syria, while Britain took Iraq and Transjordan.

Palestine was given a special "international" status of its own, a deal which was later confirmed by the convenient League of Nations mandate scheme. The Sykes-Picot deal, which contradicted McMahon's written promises to the Arabs, was deliberately withheld from old Hussein until the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia released the agreement from the Russian archives, when the Turks promptly managed to put a copy in Hussein's hands. In another contradictory commitment, the famed Balfour Declaration, the British Government pledged itself, in order to win wartime support from the Jews in



Britain and especially in the United States, to establish a National Home for the Jews in Palestine.

Lawrence accompanied Feisal to the Peace Conference at Versailles, but their voices were unheard.

The betrayal affected Lawrence perhaps more than it did Hussein and his sons.

"I meant to make a new nation, to restore a lost influence, to give 20 millions of Semites the foundation on which to build an inspired dream-palace for their national thoughts," wrote Lawrence. "So high an aim called out the inherent nobility of their minds, and made them play a generous part in events; but when we won, it was charged against me that the British petrol royalties in Mesopotamia were become dubious, and the French colonial policy ruined in the Levant. I am afraid that I hope so.

"The Cabinet raised the Arabs to fight for us by definite promises of self-government afterwards . . . It was evident from the beginning that if we won the war these promises would be dead paper, and had I been an honest adviser of the Arabs I would have advised them to go home and not risk their lives fighting for such stuff; but I salved myself with the hope that, by leading these Arabs madly in the final victory I would establish them, with arms in their hands, in a position so assured (if not dominant) that expediency would counsel to the Great Powers a fair settlement of their claims."

The rewards which Hussein and his sons received in settlement of their help were meagre. Feisal remained in Damascus after the fall of the city and in March, 1920, while the Allied peacemakers were still haggling over the disposition of the Arabian peninsula, a Syrian patriotic General Congress declared him King of Syria. At the same time a meeting of Iraqi Covenanters (Nationalists) chose Abdullah King of Iraq. Neither was destined to rule his kingdom.

A few months later the French, on the pretext that Arab extremists were endangering French interests, marched on Damascus and "invited" Feisal to leave the country. Furious at this betrayal of the family's ambitions, Abdullah mustered a small army of personal retainers and tribesmen and marched up the Hejaz Railway to Amman, which he reached in March, 1921, with the intention of attacking the French in Syria and restoring his brother to the throne.

Winston Churchill, who was then, as Colonial Secretary, presiding over a conference in Cairo, promptly engineered one of those neat political double-plays for which the British are so famous. Churchill went to Jerusalem, invited Abdullah to cross the Jordan for a meeting and announced to him that the British Government was willing to reward Feisal with a second chance, this time as King of Iraq, a position which Feisal had already agreed to accept. If Abdullah would call off his fantastic expedition and renounce his own claim to the Iraqi throne, the British would detach a new state of Transjordan and install him as ruler. Transjordan was originally part of the Palestine mandate, but the British lopped it off without the League's prior permission, and without consulting either the Arabs or the Jews of Palestine.

Abdullah, angry with Feisal for usurping the Iraqi crown, yet hungry for some royal position, grabbed at Churchill's offer. He returned to Amman, which became the capital of his little state when it was formally separated from the Palestine mandate in 1922.

Feisal was duly stage-managed by the British into the throne of Iraq, which had seen a bloody revolution in 1920 when the British were slow in giving the Iraqis their promised independence, and he remained there under the protection of British arms until his death in 1933.

Old King Hussein became more and more exasperating to the British with his demands that McMahon's promises be kept. Although he and his son Ali were only allowed to retain rule of the Hejaz, old Hussein styled himself King of the Arab Countries. Finally in 1924 Ibn Saud, the Wahabi chieftain who ruled the Nejd, the desolate inner heart of Arabia, was allowed to march into the Hejaz and capture Mecca while the British closed their eyes. Hussein fled to Cyprus and died soon afterwards.

TRANSJORDAN IS A BARREN DESERT-PLATEAU with a population of some 300,000, mostly nomad Arabs, but to Abdullah it is a kingdom, albeit secondary, and he rules it with all the pomp of a royal court. He has surrounded himself with a retinue of family slaves, personal retainers and bodyguards, and whenever he drives out from his Palace his Circassian outriders clear the way through the streets.

The British built him a real Palace atop one of the hills overlooking his sleepy, one-eyed little capital city. "The Ab," indulging in his flair for the whimsical, covered the Palace with rows of lights on the outside—so that at night I thought I was looking at a Coney Island amusement hall—and installed huge distorting mirrors just inside the front door so he could "see my guests as they really are." The Emir had a reputation as a practical joker during the Arab Revolt and he kept up his rude horseplay when he became ruler of Transjordan. He would mount visiting *sheikhs* on bicycles and send them careering through the Palace salons.

Since Feisal's death in 1933 and particularly since the outbreak of this war I gathered that Abdullah has sobered up considerably. He realizes that he alone now carries the Hashimite banners in the East.

Lawrence's judgment that Abdullah would be more

useful to the British in the peace after the World War than in the actual revolt has been proved correct. The Emir, patiently waiting for his greater reward, has loyally played Britain's game in the Middle East and since 1939 has frequently called on the Arab world to join with the British in defeating the Nazis.

The Emir is Britain's sheet anchor against such Arab uprisings as the Rashid Ali El-Gailani revolt which almost succeeded in Iraq. Abdullah's Palace immediately became the meeting place for the political and military maneuverings which were necessary to oust the rebels.

The Iraq revolt was disturbing to Abdullah personally. Although he remained angry at Feisal for years and hated his son, Ghazi, as did Feisal himself, Abdullah regards Iraq as part of his family's domain and he went out of his way to offer shelter to Abdul Illah, the Iraqi Regent, and the pro-British politicians who were forced to flee from Baghdad. From Amman, proclamations were issued to the Arab world, with Abdullah's approval, deploring the revolt, and wide publicity was given to the fact that Transjordan's Arab Legion was playing an important part in putting down Rashid Ali's rebellion.

The Emir also serves the British as a buffer against the expansionist ambitions of Ibn Saud, self-made King of Saudi Arabia, who has been playing a double game with the British and Italians for years. By threatening to install Abdullah as ruler of a huge Arab domain in the peninsula, the British are able to keep old Ibn Saud in check. Likewise, the British can use the threat to back Ibn Saud against Abdullah if he gets too obstreperous with his demands for control of Syria, the Lebanon, and Palestine.

During the past few years Transjordan has been approaching complete independence as Abdullah has gradually been entrusted with the affairs of the country. The

British Government retains its hold through the British Resident, but the Emir is allowed to pick his own miniature Cabinet, veto the acts of his thirteen-man Legislative Assembly, and appoint several consuls of his own.

ABDULLAH AT 63 is a remarkable figure of a man who looks no more than 50. Short (five feet five inches), muscular, he has a round, expressive face which tapers into a carefully-trimmed light black mustache and beard. His skin is soft; his hands are expressive and he uses them throughout his conversations. When you talk to him, he cracks his knuckles or fingers his beard. He keeps in perfect physical condition by riding one of his Arab horses for an hour each afternoon. He owns the finest stable of Arab horses in the East, as well as a score of racing camels, many of which have been presented to him by *sheikhs* under his rule.

The Emir is a crack shot with rifle and revolver. When he reviewed British troops at Jericho, across the Jordan in Palestine, the soldiers let him handle a Bren gun. Although it was the first time he had fired one of these tricky weapons, I was told he hit the target 600 yards away at the first crack.

For relaxation he plays chess with his ministers or browses through his collection of Arab literature. I have heard it said that he is one of the East's greatest experts on Arabic poetry and can dash off delicate little verses of his own at a moment's notice. One day while he posed for a picture at his desk I noticed that he scribbled an Arabic verse on a sheet of paper. When I asked him to translate, he blushed. "I am not proud of it," he said.

Recently he published privately a little volume entitled "*Man Ana*" ("Who Am I?") in which he traced the literary and scientific achievements of the Arabs from the time of Mohammed until the reign of his father at Mecca.

Deeply religious, he attends Amman's main mosque for midday prayers every Friday, reads his *Koran* daily, and insists that the female members of his family keep strict *purdah* (veil). He told me that he doesn't think Egypt's King Farouk is a good Moslem because he allows his Queen and his sisters to go about unveiled.

Abdullah has two recognized wives, two less than his quota as a Moslem, and a family of five: the Emirah Haya, 33, and the Emir Tallal, 32, children of his first wife; Emir Naif, 25, Emirah Maqbula, 23, and the Emirah Munira, 20. His two wives and three daughters live together on the rear top floor of the Palace and are seldom allowed outside. In the evenings, after dark, they are sometimes allowed to visit with some of the Emir's ministers and their families and once in a great while they slip over to Jerusalem for a change of scene.

Five years ago Abdullah incurred the wrath of Tallal, his heir, when he brought a third woman, a Nubian, into the household with the intention of marrying her. Tallal objected and threatened that if Abdullah had any children by the Nubian woman he would renounce his father and leave Transjordan forever. The woman is still at the Palace, but she has made several trips to Damascus obstetricians to prevent the birth of a child.

Emir Tallal is enclosed in as deep a mystery as only the East and a British censorship can provide. Tallal, a good-looking young man whose feminine features fail to hide the sinister lines of his face, was educated at Cambridge but he has none of his father's love for the British. He reportedly visited Iraq before 1939 and while there, was supposed to have become a pro-Nazi under the coaching of Dr. Fritz Grobba, Germany's Arabian agent who later laid the ground for the Iraqi revolt.

When that revolt broke out, a shooting incident took place in Amman and various stories trickled through to

Jerusalem: that Tallal had shot at his father and *vice versa*. The Emir refuses to talk about the incident now and when I inquired among his subjects I got only the rumor that Tallal was caught when he tried to steal the keys of the Arab Legion's armory and distribute ammunition to the Iraqi rebels.

The British naturally do not trust Tallal, preferring pint-sized, swarthy Emir Naif, who looks more like a jockey than the son of an Arab prince. Naif, at 25, takes himself very seriously as President of Transjordan's Tribal Court of Appeal.

Under the wing of the British, Abdullah's troubles in the past few years have been mainly domestic ones. Although the British pay him a salary of \$60,000 a year and his subjects presented him with a profit-making, 30,000-acre farm in the rich Jordan valley, Abdullah's oriental extravagances and royal pretensions keep him short of cash. A few years ago his debts rose so high that Amman's grocers and butchers banded together and refused to deliver any goods to the Palace until the Emir's bills were paid. Abdullah skipped over to a Jerusalem hotel until his ministers found the necessary money.

The Palace which the British built for him, appropriately on the hill next to the British Residency, looks much more like a government office than a home, and Abdullah uses it only for formal occasions. On the ground floor are salons furnished in European and Eastern furniture. In his main salon the Emir keeps pictures of his father and brothers Ali and Feisal, Turkey's late Ataturk, who was one of his close friends, Haile Selassie, and King George and Queen Mary, who gave him their portraits when he visited London in 1934. Pictures of Britain's reigning King and Queen are conspicuously absent. The second floor of the Palace contains a large throne room where Abdullah holds formal receptions. His throne is a modern overstuffed armchair!

Abdullah is ill at ease in a house and he spends half of each day living the life of a *bedouin sheikh* in a tented encampment which he keeps in the backyard of his Palace. There, dressed in the rich white *abbaya* and the gold-corded headdress of an Arab prince, he receives the *sheikhs* who ride in to Amman to call on him. Every Summer he moves to a sumptuous camp at Esh Shuneh, in the Jordan valley, where he surrounds himself with Nubian servants and bodyguards in order to offset his royalty.

The Emir's day begins at the crack of dawn and he drives to his little office in the center of Amman at seven. He remains there for two hours, approving or rejecting the legislation proposed by his Legislative Assembly. At this time he receives calls from his ministers or from the British Resident or Major Glubb, the commander of his Arab Legion.

He returns to his Palace and reads the *Koran* or one of the many books in his library until lunch. When he eats with his ministers or retainers, he eats with his fingers from a tray on the floor. In the afternoon he rests in his sleeping tent behind the Palace and when the sun has gone down he slips off into the countryside around Amman on one of his Arab horses. He retires early, not later than nine each evening. He never sleeps in a bed, but tucks down on a *paillasse* on the floor of his bedroom. When visiting in Europe he always pulled his mattress onto the floor.

Abdullah has visited London three times, the last time for the Coronation, when he leased a house in fashionable Eaton Square. After a fortnight of English cooking, the Emir told me that he and his interpreter called in the butler and asked him to prepare a real *bedouin* meal. The Emir explained in detail how the rice should be cooked. Then he asked the butler to provide a whole sheep. The butler backed out of the room with a startled

expression. On the day of the meal the rice was served first on dainty little plates. It was so bad that Abdullah quickly called off the sheep that was to have followed.

The Emir is extremely quick-witted and likes nothing better than to tell a joke on himself. His favorite, he told me, is about the earthquake which hit Amman in 1927. According to the Emir, he was sitting in his Palace, surrounded by scores of subjects who were busily engaged in telling him how their devotion would carry them through any danger at his side. Suddenly the Palace rocked on its foundations.

"I looked around," laughs Abdullah, "and found myself quite alone!"

Abdullah's sense of humor still takes rough forms occasionally. When one of his subjects purchased an armored auto which had been used in the "troubles" in Palestine the Emir asked to have it sent up to the Palace. When it appeared, he drew a Mauser and blazed away at the windows from a distance of ten feet! They didn't break.

The tables were turned on him during the Coronation in London, however, when he attended a ball decked in his flowing Arab robes. One of the guests, not knowing who he was, complimented him on his masquerade!

THE EMIR is firmly convinced that Britain and her Allies will win the war. He religiously arranges his daily schedule so that he can return to his private salon after dinner to tune in on the BBC's Arabic news broadcasts.

Despite the political double-cross which Winston Churchill pulled on him after World War I he has retained his admiration for the Prime Minister and visited with him every time he traveled to England. In his heart, Abdullah knows that his ambition to rule over a united Arabia before his death is a dream which will be punctured by the conflicting interests of the Arabs in the

heterogeneous Middle East and the jealous imperialism of the Western Powers, but a kingdom of Greater Syria, now that the British have driven out the Vichyites and proclaimed the independence of the Syrians and Lebanese, is something which Abdullah can see within his grasp.

The Emir claims that both Winston Churchill and Colonel Lawrence promised him the throne of Syria if he made a good job of running Transjordan. Lawrence went to his death without denying this. Abdullah hopes that Churchill will not forget at the next Peace Conference.

Second Lawrence of Arabia

AROUND THE *bedouin* campfires which flicker at nightfall in the ancient hills of Transjordan and Palestine, Arab storytellers are weaving a legend of the "Second Lawrence of Arabia." The new Lawrence bears the singularly unromantic name of Major John Bagot Glubb, O.B.E., M.C. and D.S.O., but to the wild roving tribes of Arabistan he is known as "*Abou Heneik*," (Father of the Little Chin), because a nasty wound he suffered in World War I left him with half a chin.

Major Glubb, or Glubb Pasha as he is known throughout the Middle East, is commander of Transjordan's little army, the Arab Legion. Of all the fighting forces that have taken part in the delaying fight to hold the Middle East, Glubb's Legion is certainly the most unique. Although only 5,000 strong, the Legion has already played a role greatly disproportionate to its size in Britain's Middle East operations.

During the Iraq revolt it was the Desert Patrol, the mechanized regiment that is the Legion's striking force, which carried out valuable desert reconnaissances and harrying raids on Iraqi communications, blew up railway lines *à la* Lawrence, and guided the British and Imperial columns across unfamiliar, trackless country. It was the Desert Patrol which led the push to relieve strategic Habbaniya airport. When supplies began

reaching the Iraqis from Syria, the Desert Legionnaires made daring, lightning raids to cut off this traffic.

If the Nazis strike for the Middle East and India through Turkey the fast-moving, mobile columns of the Desert Legion will be assigned to raid the German communication lines stretching across the sandy plains of Iraq and northern Syria.

The very presence of the Desert Patrol in Iraq countered the appeals of Rashid Ali El-Gailani to the Iraqi tribesmen and dissuaded them from joining him in revolt. If the tribes had joined the Iraqi Army rebels, the position of the British would have been made almost hopeless and it would have taken many months instead of one to put down the rebellion. The tough Euphrates tribesmen alone can muster 30,000 rifles.

Although the Arab Legion is based in Transjordan and is popularly known as the Emir Abdullah's army, its prestige throughout the lands of the Arabs comes from the fact that it contains Arabs from practically every locality in the Middle East, being therefore something of a Foreign Legion of the Arab world. It is significant that forty per cent of the tribes which fought along with Lawrence have at least one representative in the Legion. Glubb Pasha has thus improved on Lawrence's technique.

"Lawrence achieved his greatest success in making use of a particular tribe within a particular area when some objective was to be achieved," Major Glubb told me. "Thus when he wanted to take a certain railway station he recruited only the tribesmen around that station for the attack and when it was over left them to go on to other sections. We've broken down this tribal distinction in the Arab Legion." Glubb has by no means unified the tribes of Arabia, or even of Transjordan, but he has succeeded in welding members of once-warring tribes into his army.

During the Syrian campaign the Patrol cooperated with British and Indian units operating in great secrecy in the Palmyra region to the north of Damascus. Its work in that campaign was climaxed with the rout of a strong Vichy French armored force which was on its way to capture the British headquarters at Palmyra.

Glubb and his men were sent to the village of Sukhne, northeast of Palmyra, with instructions to attack the approaching column. Glubb spotted the Vichyites, only to find that his men were hopelessly outnumbered. He stationed six of his *bedouin*-manned armored cars atop a ridge of hills with instructions to stay put for a defensive fight while he, with the rest of the Patrol, detoured for a flank attack. While Glubb was detouring, however, the advancing Vichyites opened up on the armored cars perched on the hill. The *bedouin*, deciding that it was better to go in fighting than to sit and get hit, charged downhill into the Vichy column. The action was over in a few minutes. Almost before Glubb could bring his flank attack to bear the Vichyites had fled, leaving six of their armored cars, two trucks, thirty dead, and five officers and eighty men as prisoners. The Desert Patrol lost one dead, one wounded.

While we were in Amman we were invited to attend a ceremony held in recognition of this exploit and the Legion's successes in Iraq. The men of the Patrol were lined up proudly in their Rolls-Royce armored cars and Ford and Chevrolet trucks on the parade ground of the Arab Legion's camp just outside Amman when we arrived. The Emir was to present Glubb Pasha with a bejewelled sword, decorate eleven men of the Patrol and Legion for gallantry, and review the Patrol in a march-past.

The High Commissioner for Palestine, tall, competent Sir Harold MacMichael, arrived first at the parade ground and took his seat in one of the many *bedouin*

tents which lined one side of the field. Down the line from him sat influential *sheikhs* from Transjordan and Syria. Then came the Emir, with his usual escort of Circassian outriders. The Legion's pipe band, its pipes incongruously carrying the Royal Stuart tartan, struck up the Transjordan national anthem, then "God Save The King," and then went into the "Colonel Bogey" march played with a strong Arab accent as Abdullah, accompanied by the Emir Naif, his 25-year old son, and Major Glubb, marched down the long line of trucks.

After decorating the men of the Legion, who strode forward proudly, received their medals, and kissed the hand of His Highness, the Emir took his place on the reviewing stand as the trucks and armored cars filed past. Then came the part which the *bedouin* had been waiting for. They raced around the field in their trucks, firing their rifles, revolvers, and machine guns into the sky until the whole parade ground was as noisy and as dangerous as a battlefield.

THE ARAB LEGION was formed for internal security purposes some twenty years ago when marauding tribesmen roamed the vast uncharted areas east of the Hejaz Railway. Its first commander was Lieutenant Colonel Frederick G. Peake, who fought alongside Lawrence and takes a prominent role in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. When tribal raiding became acute Glubb Pasha was brought from Iraq, where he had made a reputation putting down tribal revolts with a native army he had organized, and made second-in-command to Peake.

Glubb helped to split the Legion into two forces. One section, decked in khaki, with spike-topped helmets and brass-buttoned tunics as smart as Buckingham Palace guardsmen, was delegated to guard airdromes and police cities and man the Legion's 100 police posts scattered throughout the hills and deserts of Transjordan. The

main force, called the Desert Patrol, was mounted on camels and sent out to control the tribes. This Patrol, which in peacetime numbered only 1,000 *bedouin* riders drawn from the remnants of the late King Hussein's guerrilla army and the sons of those who had aided Lawrence, achieved wonders in quelling the rebellious tribesmen who could muster 10,000 rifles in their rocky mountain fastnesses.

Glubb knew how to use his wits as well as his rifles. When the tribesmen started cutting the telephone wires out in the desert he installed field telephones in every *sheikh's* tent and told them to use the instruments without charge. The *sheikhs* got so much fun out of talking over the 'phones to each other that they saw to it that their men didn't cut the wires.

On Peake's resignation in 1939, Glubb took command of the Legion. When the present war broke out the Desert Patrol was increased in strength and formed into a fully mechanized-motorized regiment. A small camel corps of 150 men was retained for operations in the sandy wildernesses of Transjordan.

The men of the Patrol are known as "Glubb's Girls" in British Army circles because they wear foot-length khaki robes topped by the flowing *kaffiya* and *aggal* headdresses, braid their black hair down their backs, and use kohl on their eyelids, giving them a somewhat feminine appearance, but there is nothing feminine about the way they have learned to handle their armored cars or fire their Lewis guns from fast-moving trucks.

GLUBB PASHA BELONGS to that handful of self-sacrificing Britons who, by the sheer personal influence they build up among the Arabs, enable Britain to retain her position as Number One power in the Arab world. A Cornishman, the son of Major General Sir Frederick Glubb, Glubb Pasha was graduated from "The Shop" (Wool-

wich) first of his class and served as a sapper in France and Belgium, where he was wounded, in the first World War. In 1920 he was given an assignment in Iraq and he took such a liking to the country that he took on an administrative post and remained there for the next ten years, quietly learning to read, write, and speak Arabic fluently. He studied Arab history and explored the folklore of the tribes of Arabistan until today the *bedu* recognize him as an authority on their customs. To win the confidence of the great desert tribes he frequently went out and lived with them under their black goatskin tents, and his reputation as a friend of the Arabs was so great that he was often called in to settle tribal and family disputes.

In a few years he knew the country and the people well enough to organize a small camel corps which he successfully used to quell several incipient revolts. Finally, in 1932, when units of the regular British Army and the RAF were unable to put down the Ibn Rafata rebellion which broke out on the borders of Transjordan and King Ibn Saud's Saudi Arabia, Glubb Pasha was sent for.

The Arab Legion was enlarged and reorganized and Glubb quickly trained his camel-mounted Desert Patrol, which put down the revolt so successfully that the border has been quiet ever since. During the "troubles" in Palestine from 1936 to 1938 Glubb's Arab Legion kept Transjordan's Arabs from joining up with their quick-shooting brothers in Palestine and although the Grand Mufti, leader of the Palestine Arabs, time and again sent bands of his men across the Jordan to rouse the *bedu* of Transjordan's hills, "Glubb's Girls" always drove them back.

Glubb is an incredibly tiny, grey-haired, retiring little fellow of 42 who looks more like a schoolmaster than a soldier. With his wife, he lives quietly in Amman.



*One of "Glubb's Girls"—a bedouin
fighter of Transjordan's Arab Legion.*

Their social life is limited and, except for calls on the Emir and the British Resident, Glubb and his wife devote themselves entirely to the Legion. On the theory that Arabs make good modern soldiers if their training is started early enough, Glubb runs a school at one of his desert forts for the sons of the *bedouin sheikhs* and another in the Legion camp at Amman for the sons of the Legionnaires. In addition, a few years ago he and his wife opened a private school for the children of the poor families of Amman and the surrounding countryside, and Mrs. Glubb now supervises the education of some thirty of these moppets, provides meals for them during school hours, and dresses them in cast-off khaki uniforms of the Legion, in which they strut about the streets of Amman as proud as Glubb Pasha's peacocks which run loose in the Legion camp.

When not away on campaign, Glubb makes frequent visits by car to his scattered posts of the Desert Patrol where he eats and sleeps with his men, sharing their discomforts and simple pleasures. His plain, bare headquarters at Amman are always crowded with *sheikhs* and members of the Legion waiting to put their problems before him.

The men of the Legion are intensely proud to be serving under him. If you ask any of them to what force they belong, they invariably answer, "I belong to *Abou Heneik*." Glubb doesn't particularly care for this nickname, preferring to be called "*Rai el Boueidha*," which means Protector of the Little White Camel. This dates back to the days of his service in Iraq when, in the midst of heavy fighting and at great personal risk, he saved the life of a young white racing camel which had been entrusted to him by one of his men.

Glubb Pasha is as devoted to his men as they are to him. His greatest tribute is the fact that he has not had a single desertion in fifteen years of command in

Iraq and Transjordan. The men of the Legion have a unique code of honor. When any military operation is about to begin all those whose time of service has expired or who are about to go on sick leave withdraw their applications for discharge or treatment until the action is completed. They consider it dishonorable to leave their comrades and officers at a moment of danger.

Field commander of the Desert Patrol and second to Glubb in command of the whole Legion is Major Norman Lash, a well-educated, affable young Englishman. Lash, a broad-shouldered chap in his early thirties, is building up a reputation as a desert fighter which will rank alongside those of Lawrence and Glubb before this war is over. He came out from England to join the Palestine police force in 1932 and two years later crossed the Jordan to work with Glubb's Desert Patrol. In 1938 he was put in command of the Patrol. Under Glubb as head of the administrative—police work—side of the Legion is a swarthy, bullet-headed Arab named Abdul Quadir Pasha, *Gundi* (General), a Turkish-trained officer who fought with the Turks against the British and Lawrence's Arabs.

The Legion is divided into four forces. The Legion proper consists of a police force and a cavalry unit, both composed of Arabs from the cities and villages of Transjordan, as distinct from the Desert Patrol, which is drawn entirely from *bedouin* Arabs who come from the far corners of Arabistan. The Patrol, in turn, is divided into the striking force equipped with armored cars and machine-gun carriers, and a small camel corps.

The camp of the Legion, located on the edge of a wide *wadi*, or dried-up river bed, just outside Amman, is a strange conglomeration of East and West. The army barracks, which would not look out of place at Aldershot, are surrounded by green fruit trees, planted by Peake Pasha to remind him of England, and they are carefully

an Arab nation. Glubb, though nonetheless a friend of the Arabs, is first and foremost a soldier; and although he understands the Arab cause, his role in Transjordan is solely that of an officer of His Britannic Majesty's forces carrying out a unique assignment.

Lawrence was one of many British officers who assisted the Arabs in their fight against the Turks and his name became a legend throughout Arabistan only after his military task was finished and he had failed to convince the Allied political-peacemakers of the justice of the Arab cause. Glubb Pasha, in his smaller way, has achieved his success, and his name is already the center of legends which are known from the far borders of Turkey and Russia to the verandah of Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo.

Desert Puritan

TO HOLD THE MIDDLE EAST against a major German drive, the British will need the cooperation of the Arabs, or at least their benevolent neutrality. The Germans have long been aware of this, if the British have not.

Axis agents, working from the oversized Oriental Bureau of Franz von Papen's Nazi Embassy in Turkey, have intrigued to the far borders of Arabistan. Except in Iraq, where they provided the financial groundwork for the Rashid Ali uprising, they have not had spectacular success. The British have not been unduly troubled by sabotage.

The Arabs are realists. They don't like to fight for sentimental reasons or lost causes. Democracy, as we know it, means nothing to them. They want to back the winner. After the collapse of France, with Britain fighting what looked to them like a hopeless back-to-the-wall battle, the Arabs swung noticeably to the Axis side. I think you could say that at that time from eighty to ninety per cent of the Iraqis and Iranians were pro-Axis. With the victory of the RAF in the Battle of Britain, and later with the firm British action in Syria and Iraq and the gradual defeat of the Nazis on the Russian front, the Arabs slowly swung back again to the British side.

Early in the struggle for the Middle East the Germans, appealing primarily to the educated nationalistic Arab youth over the heads of the pro-British rulers and politicians, broadcast a declaration of sympathy with the national aspirations of the Arabs, a declaration which the British would have been smart to have issued first. The British, who have been complacently content for years in the belief that they had given pan-Arabism a decent Christian burial, were finally forced to make a desperate effort to recapture Arab sympathy.

Foreign Secretary Eden, in a speech to a "very distinguished company" at London's Mansion House on May 29, 1941, issued a mealy-mouthed statement:

The Arab world has made great strides since the settlement reached at the end of the last war, and many Arab thinkers desire for the Arab peoples a greater degree of unity than they now enjoy. In reaching out for this unity they hope for our support. No such appeal from our friends would go unanswered. It seems to me both natural and right that the cultural and economic ties between the Arab countries and the political ties, too, should be strengthened. His Majesty's Government for their part will give their full support to any scheme that commands general approval.

Despite such weaseled professions of British intentions, political unity of the Arab world will remain in its academic form at least until the war is over. Paradoxically, the only man who could bring about such a union of the Arab countries is the one man powerful enough to prevent it. He is Ibn Saud, King of the Hejaz, Sultan of the Nejd, ruler of Saudi Arabia.

In order to achieve political stability, I believe, a united Arabia would have to be headed by a king. Abdullah of Transjordan, ambitious but capricious, is not an administrator and is too petty to rise to the tremendous job of running a conglomerate Arab nation. Egypt's young King Farouk and the power-hungry re-

actionary Moslem clique around him would like very much to assume the leadership of the Arab world, but even if Ibn Saud should step aside in favor of Farouk, which is not likely, the British would oppose the move because it would strengthen Egypt's already-commanding position over the Suez Canal.

Ibn Saud is not opposed to Arab unity. On the contrary, he has been a foremost champion of pan-Arabism for two decades, but his idea of a unified Arab state would be an autocratic Arab Empire with Saudi Arabia and Ibn Saud as its heart and mind. Iraq, Palestine, Syria, the Lebanon, Transjordan, Yemen, and the tiny *sheikhdoms* along the Arabian peninsula, the other units of any Arab federation, would never agree to that.

IF THE BRITISH DEFENDERS of the Middle East are ever pushed back into the heart of Arabia, the role Ibn Saud will take will be of immense importance. I didn't get to visit Ibn Saud—only a score of foreigners have been granted that privilege—but I managed to find British political officers who had. The career of this remarkable self-made king of the desert is worth examining in some detail.

THE GREAT ARAB PENINSULA, larger than all India, has a handful of tiny states scattered along its long coastline. In the southwest corner, lying behind Britain's Red Sea fortress of Aden, is independent Yemen, famed for coffee (its best-known city is Mocha) and for its ruler with a name like a Cab Calloway jazz tune: Yahya, the Imam of Yemen. The other states, including Aden, Hadhramaut, Oman, Kuwait, the oil-rich island of Bahrain off the Arabian coast in the Persian Gulf, and the tiny territories ruled by the six Trucial Sheikhs, are all dominated more or less by the British.

The bulk of the peninsula is an independent nation

called Saudi Arabia. The man who gave it its name, its independence, and its importance in the Arab world is Abdul Aziz ibn (son of) Abdur Rahman al-Feisal al (of the family of) Saud. Fortunately, he is called Ibn Saud for short.

Ibn Saud is something of the Hitler of Arabia. Moving cautiously, taking on one foe at a time, and prefacing each new offensive stroke with a declaration of peaceful intentions, he made himself undisputed master of Arabia. In 1901 he drove Ibn Rashid, his family enemy, from the Nejd, the arid interior of Arabia. In 1921 he conquered the Shammar tribal territory to the north of his own lands. In 1925 he drove old King Hussein and his son Ali from the Hejaz, while the British conveniently looked the other way. A year later he conquered the so-called "Inaccessible" Asir. Nine years later he fought and won a war with his southern neighbor, the fierce old Imam of Yemen, whose troops used Italian-supplied equipment.

He followed his early conquests with an elaborate social program which included the resettlement of his nomadic tribes, the introduction of modern, Western improvements, and the exploitation of Saudi Arabia's natural resources. To promote the huge yearly traffic of Moslem pilgrims from the outer world to the Holy City of Mecca, he shrewdly installed motor buses to take the place of the old slow, dangerous camel caravans.

Ibn Saud is also something of an Oriental Oliver Cromwell. He is an extremely pious member of the Wahabites, a fundamentalist sect of Moslems. The Wahabites, who call themselves *ikhwan* (brothers), shun liquor, tobacco, jewels, gambling, music, images, and fancy clothes, and feel that they have a mission to impose these puritan beliefs on their more decadent fellow Moslems. Ibn Saud's Wahabism contains all the dogmatic fanaticism represented by the Nazi myth.

THE STORY OF IBN SAUD'S rise to power really begins with his great-great-great-grandfather, Mohammed Ibn Saud, Emir of Diriya and Riad. Mohammed Ibn Saud was converted to the Wahabite faith by a wandering fanatic, Abdul Wahab, 150 years ago. The Emir made an agreement with the holy man. Together, by preaching and the sword, they would subdue and purify the entire Moslem world and bring the Arabs back to the true Faith of Islam.

Their success was considerable. Mohammed Ibn Saud was a soldier; Abdul Wahab's preaching caught the imagination of the desert Arabs. First they captured Mecca and Medina. They destroyed the idols and the tombs of the saints, and enforced the *Koran* to the letter. They forbade smoking, drinking wine and, as a warning to disbelievers, stoned to death in the open market a woman guilty of adultery.

Led by Mohammed Ibn Saud, who became known as "The Great," the Wahabites swept across Arabia and established their rule from the Persian Gulf to the Red Sea, and from the Indian Ocean to the Lebanon mountains of Syria. They refused to recognize the suzerainty of the Turkish Sultan. They raided into Mesopotamia, attacked Aleppo, and looted the outskirts of Damascus.

The Turks finally were forced to take military action and ordered Mohammed Ali, their viceroy in Egypt, to march into Arabia. Mohammed Ali's troops invaded the Nejd, defeated the Wahabis, and sent Mohammed Ibn Saud in chains to Constantinople. There, in 1814, he was beheaded by the Turks.

Without a strong man to unite them, the tribes of Arabia broke into wars, raids, and intrigues. Into this background of civil war and family and tribal strife, Ibn Saud was born in November, 1880.

Two great Arab families then struggled for domination of the inner desert of Arabia. At Hail, in the north-

ern part of Arabia, the House of Ibn Rashid and the tribes of Shammar defied the House of Ibn Saud, whose walled fortress, Riad, lay 400 miles to the south, in the desert territory of the Nejd. A small group of Wahabites remained loyal to the Ibn Sauds.

In 1891, taking advantage of a family feud within the Saud stronghold, the Emir of Hail, Mohammed Ibn Rashid, swooped down on the Nejd and took its desert capital. The surviving members of the Ibn Saud family fled. One of them, Abdur Rahman, father of Ibn Saud, who was then a youngster of eleven, took refuge with his family at Kuwait on the Persian Gulf. Ibn Saud, who had contracted a rheumatic fever, was sent for a time to live on the island of Bahrein.

Ibn Saud and his father impatiently bided their time for ten years until one day in 1901 a band of 200 camel-riding *bedu* headed by Ibn Saud left Kuwait and rode off into the desert. With a dozen family followers to help him, young Ibn Saud stole into Riad, killed the governor and recaptured the citadel. Next day the Wahabites who had remained loyal to the House of Ibn Saud proclaimed him Sultan of the Nejd. His father was so impressed that he abdicated in Ibn Saud's favor.

Ibn Saud then resolved to recreate the Arab nation of Ibn Saud the Great. Under the slogan, "Back to the *Koran* and onto the land," he replaced tribal customs with Moslem law, abolished the blood feud, and stamped out desert looting raids. In 1912 he founded the first of almost 100 Wahabi agricultural settlements where the nomadic *bedu* could settle down on the land.

Although he had made a treaty of friendship with Great Britain in 1915, for the consideration of a yearly subsidy of some \$300,000, Ibn Saud kept one eye on King Hussein of the Hejaz. Ibn Saud was aware that Hussein, backed by the British, was a rival who could threaten his domain from the west flank.

With the end of World War I and the departure of the British and Turkish Armies, Ibn Saud suddenly attacked his family rival, Ibn Rashid. The attack was not decisive, but two years later when Ibn Rashid was killed in a hunting accident, Ibn Saud occupied his dead enemy's capital and added his lands to his own.

In September, 1924, Ibn Saud's *bedouin* army turned against old King Hussein and captured the entire Hejaz, including Islam's holiest cities, Mecca and Medina. Two years later in the great Mosque of Mecca, Ibn Saud was proclaimed King of the Hejaz. In 1932 he merged this title with that of the Sultan of the Nejd and proclaimed himself King of Saudi Arabia.

Ibn Saud, determined to make Saudi Arabia an independent Arab nation, took a subsidy from the British only as long as was necessary. He does so no longer. Most of his revenue comes from royalties on the rich oilfields on Saudi Arabia's coast opposite the island of Bahrein, which American companies are developing. Ibn Saud, who used to depend on camels for his transport, now drives occasionally to the oil deposits in one of his fleet of expensive American cars and passes the time of day with the American drillers.

A six-foot-four-inch, loud-voiced, broad-shouldered, 230-pounder, Ibn Saud is an impressive figure of a man who towers over his fellow Arabs. His desert subjects address him by his first name, without ceremony, but his officials, who are terrified of him, call him "Oh Thou Whose Name is Law." He prefers to wear the rough camel-wool Arab cloaks. The only Western touches about him are his two-tone sport shoes and his steel-rimmed spectacles. He eats Arab style, with his fingers, while squatting on the floor, but like Abdullah of Transjordan, he keeps table silverware for his infrequent foreign visitors.

Ibn Saud has continued to lead a strict Wahabite life.

He prays three times a day and scrupulously observes the injunctions against tobacco, liquor, jewels. Cigarettes, forbidden to the Wahabis themselves, are kept in the royal palaces for occasional foreign guests. For years the number of foreigners who were allowed to see Ibn Saud could be counted on the fingers of two hands. Except for the American oil men, he still avoids meeting outsiders. Christian foreigners cannot see him at the Holy City of Mecca, but are received at Jeddah, on the Red Sea coast.

Under Moslem law, more than four wives are forbidden, and Ibn Saud has observed at least the form of this injunction by never having more than four wives at one time. As soon as one wife has conceived a child by him, he sends her back to be a distinguished citizen of her native village. In this way he has enjoyed close to 150 wives and has so many children scattered about Arabia that he has lost count of them. At 62, prolific Ibn Saud says: "In my youth and manhood I made a nation; now in my declining years I make men for its population."

Ibn Saud's prolificness may lead to trouble in Saudi Arabia. He has too many sons to secure a peaceful settlement of succession to the throne when he dies. His greatest personal tragedy was the death from fever of his favorite son, who would have succeeded him. When one wife after another presented him with a son, Ibn Saud foresaw the difficulty and selected two of his elder sons, Prince Saud and Emir Feisal, to be viceroys of the Nejd and the Hejaz. Crown Prince Saud, an able administrator, scholar, and diplomat, has the stronger personality, and the Emir Feisal is not expected to object if his brother ascends the Saudian throne.

In the background, however, is a third son, Emir Mohammed. Jealous of his brothers, strong-minded and reactionary, he is idolized by the conservative Wahabis. To them his refusal to use his father's modern improve-

ments—the motor car and the telephone—is a virtue. The Italians, before the British chased them from their East African empire, were backing the Emir Mohammed in his fight for succession, and agents from Rome were supplied to advise him.

THE AGED IMAM YAHYA of the Yemen, who is already well past 70, also has son trouble. His favorite son, Saif ul-Islam Mohammed, perished in the Red Sea and the Imam is constantly fighting with his remaining thirteen. Two of them aspire to succeed him, Saif ul-Islam Hussein and Saif ul-Islam Qasim. Pious, slender Hussein is a shrewd diplomat and served as his father's agent on important treaty negotiations in London, Paris, Rome, and Tokyo. Prince Qasim, a wild, restless Arab fighter, is commander of his father's armed forces and is expected to use his military strength to gain the throne on his father's death.

Until the British chased the Italians from East Africa, Yemen was under considerable Italian influence. Italian interest in the little sub-state was natural; occupation of it would have made the lower end of the Red Sea an Italian lake. In 1937 Italy signed a twenty-five-year treaty of friendship with Yemen and the Imam bought quantities of Italian military equipment, allowed Italian technical advisers in his country, and sent Mussolini and Italy's little king gifts of Arab horses. Yemen was one of the first states to recognize Italy's conquest of Ethiopia.

The Imam of Yemen, influenced by the presence of Aden, Britain's Gibraltar of the Red Sea, at his back, will probably remain friendly with the British. Ibn Saud is still a great question mark. What he will do if the Germans successfully drive into the Middle East depends largely on how desperate Britain's position becomes.

London of the Middle East

WAR IN CAIRO is war *de luxe*. Though death strikes nearby every night and Axis troops sit some 400 miles away, Egypt's capital city takes the war lightly. There is no rationing. The ack-ack guns go off only occasionally. British troops are spending money as fast as they get it. The blackout, Cairo's one concession to the war, would make a London air-raid warden die of apoplexy.

The war placed Egypt in an embarrassing position. Under the Treaty of 1936, by which Britain gave her "independence with reservations," Egypt granted British land and sea and air forces the use of Egypt as a base in the event of war in the Mediterranean. Egypt, in effect, if not officially, agreed to become an ally of Britain.

When the war reached Egypt's borders, however, she chose to become a curious kind of passive ally. She dutifully broke off diplomatic relations with both Germany and Italy when Britain instructed her to, but she has declared war on neither although the British are fighting in defense of her territory. When the Germans sank her freighters and bombed Alexandria and Cairo, Egypt even sent diplomatic notes of protest until the Egyptian Government finally saw the futility of paper protests to the Nazis. Egyptian soldiers are stationed in the desert

but they are far enough back so that they will not have to fire at the Axis forces.

Egypt looks at the war which has three times burst across its desert frontier and is inclined to say: "A plague on both your houses." The aristocratic families, the court clique, the wealthy cotton merchants, and most of the politicians want the British out of Egypt, but they know what would happen to their wealth and position if the Nazis and Fascists swept across the country, so they hope lukewarmly for a British victory. Many of the poor *fellaheen* and lower-middle class villagers, fascinated by clever Axis propaganda, impressed by the German show of strength in conquering Europe and taught by the still-powerful Wafd (Nationalist Party) to be bitterly anti-British, openly side with the Germans and Italians but they wish they would do their fighting somewhere else.

German and Italian broadcasts are widely listened to. The Axis speakers use gutter Arabic aimed at the *fellaheen* and appeal to the peasants who struggle along on an average wage of twelve cents a day. The peasants are told that there are 14,000,000 farmers and 2,000,000 rich in Egypt and when the Germans and Italians come they will redistribute the land. Axis announcers rib the *pashas* and *beys* who run Egypt. They invent salty details of their domestic lives, call them by such nicknames as "Pasha Pig's Head" and "Big Fat Belly," which the *fellaheen* love to hear. The British try to counteract this with a college professor speaking classical Arabic which, to the peasants, sounds like Chinese.

As the capital of a semi-neutral country, Cairo tries to ignore the war. But, superimposed on the normal life of its 1,300,000 population, is the General Headquarters of the British Army and RAF in the Middle East (Naval H.Q. is at Alexandria). From Cairo, Army Commander-in-Chief General Auchinleck directs Brit-

ish troops sprawled out from Libya to the Caucasian border of Russia; the RAF launches its bombing raids on Italy and Tripoli; and British diplomats at the imposing Embassy worry over the political complexities of Britain's Middle East empire. As a nerve center Cairo is the London of the Middle East. But there the similarity stops.

Nowhere, not even in London, have I seen the variety of uniforms that color Cairo's streets. There are bearded naval men in spotless white shirts and shorts, bronzed South Africans in practical bush shirts, WAAF's from Britain, South African WAASies in smart khaki uniforms, British women drivers with natty blue kerchiefs around their necks, Australian nurses in dignified grey, British nurses in starched scarlet and white, U. S. Army technical experts and service troops in light khaki shirts and trousers, turbaned Sikhs and haughty Rajputs, pygmy-sized Gurkhas with oversized hats, tough-looking Poles, Czechs, Belgians, and Greeks, coal-black Free French colonial troops from the Cameroons, swaggering Aussies, brown-skinned Maoris from New Zealand, RAF men looking strangely different in khaki, crimson-trouserred British Hussars, known as "cherry pickers," bemedaled young Yugoslav airmen in gorgeous blue uniforms, Palestine Jews and Arabs in khaki labor-corps suits, and tough Ladies From Hell in their Scotch kilts.

You can usually see some of the chief Allied personalities. General Wavell, when he was in command, used to ride every morning at the Gezireh Sporting Club. General Auchinleck, a great pedestrian, took brisk early morning walks around the Gezireh golf course or along the banks of the Nile, but he gave it up to make pre-breakfast inspections of army units in the Cairo area. General De Gaulle, who frequently makes incognito trips to Cairo from his African capital of Brazzaville,



*Arab Legion's camel patrol operates
across Transjordan's sandy terrain. .*

akes no pains to hide his identity, and you can see him triding in and out of Shepherd's Hotel where he main-ains an office-suite. American military commanders top overnight at Cairo on their way across Africa out o India.

Alexandria, known to the British as "Alex," is some 150 miles up the Nile estuary from Cairo and is periodically raided by Axis bombers from the islands of Crete and Rhodes. One series of raids, none as severe as the mildest night raid on London, sent thousands of skittery Arabs fleeing from the town. They jammed departing trains, climbed on the roofs of the railway cars and sprawled atop the engine in order to get away. Some 175,000 fled, almost 100,000 of them taking refuge in then unbombed Cairo. At one time some sixty per cent of Alexandria's laborers did not turn up for work.

Out in the harbor, where British warships come and go on their Eastern Mediterranean patrols, a score of demobilized French warships ride silently at anchor, deprived of fuel, vital engine parts, and crews so they cannot make a dash for France.

CAIRO SPRAWLS on both sides of the wide Nile, just above where the river splits into its many delta streams on the way to the Mediterranean. Wealthy Cairenes live in modernistic apartments and fine private houses in Garden City, a residential plot on the bank of the river; in Gezireh, a long, thin island in the Nile; or in the sub-

urbs of Heliopolis, Maadi, and Helwan. The poor live around and among them, in dirty, ancient tenements and mud-brick houses which would disappear in a puff if a bomb ever struck them.

I would not call Cairo a beautiful city. It is sufficiently Eastern to fulfil the Westerner's idea of what the East should be like, and Western enough to make a European or American feel at home. To the newcomer it is a jumbled combination of smells (mostly horse manure), flies (the most persistent variety in the world), and noises (Arabic music screaming from open-front cafes).

The natives, whom the British call either "nightshirts" or "laundry bags" because of the long shapeless *galabeyahs* which they wear, Gippies (for Egyptians), or just plain "wogs" (abbreviation for Wily Oriental Gentlemen), love to make noise. Taxi drivers cannot drive unless they have one hand on the horn. Bicycle riders, their nightgown robes tucked up to their knees, don't tinkle their bells when rounding a corner—they ring a tune which would put a carillon to shame.

Every main street is crammed with persistent hawkers, selling everything from socks, shoes, flywhisks, and cigarettes to filthy pictures. Boys sidle up to the soldiers with copies of sexy Parisian magazines and mutter "Verra nice." If they add "verra clean" it is usually as a signal that they are pimps who work for native *bints* (girls). The hawkers take advantage of every opportunity. I was even offered "feelthy Christmas cards!"

In order to increase their appeal, beggars walk the streets carrying babies, often not their own, which can be rented by the day from poor families. Peddlers used to offer us lottery tickets and even dope on the streets. Dope traffic, which has been decreasing for some years, is now on the increase. Whenever the Arabs tire of working for a living they can always try to smuggle a consignment of *hashish* across the border from Arabia.

Grind organ men work the streets from sunrise to sundown, accompanied by jugglers, acrobats, and gag men who put on shows and then pass the hat to soldiers on leave who hang out their pension windows to watch.

One morning I saw three innocent, newly arrived South African soldiers agree to have their shoes shined. They sat down at a sidewalk cafe table. In an instant they were surrounded by three shoeshine moppets, one flywhisk vendor, one cigarette seller, an organ grinder, one sock vendor, another selling razor blades, a wog with a performing baboon, a little girl acrobat, a man with a mongoose which fought a snake, a roll seller, and a dozen loungers.

The natives will do anything to get out of earning a living, which is not surprising when you consider that the average *fellah* works from dawn to dusk in the fields for a few *piastres* (about 12 cents) per day. A hotel porter makes more with an average tip than a stevedore gets for a day on the docks.

A considerable share of the population spends its time making phony money to palm off on the rest of the population. So much bad money exists that taxi drivers take your silver pieces and bounce them on the sidewalks before accepting them.

If you send a boy off to get a taxi he will return with another moppet besides himself riding with the driver. The first lad calls himself the "taxi getter"; the second says he is the "taxi getter getter." Both have to be given *backsheesh* (tip).

The streets of Cairo never fail to produce sights startling to the Western eye. One day a nightshirted man on a bicycle was hit and killed by the rapid transit train which runs between Cairo and the suburb of Helwan. A middle-aged woman, who believed that the only cure for sterility was to bestride the body of a young man killed by violence, promptly pulled up his nightshirt and

her own long robes and bestrode him. The angry passers-by, not comprehending her intentions, leaped on her and beat her to death.

American war correspondents have evolved their own methods of dealing with pestering natives. Ed Angly, then of the New York *Herald Tribune* and now with the Chicago *Sun*, gave up in despair and paid the dragomans *not* to offer to guide him to the pyramids, the shoe-shine boys *not* to offer to shine his shoes and the grind organ men *not* to grind outside his window early in the morning. When Ed left Cairo, *Colliers'* Frank Gervasi bought an air gun so that he could sit in his hotel window and take pot shots at the grind organ men who serenaded us with "Little Sir Echo" and "Oh Johnny" at seven every morning. After Gervasi left, I threatened so often to shoot the grind organ men that Rodger was forced to lock up the automatic he had taken from an Italian in Eritrea.

CAIRO'S MIDDLE EAST G.H.Q. is a wire-enclosed residential area near the British Embassy and the United States Legation. There, on the third floor of a modernistic apartment house, General Auchinleck runs his vast military empire. Our daily press conferences were held, appropriately, in the censorship offices, but every Saturday morning the uniformed war correspondents among us would be allowed to listen to the not-too-enlightening, off-the-record summaries prepared by the chief of the Middle East Army Intelligence Service.

Troops based in the Cairo area live in sprawling desert camps around the town. The New Zealanders and Indians have large replacement centers and rest camps just outside the city. On leave in Cairo they poke about the foul-smelling *Mouski* (native market) or ride mangy camels to the foot of the Sphinx and the pyramids.

The banks of the Nile are lined with two-story house-

boats, known as *dahabeih*. The military authorities have taken over a number of larger boats which used to run on excursions up the river and have refitted them as clubs and rest houses for officers and nurses on leave. A Greek millionaire gave over his large house, complete with bar and billiard room, rent-free for the duration of the war, to the South Africans.

The Egyptians have a standing army of some 25,000 men, trained and equipped by the British. Every Egyptian male is supposed to spend a term in the army but the wealthy can buy exemption. The soldiers dress in khaki shorts and khaki shirts which they wear with the tails out in true Oriental style. The officers wear red fezzes instead of hats, but they polish their Sam Brownes and strut about Cairo's streets in imitation of the fancily dressed British officers.

THERE ARE ALWAYS THOUSANDS of troops on leave in Cairo. Friday and Saturday nights, army pay days, are like New Year's Eve in Times Square with celebrating troops driving the horse-drawn *gharries*, lining the bars to sing "Tipperary" and "Annie Laurie," and brawling in the streets. Drunken Aussies ride about in *gharries* and exchange their Digger hats for the drivers' red *tar-bushes*. Sometimes they toss the drivers out and drive the carriages themselves.

There are military police on duty all over the city, particularly at the bars, and they are constantly ejecting troublesome soldiers. The Aussies think they are tough; the Scottish troops know they are tough; and that combination always leads to a fight.

Most of the Australians have now been withdrawn from the Middle East to defend their homeland (there are a few thousand still stationed on the Syrian-Turkish border) but while they were in Egypt they were constantly creating tense diplomatic incidents between the

Egyptian and British Governments. They would teach the Egyptian horse-carriage drivers to sing lustily, "We're all black bastards in the service of the King," to the tune of "John Brown's Body." In the last war their fathers assaulted the equestrian statue of Ibrahim Pasha in Cairo's Opera Square, dressed him up with an Aussie uniform and slouch hat and hung a feed bag on his horse's nose.

The first Anzac (derived from the World War I abbreviation for "Australian and New Zealand Army Corps") contingent, known as the 6th Division, to arrive in the Middle East docked at Suez on February 12, 1940. They arrived in Egypt apparently determined to live up to the reputation their fathers had set as trouble-makers in the first World War. Their fathers made a mass attack on Cairo's *Wasseh*, the red light district, known to the Aussies as "The Wozzer," and burned it to the ground. Their sons headed straight for the same district and made two unsuccessful attempts to burn it but were stopped by British M.P's.

Favorite Cairo story of mine concerned the three newly-arrived Aussies who were standing in a bar when they heard three men speaking a strange language. "What are they speaking?" they asked the bartender. The barkeep answered, "Italian."

"Why, we came all the way out here to fight Italians," replied the Aussies, as they tied into their three victims.

With three-quarters of a million soldiers in the Middle East, sex is a pressing problem. In Cairo the troops are limited to the red light neighborhood, directly across from swank Shepherd's Hotel, into which officers in uniform are not allowed. Women stand in their doorways or hang out the windows to attract attention. M. P's and Army medical men are in constant attendance in the area. Occasionally the whole neighborhood gets plastered with signs reading "Out of Bounds to Troops."

Officers are restricted to two disorderly houses and friendly cabaret girls, called "*artistes*" for want of a better name. Alexandria's most famed better-class house, Mary's, received a direct hit from a bomb. Mary and the girls who were unhurt removed themselves to a quieter and safer spot at Mena, in the shadow of the pyramids, just outside Cairo. The British keep their eyes on the cabaret girls but with all the officers about, the girls are more spied upon than spying.

Many of the soldiers in the Middle East have been away from their homes for more than a year and thousands are periodically given what the military authorities call "compassionate leave" to revisit England and the Dominions. Otherwise, as in the first World War, there would be a considerable drop in the birth rate.

Most British women and children have been evacuated. Those allowed to remain had to prove that they were doing "war work" and there was frantic string-pulling to get wives and daughters fixed up as "secretaries" at G.H.Q.

For a time under the easy-going Wavell it looked as if the battles which were won on the playing fields of Eton would be lost on the playing fields of Cairo's Gezireh Sporting Club. Desk officers at G.H.Q., scorned by the fighting men as "base rats," worked from nine to one, lunched and siestaed from one to six, worked until eight and then knocked off for the day. Officers who came in to Cairo from tony British regiments in the desert brought their hunting guns and polo mallets. Daily cricket, polo, and field hockey matches were played at Gezireh.

Auchinleck, when he replaced Wavell, cracked down on long siestas and cut out a great many of the army's social activities.

Cairo entertainment, at best, is limited. Officers take tea and dance on Sunday afternoons at Mena House

Hotel; dine at night at Shepherd's Hotel or on the roof of the Hotel Continental, where they can watch the jelly-bellied wriggles of Hekmet Fahmy, a lissome Oriental dancer; or buy drinks for the hostesses at The Dugout of the Metropolitan Hotel. There are several taxi dance halls for the soldiers.

Cairo's social life revolves around its clubs—Gezireh Sporting Club, the Turf Club, the Royal Automobile Club, and the Mohammed Ali Club. The swank Mohammed Ali Club serves the best food in Cairo and before the war its membership was virtually limited to cotton men and Egyptian politicians. It was said that you could always make up an Egyptian Cabinet from the ex-ministers who gathered there for lunch. British officers have now been admitted to its select ranks and the Egyptians prefer to stay away.

The Gezireh Sporting Club, which used to claim that it was the third most exclusive club in the world, has been opened to the British forces. The club likes to boast that generals and privates rub elbows in its grounds; actually, troops are banned from every part of the club except the cricket ground and are allowed in the swimming pool only after six in the evening.

Shepherd's Hotel, which has been painted by Michael Arlen, Somerset Maugham, and a score of novelists as the romantic spot where the mysterious East drifts past, is the greatest disappointment in Egypt. Egyptians are very quick to point out that the hotel is not Egyptian. It is controlled by Europeans, a Belgian company holding most of the stock, and run by Swiss. Normally it is a Winter season hotel but it now runs all the year round. It was closed for the first year of the war because the usual European staff of waiters did not arrive from the Continent. One afternoon when we had waited a full hour for coffee, I told the dreamy young man who finally brought it that he was not fit to

be called a waiter. "I'm not a waiter," he came back. "I'm a shoe salesman from Alexandria."

The hotel is now staffed largely by Sudanese servants, who amble about in billowing pajama bloomers with gaudy brocaded jackets or long white *galabeyahs*, serving pink gins and other drinks to officers and their girl friends on the terrace. The interiors of the salons, with their Byzantine columns, mosque-like domes, and low couches covered with mounds of pillows, look like Hollywood's conception of a harem. On the terrace, leering *dragomans* sidle up to every newcomer and offer to escort him to the pyramids.

Egyptians don't like the war but they want to make as much money out of it as possible. Local storekeepers angle for British business. Bars have been renamed "The Anzac," "The Spitfire," "Tomahawk Bar," and "Churchill Bar." Although most of the Egyptians don't give a hang about a British victory, they cover their store fronts and delivery trucks with "V for Victory" signs. One enterprising photographer advertises that with each portrait taken he will give away a picture of Winston Churchill.

Most of the Axis agents in Egypt have been rounded up. Occasionally Italians escape from their prisoner-of-war camps, one of which is a few miles outside Cairo. Escapes are easy—a few *piastres* slipped to the Egyptian guards will do the trick. I heard of one Italian prisoner who bribed his way out of the prison camp, went to the wedding of his aunt in Alexandria, and next day bribed his way back into camp.

The Egyptian Government, unwilling to believe that the war has come to Egypt even though she would not go to war, has not concerned itself much about air raids. Only a few brick public shelters have been built and, like the brick shelters in London, they are useless and shunned by everybody. Of the 50,000 Cairo buildings

which, according to a government survey, are required to have private shelters, only 2,000 have them.

Cairo hopes that its position as a holy Moslem city, next only to Mecca and Medina, will save it from Axis bombers. Cairenes put their faith in the belief that Cairo will not be destroyed as long as Rome is left untouched. But the city has had one air raid already in which bombs were dropped in residential sections, and Cairenes are gradually waking to the realization that Hitler, who cares nothing for Il Duce's Rome, will bomb their city when and how it suits him.

Young Man with a Throne

EGYPTIANS TOLD ME A STORY about their young King. At the start of the war Farouk was supposed to have had a terrifying series of dreams in which he was nightly eaten alive by lions. He finally consulted bearded, old *Sheikh* Mustafa El-Maraghi, rector of the ancient El-Azhar Moslem University. El-Maraghi told him that his dreams would stop only when he had shot a lion.

Farouk drove straight to the Cairo zoo and shot two lions in their cages. But the dreams continued and Farouk returned to El-Maraghi. The crabbed, crafty *Sheikh*, who nurses a fierce hatred of the British, explained that Farouk had taken his instructions too literally. The lion he had to shoot was the British Lion.

The story is probably apocryphal. At any rate two lions did disappear from the zoo and Farouk has been gunning for the British ever since.

WHEN FAROUK WAS A TUBBY, fat-faced youngster he used to say that when he grew up he wanted to be just like England's Prince of Wales and do all the things he did. At 22 he has so far done a great many of them. He has sown his wild oats, married the commoner of his choice, made himself the popular hero of the *fellaheen*, and secretly admired the strong-arm methods of the dictators.

He has copied Edward in every respect except to lose his throne, but he has come perilously close to doing that. At one time he was so certain that the British would force him to abdicate because of his anti-British sentiments that he called a family conference to decide where he would retire to.

In these days of shaky thrones, Farouk realizes that the British, with several hundred thousand soldiers in his country, can push him off his royal seat with ease. The forced abdication of Iran's Shah was a lesson well learned in Cairo, and Farouk keeps his anti-British demonstrations out of the public eye. In private, however, he flares up whenever the British try to crack down on him.

When British Ambassador Sir Miles Lampson let it be known that the British Government would like Farouk to fire an Italian barber at the palace, the King is supposed to have shot back a note to the British Embassy: "When Sir Miles is ready to get rid of his Italian wife I will consider firing my employees." Lady Lampson, a one-time opera singer, is part-Italian.

Farouk's feud with the British dates back to 1937 when, after an election which made Chicago politics look clean by comparison, the Wafd Party was forced out of power, leaving young Farouk the absolute boss of Egypt. At that time the King turned to two men for advice. One was *Sheikh* El-Maraghi, the other a slick politician named Ali Maher Pasha. El-Maraghi, as leader of Egypt's Moslems, wished to nominate Farouk as Caliph, supreme head of all Moslems. The British had resisted all previous efforts to bring the Caliphate to modern Egypt on the grounds that it would disturb the political balance in the Arab world. *Sheikh* El-Maraghi therefore tried to achieve his aim by encouraging his monarch to cut loose from British influence. Politician Ali Maher, whom Farouk made Chief of the

Royal Cabinet, was ambitious to become Prime Minister, but the British had never trusted him.

At the palace of the King the influence of these two men grew. Under El-Maraghi's coaching Farouk became super-religious. He never missed his Friday prayers; he read the *Koran* daily and prayed frequently at a private mosque in the Abdin Palace grounds. He became a narrow-minded, fanatical Moslem, often refusing to have anything to do with non-Moslems. El-Maraghi soon convinced the King that England was an enemy of Islam—after all was not England persecuting the Arabs in Palestine?—and that any other European ally would be better than the British. Ali Maher became so objectionable to the British that they insisted he return to his farm in upper Egypt, and stay there.

Meanwhile Mussolini traveled to his possession of Libya, Egypt's neighbor, where, mounted on a charger, he proclaimed that Italy was the "protector of Islam" throughout the world. It was natural that Farouk should lean toward the Italians. His father, King Fouad, had been very pro-Italian. As a young man Fouad had lived in Italy and served in the Italian Army and as King of Egypt he continued friendly relations with King Victor Emmanuel. Farouk, although he has never lived in Italy, was fascinated by his father's stories about the country.

After Italy's entry into the war there was more reason than ever for Farouk to be friendly to the Italians. Marshal Graziani marched to Egypt's frontier with an Italian Army which far outnumbered the ill-equipped Britishers. Farouk, typically Oriental, wants to be on the winning side and it looked at that time as if the Axis powers would be victorious. Every British defeat was reportedly celebrated by champagne which Farouk would uncork to the occasion.

Egypt lives on rumors and, while there is no proof

that Farouk has ever actively assisted the Italians, there are plenty of stories circulating in Cairo which nominate him as Egypt's Quisling King.

Prior to the British attack on Tobruk early in 1941, one story goes, Wavell was asked by an Egyptian Cabinet minister to give the Egyptians a copy of his plan of attack, as one ally to another. Wavell handed over the plan and said no more about it until it was found on the person of an Italian general when Tobruk fell. Wavell called on the minister and asked for the return of the plan. So sorry, said the minister, but a "higher authority" had requested that the plan be sent to the Ministry of Finance. Wavell went there and again demanded the plan. There was more hemming and hawing and finally a frightened civil servant was put forward to say that the plan had been lost while in his possession. According to the story Farouk obtained the plan and sent it to the Italians by a *bedouin* agent who crossed the desert. Foxy Wavell, suspecting a quisle, changed his original plan of attack at the last moment.

In the Spring of 1941 General Aziz Ali El-Masry Pasha was captured in Cairo while attempting to flee to Syria, from where he hoped to reach the German agents in Iraq. He had with him a number of documents and photographs showing the disposition of British forces in Egypt.

General El-Masry Pasha, an erratic troublemaker who has long had sympathies with the totalitarian states, was at one time Inspector General of the Egyptian Army and is regarded as one of Egypt's best military men. The only Egyptian officer who has had a thorough staff training under German and Turkish experts, he served as a Turkish staff officer against the Italians in 1911-12. He was selected to accompany Farouk to England during the education of the young Crown Prince.

For the first year of the war the British kept their

eyes on El-Masry and early in 1941 decided they had enough evidence to cause his arrest. El-Masry disappeared before the British could catch him. The story in Cairo was that Farouk hid him in Abdin Palace and, when the British were about to demand a search of the building, arranged for El-Masry to escape in an Egyptian army plane to Syria. The plane was forced down by an alert Air Control and El-Masry and two Egyptian Air Force pilots who were with him were arrested.

IT WAS NOT UNTIL THE END OF 1940, after the sudden death by heart failure of Prime Minister Hassan Sabry Pasha while he was reading the speech from the throne on the floor of Parliament, that the British were finally able to install a premier they could trust. He was Hussein Sirry Pasha, a business-man-turned-politician, whose wife is Queen Farida's aunt. Ali Maher was replaced as Chief of the Royal Cabinet by quiet, crafty, pro-British Hassanein Pasha, who had been the King's friend since childhood. The British "requested" Ali Maher to remain on his estate outside Alexandria.

The Sirry Pasha-Hassanein Pasha faction in the government fought *Sheikh* El-Maraghi for influence over the King until early in 1942, when Sirry Pasha was suddenly forced to resign.

Axis bombing of Cairo, one of the holy cities of Islam, was expected to change *Sheikh* El-Maraghi's fondness for the Italians and Germans. A few days after Cairo had its first serious air attack El-Maraghi addressed the worshippers in a Cairo mosque. Instead of denouncing the Axis, El-Maraghi told the worshippers that Egypt had been dragged into a war against its will and that the only reward the country was getting for allowing British soldiers to come there and fight was the killing of its men, women and children. Prime Minister Sirry Pasha was forced to reply on the radio in an attempt to con-

vince the Egyptians that their way of life was endangered by the Axis.

Farouk's quisling in itself is little more than a nuisance to the British, but the attitude of the King has encouraged the Egyptians to take advantage of the British at every turn. Britain's ability to hold the Middle East will be influenced in no small part by the attitude of Egypt's people and their King. He deserves a closer study.

GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON of Mohammed Ali the Great, Farouk is the tenth member of the Mohammed Ali dynasty to rule Egypt. Mohammed Ali, an Albanian soldier of fortune, son of a minor police chief, came to Egypt in 1800 as one of the officers of Kousrouf Pasha, whom the Sultan of Turkey had sent to insure that Egypt would not fall into British hands. The British had just then defeated the remains of Napoleon's expedition to the Middle East.

Within three years Mohammed Ali and Kousrouf quarreled. Mohammed Ali won the favor of the Mamelukes. Originally Circassian or Turkoman slaves imported as private guards for the Arab rulers of Egypt in the 13th Century, they bred descendants who made themselves masters of the country, deposed the successors of Saladin, and founded two dynasties. Their power was ultimately broken by the Turks, who allowed them to remain as vice-governors in Egypt. With their support Mohammed Ali made Kousrouf a prisoner in the citadel of Cairo, had himself proclaimed Pasha of Egypt and was recognized by Turkey.

To insure the throne for himself and his descendants, Mohammed Ali decided to get rid of the Mamelukes. In 1811, when the Turks asked him to send an expedition to put down the Wahabites in Arabia, he assembled the whole Egyptian Army in Cairo and gave the command

to his son; but with the army away from Cairo, Mohammed Ali realized he would be at the mercy of the Mamelukes. He gave a huge banquet at the citadel to celebrate the departure of the army and during the feast had his own guard of Albanians massacre 124 Mamelukes. Only one Mameluke escaped, so the story goes, by jumping 150 feet on horseback from the walls of the citadel.

Mohammed Ali then rid himself of his Albanians by sending them to fight the Sudanese. He later turned on Turkey, almost defeated her on land and sea, and only the intervention of the European powers forced him to make peace. The Turks recognized the rule of Egypt as hereditary to Mohammed Ali's family in 1841. His grandson Ismail succeeded to the throne in 1863 and opened the Suez Canal in 1869.

King Fouad, Farouk's father, was born in 1868 to a Circassian slave of Ismail's *harim*. He was educated in Switzerland and Italy, where he attended the Military Academy at Torino. As a son of the Khedive of Egypt he was a frequent guest of the Italian royal family and a friend of Victor Emmanuel, with whom he remained on close terms for the rest of his life.

Fouad was apparently destined to become one of the many junior royal princes, born out of the large *harims* their ancestors had kept, but at the outbreak of World War I, Egypt's ruler, Fouad's nephew, was deposed by the British for siding with the Turks, and Fouad's elder brother, Hussein, was proclaimed Sultan. Poor in health, he died in 1917, and Fouad was called to the throne. Egypt remained a British protectorate for the duration of the war and on March 15, 1922, Fouad assumed the title of His Majesty, King of the sovereign state of Egypt.

From then onward Fouad schemed, with some success, to concentrate all the ruling power in his own hands. The political history of his reign is one long struggle be-

tween the political factions, which had the popular support, and the palace. With the experience of Egypt's court life and intrigues to help him, he was more than a match for the politicians. He made and unmade prime ministers—during his nineteen-year reign he had nineteen of them—and broke the power of the Wafd Party, although it had the backing of the uneducated masses.

He did not like the British but he did not openly fight them. They had made him a king and could break him in a showdown. When the British High Commissioner would call to make some demand which Fouad resented, he would be received with great civility. Fouad would agree to do what was asked of him, but for days afterwards he went around in a tearing rage, breaking furniture and beating his servants.

FAROUK, ONLY SON OF KING FOUAD, was born at Abdin Palace on February 11, 1920. There was no bell-ringing and no rejoicing. The people learned by a formal court communique that the country had a Crown Prince. Nobody cared much. Egypt was then in the middle of a bloody revolution and Fouad was a very unpopular monarch. Zaghloul Pasha, the George Washington of Egypt, and his Wafd Party were backed by the majority of the people and no one expected Fouad or his successor to remain long on the throne. Fouad was regarded as too willing to cooperate with the British and in those early days of the struggle for independence no ruler who gave in to the British could be popular.

Fouad played a smart game. Cracking down on the Wafdists one day, he would grant their demands the next just to show his people that he was as much a nationalist as their Wafdist heroes.

Realizing that if his son was to hold the throne, he would have to be made into a popular young monarch, Fouad decided to supervise his training, which was to be

an essentially Egyptian upbringing. Fouad could speak little Arabic and all state documents had to be translated into French, so as soon as his son could talk, tutors were assigned to teach him Arabic. *Sheikh* El-Maraghi taught him advanced Arabic, using the *Koran* as a textbook, and today Farouk not only speaks and writes perfect Arabic but enjoys making jokes in the language, which is not easy.

Although Fouad was strict with his son, he adored him. The King suffered constantly from a throat injury which caused him to cough like a barking dog. Farouk's favorite trick was to creep up behind his father and bark, much to the horror of court officials. This annoyed Fouad but he used to smile tolerantly at his son's imitations.

Fouad planned his son's physical education. Farouk was taught to ride, shoot, fence, swim, and play tennis. A lonely child, surrounded by solicitous, pompous old officials who were constantly impressing him with the dignity of his position, Farouk missed the company of boys his own age.

In 1935 the British suggested to King Fouad that his heir should go to England to continue his education in order to understand better the relations between Egypt and Great Britain. Fouad, after resisting the proposal, finally agreed and young Farouk sailed for London on a British cruiser. He was accompanied by Ahmed Hasanein Pasha, First Chamberlain of the Court, a learned desert explorer and one of the finest swordsmen in the world, and General El-Masry Pasha.

Farouk took over Kenry House on London's Kingston Hill, where private tutors coached him for admission to Sandhurst, England's West Point. Before Farouk could enter the military institution his father died, in 1936. Perhaps if the Crown Prince had been able to spend a longer time in England he would have absorbed

so much English background that no other influence would have touched him.

Fouad's first marriage was unhappy and ended in divorce. His wife claimed that young Fouad was constantly unfaithful. In Cairo's swank Mohammed Ali Club one day his wife's brother upbraided Fouad for his conduct and after a quarrel shot him through the throat. Fouad recovered but it was this wound that caused his barking cough whenever he spoke for longer than five minutes. The bullet was never taken out. More than twenty years later, gangrene developed in the roof of his mouth. An operation to remove the bullet and the gangrenous part was successful but Fouad could not survive its after effects, and died two days later.

ALI MAHER PASHA was Prime Minister when Fouad died. Before his death Fouad had made peace with the Wafd, and its President, Mustapha Nahas Pasha, was appointed chief of the National Front of all Egypt's parties, entrusted with the task of negotiating the treaty with Great Britain. Farouk was still a minor, a long way from his capital and not popular with the Wafd as a party, although he held the affection of the people. Intrigues began with the object of taking the throne away from Farouk, but Ali Maher, who had been an adviser to Fouad, was too quick for the intriguers. As chief of the executive power, he signed a decree proclaiming Farouk King of Egypt. A Council of Regency was appointed, some members of which, anxious to have a free hand, quietly suggested that Farouk should remain in England where he would be out of the Egyptian political scene. Farouk decided that he could quell the intrigues by coming home. He arrived in Alexandria on May 26, 1936. His first act, which increased his popularity with the impoverished *fellaheen*, was to cut down his civil list by \$200,000.

During the period of the Regency the Wafd increased its power. Nahas Pasha, its president, had successfully negotiated the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty. In the election the Wafd received the reward of a huge majority in Parliament and Nahas Pasha boasted that he was safely in power for at least twenty years.

He was wrong. When Farouk assumed constitutional power as King in July, 1937, he quickly showed that, Wafd or no Wafd, he was the boss. Farouk intensely disliked Nahas Pasha, especially after the Prime Minister began to receive most of the cheers when they appeared together in public. Nahas Pasha, who has been called the William Jennings Bryan of Egypt, vainly flaunted his popularity in the face of the King. At official functions it is an unwritten rule that only the King wear a grey morning suit. One day Nahas Pasha appeared wearing a suit exactly like the King's. Another day he arrived twenty minutes after the King had made his royal appearance at a public function. Farouk decided to act. Egged on by Ali Maher, who acted as Chief of the Royal Cabinet, Farouk signed a decree dismissing Nahas Pasha, his Cabinet, and the Chamber of Deputies, and called for a general election.

The elections proved to be the biggest farce in the history of Egyptian politics. For the first time the King allowed his position to be used for political ends and the issue was made the King versus Nahas Pasha.

Farouk's candidate for Prime Minister was old, Oxford-educated Mohammed Mahmoud. The King and the clique around him marshaled all their forces to defeat the Wafd. Wafdist deputies traveling to their constituencies were kidnapped and beaten. Police beat up Wafdist on their way to the polls. Illiterate peasants were asked if they wanted to vote for Farouk and told to mark their ballots for Mohammed Mahmoud. Other ballots were deliberately altered. As a result the Wafd, which

had previously been the strongest party and the most popular, ended up with only sixteen seats in the new Chamber.

As King and the country's Number One political boss, Farouk began building up his personal power. In his foreign relations he reluctantly accepted British guidance but he insisted on retaining supreme control of internal affairs. Even the nomination of second-class officials had to be supervised by him. The Wafdist newspapers used to publish several columns about the daily activities of Nahas Pasha. The Egyptian censorship was quietly instructed that only the visitors received by the King were to appear in the papers.

With the Wafd out of the way, Farouk turned to his private affairs.

The King, who has an eye for good looks, refused to marry according to Moslem custom—to take as a bride a girl he had never seen. Fouad had wanted him to marry Princess Aicha, daughter of his friend Prince Ali Hassan. Farouk's mother, good-looking Queen Nazli, whom Fouad had kept in seclusion for years, insisted that the King take a modern young Egyptian for his wife. A marriage outside the royal circle would also increase the King's popularity with his people.

While the Council of Regency acted for him, Farouk and his sisters vacationed with Queen Nazli in Switzerland. Nazli was accompanied by one of her *dames d'honneur*, Madam Youssouf Zulficar, and her daughter, Safinaz, a cute little girl of 16. The vacation was especially planned for Farouk to get better acquainted with Safinaz, whom he had noticed about the palace as one of his sisters' playmates.

During their engagement Farouk used to visit Safinaz at her father's villa in Heliopolis, outside Cairo, where they would dance to a phonograph on the verandah. They were amused at first when the neighbors gathered

at their windows to watch but when they broke into applause at the end of each dance Farouk imperiously ordered them to brick up their windows. The neighbors politely refused and Safinaz's father was forced to build a screen around his porch.

Farouk and Safinaz were married early in 1937. Fouad's favorite letter had been F, which he claimed brought him luck, and he gave all his children names starting with F—Farouk, his half-sister Fewkie, and his sisters Fawzia, now the Queen of Persia, Faizah, Fathia, and Faikah. Shortly after his marriage Farouk changed his wife's name to Farida (The Only One) to maintain the F fetish, and their first two children have been named Ferial and Fawzia.

Farouk, who desires an heir, was disappointed that his first two children were girls. Queen Farida is reportedly pregnant a third time. At the moment, the heir to the throne is the King's uncle, 70-year-old, pro-British Prince Mohammed Ali.

The domestic life of Egypt's royal family is not particularly happy. Farouk, now a chubby, strong-willed young man of 22, frequently leaves the palace at night and drives about in *corps diplomatique* cars or visits the chalet on the bank of the Nile near Helwan which he has reconstructed as a *garconure*.

He is usually accompanied by his chief aide-de-camp, General Omar Fathi Pasha, who plays such a good game of chess with the King that Farouk promoted him from captain to general. For his lavish banquets in the palace Farouk hires the best Oriental belly-dancers, and Cairo gossips have it that some of them have been rewarded with the King's personal attention.

Vain and haughty, he reads and remembers everything written about him. I applied for permission to photograph him with his wife and children for *Life*. For weeks I was given an Oriental runaround. Every other

day I would hire a limousine and drive up to Abdin Palace, where the Chief of the Royal Cabinet would assure me that the facilities would be granted "soon." After two months of this I finally got the Prime Minister out for a Scotch and soda. With a drink or two he softened up and told me that I might as well quit trying for my pictures. "The King remembers," said the Prime Minister, "that *Time* magazine back in 1935 printed a story which said that the King's father used to ride around the palace grounds on a white ass which was more intelligent than he was." I dropped the matter.

Farouk never misses an opportunity to use his royal prerogatives. One day, while watching the races at the British Swimming Club at Alexandria, he picked up the miniature cannon which the officials were using to start the races and walked away with it without so much as an if-you-please. A couple of weeks later the club received a poor imitation to replace the original, which had been added to Farouk's firearms collection. When he heard that an American newspaper man had called him the King of a Shoeless Country he collected money from rich Egyptians to buy shoes for the *fellaheen*.

Farouk attempts to keep his popularity with the peasants by giving away clothing and food, and by encouraging the digging of wells to replace the insanitary water supplies in the villages.

The King is a mechanically-minded young man—his favorite reading is *Popular Mechanics*—and likes to drive his own cars. He replaced his father's old Rolls-Royces with a fleet of fast Packards. His driving has earned him the title of Egypt's Public Menace Number One. In his cars, one of which is a great Mercedes, a wedding present from Hitler, he roars along the wide Corniche in Alexandria. Favorite trick is to idle along until someone passes him, then the King repasses and teases the driver into a race. The two cars roar along the

Corniche until they reach the entrance to Montazah Palace, where Farouk turns in, leaving the other driver startled to discover that he has just been racing with the King.

In the Abdin Palace, Farouk has a military museum of old firearms, another of clocks and watches, and a private archeological museum filled with Egyptian relics. Although he is not an Egyptian, he takes great pride in Egypt's historical past.

Farida, a natural, charming, extremely good-looking girl of 21, was brought up in cosmopolitan Alexandria, where her father was an Egyptian court judge. Educated at the Catholic convent of *Notre Dame de Sion*, she grew up speaking French, with Christians, Jews, and modern Moslems as companions, and spent her Summers on Alexandria's fashionable beaches. As Queen she does not have the freedom she would like. Unwilling to antagonize the reactionary Moslems at El-Azhar University by complete abandonment of Moslem customs, Farouk has insisted that his wife remain as much as possible within her palace apartments. She does not attend state banquets or ceremonies. When Farida, Nazli, and their ladies-in-waiting dared to appear in public without veils old *Sheikh* El-Maraghi called down the wrath of Allah on them. A compromise was reached. In public the royal ladies now wear attractive white scarfs, which can be lifted to give the impression of a veil over the lower half of the face.

Although free with women himself, Farouk will not tolerate scandal in his family. Queen Nazli, who made up for her secluded life with Fouad by a fling in the night spots of Europe after her husband's death, has been persuaded to remain in Egypt, where the King can keep an eye on her. Fouad took the throne of Egypt in 1917, a divorced man, but he was anxious to remarry in order to assure his succession. No Egyptian princess

would have him, for he was regarded then as a British puppet. Nazli Sabry, a beautiful, aristocratic girl of 25, descendant of Colonel de Sève, who accompanied Napoleon to Egypt and remained to work for Mohammed Ali under the name of Soliman Pasha, agreed to marry Fouad on two conditions: that she should become Queen of Egypt as well as Fouad's wife; and that she should be his only wife, although as a Moslem he was entitled to four. They were married in 1919.

Fouad, intensely jealous, kept his wife in her *harim* as his Turkish-Albanian predecessors had done. When Nazli was advised to go to take the baths in Vichy, France, Fouad refused to let her leave Cairo and ordered thousands of bottles of Vichy water sent to the palace instead.

Despite his escapades, Farouk is fond of his wife. During the hot nights of Cairo's Summers they slip out together from the palace for a drive or visit their relatives on their houseboats on the Nile. Air raids have driven the royal family first from Alexandria and then from Cairo. Although Abdin Palace, a barracks-like building in the heart of Cairo's dilapidated slums, has a \$60,000 air-raid shelter, complete with reading room, bedrooms, and bathrooms, the King often sends the Queen and the children to live in a small villa at Rosetta.

The royal palaces belong to the state, not to the King. Ras el Tin, an official palace, and Montazah, more of a private residence, are at Alexandria: Abdin is the official palace in Cairo, Koubbeh the private residence. The palaces, ornately furnished and stuffed with gaudy period pieces accumulated over centuries, are gloomy structures. The private residences, redecorated by Nazli and Farida, are livable, some rooms having modernistic furniture. Queen Nazli, not wishing to be reminded of the official residences where she spent long years of seclusion, lives on a houseboat on the Nile with a few ladies-

in-waiting. The King's three youngest sisters live at Koubbeh.

Farouk's personal fortune is unknown. A rough estimate is \$50,000,000. He owns some of the best land in Egypt, much of which his father obtained by royal pressure. Fouad came to the throne a debtor. By the time he died he had built up a private fortune of \$20,000,000. Moslems are not allowed to make wills but Fouad on his deathbed made a donation of most of his wealth to his son.

FAROUK CAREFULLY REFRAINED from overt acts against the British until he was sure they had their hands full elsewhere. In February, 1942, with the British holding off Nazi Field Marshal Rommel's counter-push in the Libyan desert and anxiously watching for a German drive down through Turkey, Farouk moved. Minor riots by the El-Azhar students over the British-inspired Egyptian Government's decision to break off diplomatic relations with Vichy (and the King's own official displeasure at not being informed before the break was made) gave him the opportunity to ask for the resignation of pro-British Prime Minister Hussein Sirry Pasha.

Farouk then swallowed his pride and called on his bitter enemy, Nahas Pasha of the Wafd, to form a new government. The Wafd, which had refused to take part in the so-called national government ever since the farcical elections of 1937, is as anti-British as ever.

Nahas Pasha, back in power at last, called for new elections to replace his deputies whom Farouk had slugged out of office in 1937. Glibly promising to adhere strictly to the 1936 Anglo-Egyptian Pact, under which Egypt agreed to give Britain full use of Egyptian military bases in the event of war in the Mediterranean, Nahas Pasha protested against "the horrors of war" which had come to Egypt and warned Britain that he

would allow no "British interference in . . . internal affairs." His first anti-British move was to release General Aziz El-Masry Pasha from jail.

Farouk sat back behind his royal dignity and refused to break openly with the British. He is still not strong enough to shoot his British Lion but with the Wafd behind him he can now twist its tail.

Henceforth Known as Persia

YOUNG RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who was then head of the Middle East Army Bureau of Propaganda and Information, asked me late in August, 1941, if Rodger and I wanted to get in on an exclusive story so secret that he couldn't even tell us what it was. We accepted. Early in the morning of August 25th, Churchill woke me and revealed the assignment. The British planned to relieve the entire 10,000-man garrison of Aussies, Indians, and British troops at Tobruk and replace them with fresh New Zealanders, Britons, and Poles. We had permission to travel on the destroyers which would carry out the change-over.

We took the morning train to Alexandria. There we learned that the expedition had been postponed for one night. We strolled into the lobby of the Hotel Cecil and took a casual look at the Reuters press ticker. The first thing we saw was a bulletin saying that British and Russian troops had invaded Iran (formerly Persia) that morning.

The British, adopting the Nazi technique of justification for aggression, had been putting out stories for some weeks that there were anywhere up to 3,000 German agents in key positions in Iran. There were nothing like that many, we discovered when we reached there. By actual count there were 640 male adult Germans in the

country. Most of them, however, held important posts. They operated the new iron smelter at Samnan which Iran hopes to make its Pittsburgh, worked on the Trans-Iranian railway, and ran the new Teheran broadcasting station, bus lines, mills, auto repair shops, and cinemas. Most of Iran's exports, except her oil, had been going to Germany through Russia and then through Turkey.

The presence of German agents in Iran was a secondary reason for the Anglo-Soviet invasion. The real reasons were no less justifiable and much more important.

At the crossroads between Europe and Asia, Iran is the strategic gateway to India. Vital to Britain's warships, planes, and tanks are the 78,600,000 barrels of petroleum which Iran's fabulous fields produce yearly. With Russia's Archangel ice-clogged in Winter, and Vladivostok blocked by the Japs, Iran is the easiest road by which Britain can send supplies to Russia's Army.

During the Iraqi revolt in May, 1941, General Auchinleck, who was then C-in-C of India, insisted that the British take over Iran, but General Wavell, unable to spare troops from his many fronts in the Middle East, and cautious of antagonizing the Russians, refused to move.

Britain and Russia have been enemies in Iran for generations but when Hitler made them comrades in arms they were ready to crack down on Iran together. From his Indian command General Auchinleck had planned Britain's share of the campaign. When Wavell was demoted to India, he simply took over Auchinleck's plans and put them into action.

On the surface Britain's part in the invasion was offensive but, like the campaigns into Iraq and Syria, it was a defensive offensive. Occupation of Iran supplied a direct transport link to Russia, built up an uninterrupted Allied defense line from Archangel to Tobruk, drew the British-Russian circle still tighter about the

Germans, and put Allied armies squarely behind the tottering Turks.

FOR SOME WEEKS it had been evident that the British intended to move into Iran. Churchill, who served as the off-the-record adviser to the war correspondents, had assured me that we had plenty of time to get into Tobruk and out again before the British moved.

I had a hunch that the Tobruk assignment was a ruse to get us out of the way. I telephoned Churchill and he admitted that he'd hoped we would be at sea on our destroyer before the news of the Iran invasion broke. We drove furiously all through the night back to Cairo. In the morning Churchill confessed that General Wavell, who was running the Iran campaign from India, did not want newspaper men in Iran. He had finally consented to allow an officially conducted party of four newsmen and two photographers. They had been flown to Iran the day of the invasion.

Churchill refused to appeal over Wavell's head to London for permission to send more correspondents. "If you don't like our arrangements," he said, "go out and make your own." I did. I booked two seats in the baggage compartment of a BOAC plane for Basra.

Next morning at four we were off. We landed at Tiberias, on Palestine's Sea of Galilee, and were forced to spend the night there because of engine trouble.

THE WAR HAS BROUGHT PEACE to Palestine. Arabs and Jews have buried the hatchet for the duration. Jewish and Arab farmers now work side by side in fields where, not so long ago, they were taking pot shots at each other. But Palestine's troubles are not over. They have literally gone underground. Arabs have been buying rifles from celebrating Aussies, who use the money for drinks, and burying them in the ground around Gaza.

Jews and Arabs have been enlisted in a regiment with the swank name of the Palestine Buffs and mixed Palestine labor battalions have seen service in France and Libya, where they have done excellent work.

The Jews of Palestine, Britain, and the United States have been urging the formation of a Jewish Army in Palestine. They claim that an army of 100,000 Jews could be recruited in the Holy Land and used to help Britain defend the Suez Canal.

The British are unlikely to let this proposal get beyond its paper stage. To enroll men is one thing; to equip a modern army is another. Britain already has too many men fighting with 1914-18 rifles. The time necessary to train and, above all, equip an all-Jewish army of 100,000 is a luxury which Britain cannot afford right now.

The advantages of six divisions of ill-equipped Jews, even if manpower were the prime essential in guarding the Suez Canal—which it is not—would be far outweighed by the reactions in the Arab world, and Britain at the moment is first of all concerned with the Arabs. For the Jews, there is only one side in this war. The Arabs still think there are two.

The war has brought changes to the Holy Land. Jerusalem, which has the provincial atmosphere and population of Des Moines, is now a curious conglomeration of bearded Jews, sun-browned Aussies, black-robed and veiled Moslem women, sullen *bedouin* Arabs from the hills, and determined Poles, Czechs, and Greeks. Tel Aviv, Palestine's version of Miami Beach which the Jews have built up from a rude Arab village on the shores of the Mediterranean in the last ten years, is jammed with celebrating troops on leave. Haifa, with its oil refineries and naval base, is periodically raided by Axis bombers. Few tourists and pilgrims come to the holy places at Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Galilee. Car-



Defeated Iranian Army surrenders at roadside to British invaders.



loads of soldiers and nurses on leave come instead but they have no money to throw about.

The British soldiers do not like the Holy Land's harsh, forbidding countryside nor the old-newness of its cities. They have revived the World War I joke of the British Tommy who wrote home: "Dear Mum: I am writing this from Bethlehem where Christ was born, and I wish to Christ I was back in Birmingham where I was born."

FROM PALESTINE WE hopped across the Transjordan desert to Lake Habbaniya, sixty-five miles from Baghdad, and then on over the legendary site of the Garden of Eden between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, now nothing but endless mud flats inhabited by wild tribesmen and marsh Arabs, to Basra.

Iraq is little more than a layer of sand and mud on top of some of the richest oil deposits in the world. There are only two cities of any importance: Basra, which H. G. Wells selected as the site of his aerial civilization in "The Shape of Things to Come," already looks like the end of the world. Baghdad, the capital, is a dilapidated, sodden city of incredible squalor.

Some eighty-five miles down the Shatt-Al-Arab river from Basra is the Persian Gulf and the beginning of the sea route to India. Not far from Basra's modern air base we could see freighters from India and America busy unloading war materiel at docks hastily thrown up by the British in the last war.

We had been told that we would find G.H.Q. at Basra. We didn't. It was in Baghdad. We doubled back to Baghdad in Iraq's only air-conditioned sleeping coach and arrived at the Iraqi capital on August 29th.

Three days before, we learned, Iran's Shah had asked for a cessation of hostilities, but some units of the Iranian forces continued to resist. In a miniature Nazi blitz the

Russians and British had cracked at Iran from two sides. The Russians, pushing down both shores of the Caspian Sea, landed troops at the port of Bandar Shah while a mechanized column struck out of the Caucasus for Tabriz, Iran's second city. In the south, British warships squashed Iran's tiny navy and captured seven Axis ships, while British-Indian troops landed at Bandar Shahpur, took over the world's largest oil-cracking plant at Abadan, and moved up along the Trans-Iranian railway to garrison the oilfields at Ahwaz and Dizful.

The big story of the campaign—the meeting of the Russian and British troops for the first time in the war—was still ahead of us. There was no military transport available for us to go to the front. An Indian Army colonel commandeered a Baghdad taxi and its driver for us. Late that afternoon, accompanied by Ted Genock, a *Paramount* newsreel cameraman, we drove across the border into Iran.

THE EIGHTY-HOUR IRAN CAMPAIGN was the most fantastic in the war so far. Friction and mutual suspicion between the Russians and British marred it from the beginning. Although they began the invasion as allies, neither ally knew what the other intended to do. The Russians, suspicious of all foreigners, and traditional enemies of Britain in Persia for generations, apparently hoped to push all the way through Iran and occupy the British-owned oilfields in the south before the slow-moving British got under way.

For the British the campaign was a case of "getting there fustest with the mostest men." Fighting the Iranian Army was more or less incidental. With unprecedented initiative, Wavell loaded troops into airplanes and sent them scooting into southern Iran to occupy the oilfields long before the Russians could get there. The officially conducted war correspondents went

with them. A second division was sent out from Baghdad with orders to drive across Iran as fast as possible and persuade the Russians to stop before they got too far south. We caught up with this division when it rolled into the town of Kermanshah.

We saw very little fighting. Only two British soldiers were killed in the division we accompanied. The Iranians ambushed a British tank column and holed a tank with a point-blank shot from one of their two 1940 Skoda anti-tank guns.

On a mobilized basis the Iranian Army numbered about 200,000 men, including nine mixed peacetime divisions, five independent brigades, an infantry regiment at Bandar Abbas, an artillery regiment equipped with 4-inch guns, and an anti-aircraft battery. Despite their numerical superiority (the British used fewer than 30,000 men, the Russians about an equal number) the Iranians did not fight against the British. That did not surprise me. A more bedraggled, bewildered group of men has never been put into uniforms.

Most of them were conscripts. Army officers, ordered to make up a quota of men, simply drove to the nearest villages and gathered enough men of military age. The conscripts were supposed to get paid an equivalent of fourteen cents per month. They seldom received even this, but their officers forced them to sign monthly receipts for the money they didn't get. For each receipt they signed the soldiers had to pay three cents!

For the first few days we heard nothing of the Russians. Then, twenty-four hours after the Shah had ceased fighting, the Russians bombed Teheran, Iran's capital, and Kazvin and Hamadan, towns on the road along which our British division was heading. On August 30th we heard that the Russians were approaching Kazvin, ninety miles northwest of Teheran. The British decided to send out a "flying column" to negotiate a compromise

with the Russians under which neither side would enter the Iranian capital. Rodger, Genock, and I were invited to accompany it.

On August 31st we set out. The "flying column" consisted of half-a-dozen truckloads of Gurkha troops, several station wagons carrying officers, and our Baghdad taxi. On the leading truck we erected a huge white flag and behind it a larger Union Jack—just so the Russians wouldn't make a mistake. We had about 200 men in all.

About sixty-five kilometers from Kazvin the column jarred to a halt. On the road in front of us stood a Russian armored car. A lieutenant and two privates climbed out. We had won the distinction of being the first correspondents to meet the Russians on the field of battle. It was more field than battle, however. The Russian armored car was out on reconnaissance.

A Red Army lieutenant was standing with his head out of the armored car's turret. He waved in recognition and clambered out, followed by a Russian non-com and two privates. The British brigadier general in charge of our column came forward from his station wagon and solemnly shook hands with each Russian. Then there was an embarrassing silence for a minute. We looked about for the British interpreter, a Baghdad rug merchant who had been pressed into service. We found him cowering in one of the cars. Like all Middle East natives, he was so afraid of the Russians that we had to drag him out to interpret.

"Tell the officer that I wish to be taken to his headquarters," the brigadier general said. The interpreter translated. The Soviet lieutenant smiled and replied that he would take us to a Russian infantry company thirty kilometers along the road where we would find some staff officers.

The British officers passed out cigarettes to the Russians and the lieutenant offered us his long, paper-tubed

Russian ones in exchange. Then he drew a Very pistol from his belt and fired three green signal lights into the air in rapid succession. This was a signal to his rear base that he was returning. The Russians then climbed back into their armored car, swung it around and bounced off down the rough dirt road at a fast 35 m.p.h.

A few minutes later it halted on a bridge over a small gully. A Russian staff car stood by the roadside. Down along the banks of the stream a score of Russian infantrymen were washing clothes, thumping them with stones in the water. We hauled the frightened interpreter forward again and the brigadier general repeated his request to be taken to headquarters. The Russian infantrymen came forward timidly. One broad-grinning soldier, bolder than the rest, stepped up and shook hands with everybody, including the British brigadier general. Half-a-dozen Gurkhas began talking to the Russians. They couldn't understand each other but they jabbered away in their own languages. The Russians admiringly fingered the khaki shirts and shorts which the Gurkhas wore.

The Russian staff car, American-built, started off for Kazvin and we jumped in our cars and followed. In a few minutes it was hitting 60 m.p.h. For the sake of British prestige, we had to keep up, and the tiny Gurkhas were almost thrown out of their trucks. We slowed down only to avoid the bomb holes which Russian planes had made in the road.

At Kazvin we had our first sight of the Russian Army. It was a division commanded by a General Max Sinenko, which had raced down from the Caucasus into Persia. The infantrymen looked like second-rate soldiers from the Caucasus, with dull, expressionless faces, but their equipment was superb. Each man carried a semi-automatic rifle with telescopic sights. Every third man had a Tommy gun. Most of them wore compasses

strapped to their wrists. A tank and armored-car brigade accompanied the division. The tank men, in sharp contrast to the foot soldiers, were well-clothed, tough and truculent. Most of them were Leningrad boys and they all wanted to get home to defend their city. Many of them carried Russian-model Leica cameras on their belts.

The infantry transport was poor. They had a few Russian-made Ford-model 30-hundredweight trucks but about seventy per cent of their transport consisted of Persian lorries and cattle trucks which they had commandeered.

The Russians had made their headquarters in the tiny, ramshackle Central Hotel. The British brigadier general went upstairs to confer with General Sinenko on the zones each army would occupy.

The Russians had a dozen women attached to their division. Most of them were sloppily dressed, swarthy-looking girls. They wore loose khaki blouses and long blue skirts. They did medical and clerical work and made innumerable pots of tea for the officers.

While the generals conferred upstairs we began taking pictures of the Russian armored cars parked outside the hotel. Suddenly there came a string of shouts from the balcony. It was the Russian commander. He ordered us to stop taking pictures and demanded that the Russian soldiers confiscate the films in our cameras. Rodger and I darted inside to the toilet, quickly slipped the exposed films in our socks, inserted fresh rolls and then offered the cameras to the soldiers. It worked.

Late in the afternoon a half-dozen more war correspondents made a belated appearance at Kazvin. By this time the Russians had lost enough of their suspicion to suggest a drink. The political commissar attached to the division produced bottles of Persian vodka, which is slightly inferior to the Russian brand. The Russians had apparently bought up every bottle in Kazvin. Drinks

were set out on a long bare table in the stone-floored lobby of the hotel-headquarters.

The correspondents proposed a toast to Stalin. The political commissar and a *Pravda* correspondent with the Russian troops, who spoke a little English, interpreted. Then the Russians proposed a toast to Churchill. The correspondents came back with one for Molotov. The Russians added another for Roosevelt. Then they began again with Stalin, then Churchill, Roosevelt, and Molotov. At the end of some thirty toasts in neat vodka half the correspondents were under the table. The Russians continued drinking.

That night we decided to drive on through the Russian lines into Teheran immediately, in case the General found out that we'd fooled him. At dusk we drove out of Kazvin. Some 2,000 Russian troops were debusing along the road just outside town. Showing my war correspondent's uniform as conspicuously as possible and saluting frantically in the hope that the Russians would think me a British officer, we raced past them and sped ninety miles to Teheran.

Sir Reader Bullard, the British Minister, invited us to lunch at the suburban British Legation. A quarter of a mile up the road more than 1,000 Germans, men, women and children, had barricaded themselves inside the German Legation's grounds, expecting trouble. Sir Reader, a mild-mannered, naive old man who likes to read Dickens aloud to his guests after dinner, advised the British and Russians not to enter Teheran in the belief that the Iranians would round up the Axis agents. The Iranians were in no hurry to act against their former friends. German agents roamed the streets telling the people, "We might have to give in now, but don't worry, the Nazis will be here in two months."

The Germans were doing a magnificent propaganda job. The Nazi film, "Victory in the West," was playing

to capacity houses. Theater managers received free films and bonuses for running German newsreels. Copies of *Signal*, Goebbels' propaganda magazine, covered the bookstalls. Swastikas were painted on many walls and in the bazaar, hawkers sold pictures of Hitler. German broadcasts had a wide audience. The Iranians are Aryans (Iran means Land of Aryans) and most of them are Mohammedans. Nazi radio propagandists, stressing their Aryan bonds, were telling the Iranians that Hitler was really a Mohammedan, a direct descendant of the Prophet, and was born with a sacred green belt about his middle.

German propaganda had a fertile field in which to work. The bulk of Iran's population of more than 15,000,000 are diseased and illiterate. Most of them are peasants who live in rude mud huts and many sharecrop their lands, receiving two-fifths of their meagre produce while the landlords take the rest.

After three days in the Persian capital we drove back to Baghdad, 600 miles non-stop. Baghdad is an out-of-the-way place. The only connections with Cairo are by BOAC or KLM planes to Palestine or across the desert to Damascus on air-conditioned, Indianapolis-made buses run by two incredible New Zealanders named Norman and Jerry Nairn.

There were no planes or buses leaving for a week. Rodger and I decided to charter the only other transport. It was a run-down nine-seater bus. With two Iraqi drivers alternating at the wheel we struck out across more than 300 miles of roadless sand to Transjordan. Two days later, by way of Amman and Jerusalem, we were back in Cairo.

THE BRITISH AND RUSSIANS remained for three weeks outside Teheran, patiently waiting for the Shah to deliver the Axis nationals marked for internment. The Shah

dillydallied, releasing the prisoners a handful at a time. Jerusalem's Grand Mufti, Iraq's El-Gailani, and the most important Axis Arab agents were allowed to slip across into Turkey, from where they reached Rome and Berlin.

The fierce Iranian tribesmen, who had been kept in hand for twenty years mainly by the old Shah's iron will, began to demonstrate against his rule. Mobs of fierce Kurds appeared along the roadsides and resumed their pillaging and banditry. When the Shah delayed acceptance of the Russo-British peace terms, British and Russian troops were finally forced to occupy the capital on September 17th.

Under the peace terms which the *Majlis* (National Assembly) then accepted, the Russians will occupy for the duration of the war a zone, 500 miles long and from 50 to 150 miles wide, bordering the Caspian Sea; the British will occupy another, 400 by 100 miles, covering the oilfields in the southwest; all airdromes, communications, and roads will be taken over by the Allies.

LIKE ATATURK OF TURKEY, 65-year-old Reza Pahlavi, His Imperial Majesty, *Shah in Shah* (King of Kings), Shadow of the Almighty, Vice Regent of God and Center of the Universe, was an obscure soldier who by sheer personal force pulled a nation to power by its bootstraps. For twenty years he was the government of Iran.

Son of an army officer, the Shah was born in 1876 in the Firuzkuk district east of Teheran. Iran was Persia at that time and Russia, which dominated the northern provinces, strengthened her position at Teheran by organizing under Tsarist officers the Persian Cossack Brigade, the country's only crack military unit. Reza, a youngster of 24, joined it as a trooper in 1900.

Britain, worried about Russian designs on India, staked out a sphere of influence in the south. Early in

1901, for a mere \$20,000, an English financial adventurer named William Knox D'Arcy had been given a sixty-year monopoly to exploit Persian petroleum. In 1918 the British cleaned up after their abortive Mesopotamian campaign against the Turks, garrisoned Persia in the south and the following year took over military and political control of the whole country. Two years later, however, the Bolsheviks invaded northern Persia. Along the shores of the Caspian the British, assisted by the Persian Cossack Brigade, vainly tried to stop them. The Brigade's Tsarist officers dwindled away and the Brigade was in danger of falling apart.

Legend has it that a British colonel spotted Reza as a bold leader, and in a last desperate effort to keep the Brigade together, put him in command.

When the Soviets finally decided against sovietizing northern Persia, the British compromisingly decided to limit their activities to the oilfields in the south. Taking advantage of these decisions, a group of Iranians, with Colonel Reza as their military arm, staged a *coup d'état*. On February 21, 1921, Reza rode into Teheran at the head of 2,000 Persian Cossacks and took over the government.

The Sultan of Persia at that time was dumpy, scatter-brained Ahmad Shah, a member of the Kajar dynasty. He was known as the Grocery Boy Shah because he once cornered Persia's entire grain crop during a famine and sold it to his starving subjects at colossal prices. Ahmad, who preferred the fleshpots of Europe and ultimately died at 32 of cirrhosis of the liver, spent little time in Persia.

Persia at that time could not be called a nation. It was a miscellaneous mixture of backward, warring tribes, village strongholds, and religious groups. The treasury was empty, the army little more than an armed rabble, the citizens corrupt, fanatically ignorant and diseased.

Reza, first as War Minister, then as Premier (1923) and finally (1925) as *Shah in Shah*, kicked the Grocery Boy Shah out of Persia, reorganized the army on Western lines, beheaded the brigands and rebellious tribal chieftains, stripped the reactionary Shiah Mohammedan *mullahs* of their political and judicial powers, instituted modern civil and criminal law courts, and bettered the status of women. Not daring to abolish the Moslem veil by government decree, he got rid of it by starting a whispering campaign that only prostitutes really wanted to wear veils.

To straighten out Persia's tangled finances, the Shah called in American advisers headed by U. S. economist Dr. Arthur Chester Millspaugh. It was said that heavily taxed Iranians began their petitions: "Oh, Allah! Oh, Shah! Oh, Dr. Millspaugh!"

He began a great building program of roads, harbors, schools, and public buildings, climaxed by the \$160,000,000, 870-mile Trans-Iranian Railway, which was eleven years in construction. The railroad became known as "The Shah's Folly" because it began nowhere and ended nowhere. The Russians wanted the Shah to build a railway with a terminus at the Russian Caucasus. The British wanted him to build one to Basra, Britain's main port on the Persian Gulf. The Shah did neither. He built a railway diagonally across Persia and erected two new towns as termini, both utterly useless as ports. Bandar Shah (King's Harbor) on the Caspian is as far from industrial Russia as he could put it. Bandar Shahpur (Harbor of the King's Son) is on the Persian Gulf, 100 miles from Basra, and the intervening terrain is swampy and almost impassable. At Bandar Shah, the Caspian is receding one foot a year and vessels now cannot come near the docks. At Bandar Shahpur, the tide rises thirty feet and unloading is possible only with lighters.

Some of his projects were fantastic. Government salaries remained in arrears while the *Shah in Shah* erected a handsome, million-dollar station in Teheran for his single-track railway, over which trains ran twice a week. A huge opera house was built to satisfy the Shah's vanity—but Iran has no opera. The Shah one year determined to build Teheran the largest stock exchange in the world, although the capital's few stock deals can easily be transacted on the sidewalks. An international architects' contest was held to produce plans for the new exchange and construction was started. Then the Shah discovered that a still larger exchange was in existence in America. Teheran's exchange remains an empty shell; the Shah had no money to complete it.

He was not interested in such practical projects as sewage or waterpipe systems. Teheran's drinking water still flows along the streets in disease-carrying open gutters into which Iranian moppets relieve themselves. On our first day in the capital, Rodger and I picked up Teheran's brand of dysentery.

The Shah made no pretense of being anything but a despot. A one-man government, he took control of the country's foreign exchange, took a cut on the construction of all new homes and factories, seized the loot of tribal leaders he beheaded, used Iranian funds to buy up the whole rich provinces of Mazanderan, Kermanshah, and the fertile Gorgan countryside, bought the best of the harvests at his own arbitrarily fixed prices, and forced the peasants to sell the remainder to the government.

When his heir, Mohammed Shah Pahlavi, married Princess Fawzia, sister of Egypt's King Farouk, the Shah insisted that her private fortune of \$1,200,000 be transferred to Iran. When Farouk balked, it was rumored that the Shah would force young Mohammed to divorce his newly wed princess. However, Farouk's

fixer, Hassanein Pasha, finally convinced the Shah that he should be satisfied with the yearly interest from the capital, which remained in Egypt.

Iranians groaned under the Shah's terrific taxes and lived in deadly terror of his secret police. A beak-nosed, white-mustached, broad-shouldered tyrant, his favorite rebuke was a well-placed kick in the groin. Outside Teheran we saw a huge palace that had belonged to the former dynasty, which the Shah used to house his important political prisoners. When he traveled, all dogs in the village where he spent the night were killed so a bark would not disturb his sleep.

The Shah, strongly nationalistic, resented what he took to be slurs against Iran. When the Iranian minister to Washington was arrested for speeding, the old Shah almost broke off diplomatic relations with the United States. Because a New York newspaper jibed at Iranian touchiness he actually canceled second-class mail privileges of Americans in Iran as retaliation. Like Ataturk in Turkey, the Shah added a new name to his own when he had created a nation. He chose Pahlavi, which means Parthian and refers to the classic Parthian archers' tactic of shooting arrows over their shoulders as they fled. Pahlavi happened to be the telegraphic address of the Imperial Bank of Persia. The bank accommodatingly gave it up. When I printed this anecdote in *Time* the Shah again threatened to break off relations with the United States.

As the Shah grew in power, he talked back to both the British and Russians. Detesting foreigners, he forbade the British Imperial Airways to fly over Iranian territory, and although he ultimately allowed the Dutch KLM airlines to land in Iran, their permission had to be renewed every two months. In 1932 he suddenly canceled the old D'arcy contract which had become the profitable British Government-subsidized Anglo-Iranian Oil

Company. Iran was getting sixteen per cent of the net profits. The Shah wanted twenty-one per cent. The British went before the League of Nations but the Shah got his increase and the British got thirty additional years on their concession. In 1939 the Iranian Government received \$24,000,000 in oil royalties. After World War II began, the Shah demanded still better terms, and got them.

REZA PAHLAVI BUILT HIS NATION by playing the Russians and the British against each other. When they met in the joint invasion of his country the old man realized that his one-man autocratic rule had ended. Unable to face the revolting tribesmen intent on revenging his almost medieval regime of cruelty and ruthless profiteering, the Shah took the one course open to him. He quietly abdicated in the hope that British and Russian arms would keep his son, handsome, dark-skinned, 22-year-old Mohammed Shah Pahlavi, on the Peacock Throne.

With his family, the old Shah was shipped to the British island of Mauritius, where he remained for six months before getting permission to take his family with him to Canada. As new Shah, young Mohammed's first official act was to announce that he was returning to the state his father's landholdings and other private fortune.

Proud old Reza Pahlavi in 1935 had renamed Persia Iran because ancient Iran, once the heart of the Imperial domains of Cyrus the Great, Darius, Xerxes, and Tamerlane stretching from the Indus to the Aegean, denoted a larger territory than Persia. With the old man's abdication the British announced that Iran would henceforth be known by its old name of Persia.

FOUR MONTHS AFTER THE ARMISTICE ending the Russo-British invasion, a Russian-Iranian-British Treaty of

Alliance was signed. Based on the Roosevelt-Churchill Atlantic Charter, the treaty stipulates that Iran will assist the Allied powers in the passage of troops and supplies across the country, that Iran's communications will be maintained and controlled by the Allies, and that British and Soviet land, air, and sea forces will be based in Iran. The treaty promises that Allied forces will be withdrawn within six months after all hostilities have been concluded.

The treaty was regarded by the British as an example of enlightened diplomacy. Like the armistice agreement with the rebellious, treacherous Iraqis, however, it may prove to be too lenient.

British military men in Iran confessed to me that they are worried about a stab in the back. When the Iranian Army surrendered, some 50,000 infantrymen managed to give their rifles to tribesmen who slipped off into the hills with them. They have a limited supply of ammunition but it would be an easy matter for German agents to supply quantities of it through Turkey.

30 Per Cent Winter, 70 Per Cent Russians

TWO ENGLISHMEN WERE RIDING in a compartment of a London-bound train. One of them was engrossed in his newspaper. After a few minutes he turned to his fellow traveler and remarked, "I say, we're doing rather well in this war, aren't we?"

"I say, old man," said the other, "you speak very good English for a Russian."

AT THE LITTLE PERSIAN TOWN of Kazvin, after the historical juncture of the British and Russian armies, I interviewed General Max Sinenko, an egg-bald, tough-faced young officer who was the commanding general of the Russian mechanized-motorized division which had invaded Iran. The General's headquarters was Kasvin's dilapidated Central Hotel and his office a bare bedroom with two iron bedsteads and a wooden table.

Young staff officers, most of them lieutenants and captains in their early thirties, came in and out as the interpreter translated our conversation. Very few officers of the ranks between captain and general were to be seen about the headquarters. The general himself seemed to do much of the staff work which should have been left to his aides.

General Sinenko blazed angrily when I intimated that the world outside Russia took for granted that Moscow

and Leningrad would fall to Hitler. His confidence was amazing. He insisted that the Russians could hold the Nazis on the Western Front. In fact, he insisted that the Russians would soon begin driving the Germans back out of the Soviet Union.

That was early in September, 1941. One Nazi push for Moscow had already frittered out but another, backed by all the offensive weapons the Germans could muster, was in preparation. In late September-early October it came. Not until the onion-shaped domes of the Kremlin were almost in sight, with the Nazis on the broad highway leading from Mozhaik to Moscow, were Hitler's armies stopped.

Sinenko had been right. Cold, body-numbing snow and ice, bottomless mud, tremendous distances and impassable terrain, and the sheer courage of 20,000,000 Russians, stopped the Nazis at the gates of Moscow.

General Winter and General Mud alone did not beat the Nazis. The best estimate I could get is that the Russians did seventy per cent of the job while the weather delivered the thirty per cent necessary for this knock-out. For the first time in World War II the Nazis met an army equipped with materiel almost equal, in quantity and quality, to their own; an enemy whose terrain and manpower seemed inexhaustible. Against those factors the German-built legend of German invincibility was destroyed.

The Nazis, striving desperately to hold their gains after the abortive assault on Moscow, were unprepared for the terrific Russian Winter. The lubricants in Nazi airplanes and armored vehicles were not intended for Winter fighting. Tank engines froze stiff and the *Luftwaffe* was almost completely grounded for weeks at a time. German soldiers lacked adequate warm clothing. Goebbels' plaintive appeal to the Germans to contribute civilian garments, including women's clothing, for the

Nazi soldiers was an unprecedented admission of unpreparedness.

The Russians, with the bitter experience of a Winter war in Finland behind them and a thorough knowledge of their own climate, were able to turn the ice and snow to their advantage. When trucks bogged in the piled snow the Russians brought out their *aerosanil*, small sleighs driven by airplane propellers, to carry equipment, supplies, and ski-borne infantrymen to the forward positions. In the great snowbound forests of the Eastern Front, where tanks were all but useless, they employed ski-troops and cavalry, which the Germans had neglected to provide in numbers for their army.

CAIRO AND TEHERAN ARE HALFWAY POINTS for the military missions going into and out of Moscow from Britain and the United States. From members of these missions and from what I saw of the Russians in Iran, I have been able to build up a picture of Soviet equipment. The Russians do not allow military observers to accompany them in action. Complete details on their equipment are therefore lacking.

The ability of the Soviet armies to stage their great retreat to victory and then push back the Germans on a 2,000-mile-long front in the Winter and Spring of 1941-42 was due partly to old weapons, partly to new weapons and new methods which the Russians had devised.

These are some of the weapons which inflicted on Hitler his first major defeat:

The chief Russian fighter plane is a part-metal, part-plywood machine known as the MIG-3, which United States and British military observers call the I-18 in reports to their governments. A crude, stumpier version of the American P-40, it nevertheless is rated as an equal of the British Hurricane fighter and has proved faster and easier to maneuver than the older model German

Messerschmitt Me-109. More compact than the P-40, having a shorter fuselage and smaller wingspread, it is powered with a liquid-cooled motor, smaller than the American Allison, which is a cross between the Curtiss Conqueror and an Hispano-Suiza.

Short of dural-alloys, the Russians early in 1939 returned to World War I methods of plywood construction. Most of the wings and all of the tail structure of the MIG-3 are plywood. When the wings and tailpieces are damaged in action new ones can be "buttoned" on in a few minutes. American observers who have flown British, American, and Russian machines contend that despite its wooden wings, they can dive the MIG-3 as steeply as the all-metal British Spitfires and U.S. P-40's.

The MIG-3 designation comes from the combination of the first two letters of Mikoyan, a cousin of Soviet Foreign Trade Commissar Mikoyan, who apparently was in charge of Russian fighter plane production at one time, and the first letter of Guriev, the MIG-3's designer, who at one time studied engineering in New York.

As an army cooperation plane, the MIG-3 has proved devastatingly effective in low-strafting attacks against German armored columns. Most of the MIG-3's carry two .30-caliber machine guns and two 20-mm. cannon. Some of them, those assigned to strafing attacks, carry three .50-caliber machine guns and a new "silent" anti-tank mortar-cannon, which is Russia's "secret weapon." Not much is known about it. One British observer describes it as "the only really new invention of this war" and believes it has supplied the answer to Nazi panzer tactics.

The best information is that Russia at the present writing (May, 1942) has close to 2,000 first-line MIG-3's. The main Moscow airplane factory is pro-

ducing twenty completed MIG-3's per day, and half-a-dozen other Soviet aircraft plants in the Urals are manufacturing the machine.

The Russian aircraft industry, now under brilliant Commissar A. I. Shakhurin, a young man in his early thirties, has created another remarkable new plane in the Stormovik attack bomber, which, like the MIG-3, is fitted with the secret anti-tank cannon.

Another crack attack, or light, bomber is the twin-tailed, two-motored Illyskin. Russia's other fighters and attack bombers are the almost obsolete I-15 biplanes, which were known as the Chatos in the Spanish civil war, and the I-16's, known as the Moscas in Spain.

Russia's aerial weakness is in her bombers. These include the SB-2, a medium bomber used in Spain, and the new SB-3. The heavy, slow TB-3's are now used largely for troop and supply transport work, but in the four-engined TB-4 the Russians have a heavy bomber which ranks with anything the British have produced.

The Russian tanks I saw in Iran were of two types, those constructed from British designs during the first Five Year Plan, and the improved versions later adapted by Russian technicians.

The British designs, made under an arrangement with Vickers, began with a six-tonner equipped with a 45-mm. cannon. For their medium tanks, around twelve tons, the Russians copied the American-designed Christie. For their heavy tanks they went back to Vickers' designs and produced a large tank equipped with a 75-mm. gun, which was later increased to a 51-tonner equipped with a 75-mm. and two 45-mm. guns.

In the last few years they have rebuilt most of their older versions and added some of their own. The Christie tank is now all-Russian, equipped with a larger gun and better armor. They have added a 42-tonner and a tank chaser on a 42-ton chassis with a tremendous gun, which

is thought to be a 120-mm. I have been told that the Nazis, who have good reason to respect it, regard this last weapon as one of the best that World War II has produced.

The only other standard armored equipment in the Russian mechanized divisions when the Germans attacked were the Ford six-wheeler, four-man armored cars, and the light Bronieford scout car. Under Lease-Lend and later, when America entered the war, under the United Nations' exchange of equipment, the Russians were shipped hundreds of Toledo-made United States "jeeps" and modern American half-tracks, scout cars, and heavy trucks.

Basis of the Russian anti-tank defense is the 37-mm. gun, pulled by special sleds or caterpillar tractors, which is almost identical with the German 37-mm. Rheinmetall gun. The Russian 55-mm. 1932-model anti-tank gun won the reputation of being the best of its type during the fighting in Spain, better than the German Rheinmetall weapons. The Russians also have a squat, waist-high 1928-model 3-inch howitzer. In the Winter of 1941-1942, Russian infantrymen were equipped in part with a long-barreled anti-tank rifle, which the Russians claimed did effective work in the battle of Kharkov.

Modernization of the Soviet artillery has been going on since 1920, and new and more powerful field types were brought into use after the German attack, including long 76-mm. guns, 122-mm. and 152-mm. howitzers, 150-mm. guns and 210-mm. mortars. Mobile and railway artillery up to 16-inch guns have been built.

Almost every Russian infantryman carries a Tokarev machine rifle, gas-operated, semi-automatic like the U. S. Garand. About every third man in the front lines is equipped with a 9-mm. Tommy gun, a modified version of the German Bergmann. In machine guns the Russians have the gas-operated Degtyarov light ma-

chine gun, designed to function in extreme cold, the Tokarev air-cooled recoil-operated machine gun which can be fitted on sleds, and the Tachanka machine gun. The Russians have mounted four Tachankas on Russian six-wheel Ford trucks to protect their columns from low-flying airplane attacks. The bulk of Russian machine guns, however, are old, clumsy 1910-model German Maxims or 37-mm. Bofors.

The Russians have shown great technical skill in adapting American and British equipment and in copying parts needed for replacement.

A four-engined American Consolidated B-24 bomber carrying American observers from England was about to land at the Moscow airdrome, when another plane crossed its path. Major Al Harvey, crack U. S. Army pilot at the controls, avoided a collision, but the strain caused a wing flap to buckle. The Russians had never seen a B-24. Within three days, however, their technicians had produced a new wing flap as good as the original.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The data on Russian planes, quoted on pages 228, 229, and 280, appeared in United Press dispatches from Wallace Carroll, November, 1941.

Tobruk's Desert Rats

THE STRATEGY OF A RETREAT TO VICTORY demands that the enemy be forced to pay the maximum price for ground gained. There can be no more brilliant example of this than the heroic British defense of Tobruk. The eight-month-long defense of this Mediterranean coast town was a most important strategical contribution to Britain's long-range delaying fight for the Middle East.

When General Wavell was forced to make his hurried retreat from Bengasi in the Spring of 1941, after capturing most of Il Duce's Libyan army, he left a few thousand men behind in Tobruk.

Axis radio propagandists and prostitute newspapers had a field day. They hailed Tobruk as an Axis victory. They sneered that Tobruk would become "another glorious British retreat" like Dunkirk. Lord Haw Haw scornfully called the British garrison "Tobruk's desert rats," cut off from all hope of evacuation.

The Aussies and the Indians and the British Tommies assigned to hold Tobruk proudly adopted Haw Haw's nickname and dug themselves in to defend the town. That was on April 9, 1941. For the next eight long months (the original defenders were replaced in August with fresh New Zealanders, Poles, and Britons) they held this battered Libyan port town against everything the Axis could throw at them. They had never intended

to evacuate. They had been deliberately left in Tobruk to become exactly the thorn in the side of the Axis lines of communication which they did become.

The 10,000 defenders of the fortress provided a constant threat to the Axis rear and dissuaded Nazi Marshal Rommel from launching a push across Egypt for the Suez Canal. Five Axis divisions (some 75,000 men) had to be diverted to keep the British garrison holed inside Tobruk.

Located on the main coast road which parallels the Mediterranean from Tripoli, some thousand miles to the west, Tobruk sat astride the Axis supply route to their front-line troops on the Libyan-Egyptian border. Axis commanders finally conceded the difficulty of taking Tobruk and built a new road to by-pass it. Probably the most heavily defended stretch of highway in the world, it was guarded against daring British raids from Tobruk by mine fields, booby traps, barbed-wire entanglements, anti-tank ditches, and three mixed Italian-German divisions. Possession of Tobruk enabled the British to strike at the enemy's rear when General Auchinleck's offensive was finally launched in November, 1941.

Unlike the Philippines' Bataan peninsula, the siege of which began a month after Tobruk's defenders had been relieved, Tobruk was a major objective for which both the Axis and the British were willing to fight costly battles. The defenders of Bataan, unable to menace Japan's lines of communication to the south, were never more than a nuisance to the Japanese and for months the Japs did not regard it essential to divert from their offensives in Malaya and the Dutch East Indies the men, materiel, and airplanes necessary to crush General MacArthur's and General Wainwright's pocket of resistance.

The defenders in each case were outnumbered in about the same ratio but the Tobruk garrison never enjoyed

the long lulls in the air that Bataan did for weeks at a time when no enemy planes were overhead. Thousands of tons of bombs were rained down on Tobruk. For eight months you could almost set your watch by the Stukas which came over every hour of the day and night.

Nevertheless, the defense of Tobruk, which ranks as one of the most dramatic chapters in World War II, was almost ignored by American newspapers and came to be taken for granted in Britain. No Monday morning quarterbacks demanded that because Tobruk's commanding officer, Major General Morshead, was good enough to hold off the Axis for eight months he should be withdrawn to head Britain's Imperial General Staff.

OUT IN CAIRO WE WERE AMUSED at the way Hitler and his aging crony in Rome tried to explain Tobruk to their bewildered peoples. The Berlin press had to invent the story that the defenses of Tobruk, which were built by the Italians, were some of the best in the world, and this must have been hard for the Germans to admit. They even claimed that the defenses were better than the Maginot Line, better than the Nazis' own Siegfried Line, which must have been even harder to admit. They conveniently forgot, however, that when the British forces launched their original attack on Tobruk they captured it from the Italians in exactly thirty hours!

Although besieged, Tobruk's garrison was never surrounded and no besieged city in the history of warfare was ever so much on the offensive.

The British forces did not spend their time barricaded inside Tobruk's battered houses. Axis forces had to construct a whole new system of protective posts to guard against British attacks. The fighting actually took place on a wide perimeter eight miles outside the city and the defenses were constructed in depth right back to the city proper. Slit trenches alternated with bomb and shell

craters across the sand right up to the outer perimeter defense posts and the whole area was littered with the remnants of Marshal Graziani's defeated mechanical army—burned-out tanks, overturned skeletons of supply lorries, charred skeletons of Italian airplanes.

Outside this defensive belt the men of Tobruk brought Hitler's panzer units to a standstill and forced them into the trench-fighting of World War I days for which the mechanized Nazis were not equipped. In these conditions, amidst narrow trenches and barbed wire, and forward observation posts and night patrols, exploits which deserved the V.C. took place all through the suffocating heat of a Libyan Summer. The men of Tobruk came to regard them as commonplace and seldom talked about them. This incident was a typical one:

Three men, a captain of the Royal Armored Corps, a corporal, and a private, armed respectively with the officer's revolver, a Tommy gun, and a Bren gun and a few hand grenades, were sent out to an observation post lying three miles south of Tobruk's perimeter. During the late afternoon the captain telephoned the news to his perimeter base that the Italians out in front of him were showing unusual activity and a section of Bren gun carriers was dispatched to assist him.

Before the carriers could arrive, thirty Italians moved up to within 300 yards of the post and began the attack in the half-light of the setting sun. The captain, lying behind the sandbags with his two men, held his fire until six Italians with light machine guns had advanced to within seventy-five yards of his post. Then he gave the order to fire. Much to his embarrassment, the Bren gun jammed after a few shots. Then the Tommy gun jammed! The corporal and the private calmly laid down their weapons and began lobbing grenades into the advancing Italians, while the captain worked feverishly on the jammed guns.

In a few minutes both were working. Bren gunfire wiped out the six Italians with their machine guns while the Tommy gun held the remaining Italians with their noses deep in the ground. Some thirty-five minutes after the first shots were fired the Bren gun carriers drove up to find that the three-man British post had killed eighteen Italians and wounded the rest.

Against the whole background of the battle for the Middle East this incident is a small one, but it was these individual exploits which made Tobruk one of the most brilliant chapters in British military history.

In Tobruk, city life went on more or less as normal. More or less, because you couldn't be normal in a place where twenty to forty air raids in a single day were not unusual. Along with Malta, that other British offensive outpost sitting defiantly on Mussolini's doorstep, Tobruk was the most blitzed spot in the Middle East. During one four-month period it experienced more than 1,000 air raids and not a house or building remained without its battle scars.

But Tobruk by no means lived under a state of siege. The British Navy saw to that. Ammunition, equipment, and food supplies were brought in regularly by naval vessels which ran a nightly "bus service" along the coast from Alexandria, some 600 miles away. Men who could be spared for leave went down to the seashore caves and camped out for a holiday. Tobruk had its own newspaper, a mimeographed sheet issued every day with the rations, titled the "Tobruk Truth," but nicknamed by the Australians "The Dinkum Oil," Aussie slang for the real lowdown.

The troops posted their letters at their own post office on London Street and got a regular delivery of mail from home. One morning the mail-boat was dive-bombed and sent to the bottom of the wreck-strewn harbor. The resourceful Aussie postal unit rowed out to the sunken

ship and, under constant machine-gun fire from enemy planes, dived repeatedly into the hold until they had brought up all the mail bags they could find.

Off duty, men passed the time making camouflage nets for the big guns. Indians-turned-cobblers made a neat pair of shoes for a few cents—the soles cut from old tire covers, the uppers from Aussie felt hats. One British artillery unit had its own band of nine instruments which gave concert parties in gunpits and in the seashore caves. At one time there were ten, but the enemy scored a direct hit on the bass drum. On Sundays the band played for church service in an underground cavern while the men gathered before an improvised altar. One unit had a debating society, which met weekly to argue such matters as: "Does mass attendance at cinemas have an adverse effect on the character and individuality of the citizen of today?" (Lost.) Spelling bees, mock trials, cricket matches went on in defiance of enemy bombs and shells.

Hardest worked of Tobruk's defenders were the ack-ack gunners, but their sweat and toil at all hours of the day and night paid dividends. The Germans and Italians were forced to resort to high-level bombing and the dive-bombers, when they did come over, were reluctant to press home their attacks. Gradually fewer German planes put in an appearance. There was generally a German to lead the attack with the Italians spread out behind him. The German went into a spectacular dive to within a few feet of the ground, but the prudent Italians made little curtsies toward the earth and then bombed from a great height. One little Cockney sergeant swore that he once saw three Italians dive upward!

Tobruk proved, more than any other battle, that small-arms fire can be effective against low-flying airplanes. Rifles, Bren and Lewis guns accounted for nearly half the bombers brought down. One captain who

rigged up twin Lewis guns outside his office was officially credited with six planes down.

Life in Tobruk, with its blistering heat, its dust storms and brackish water and clouds of flies, was not easy, but the only evidence of low morale was in the Italian and German prisoners. They did not like being bombed by their own planes.

There was no love lost between the German and the Italian prisoners brought in. The Italians openly expressed their hatred of their German allies, and the Germans showed nothing but contempt for the fighting qualities of the Italians. Italian desertions were numerous, but the German officers and N.C.O.'s in the forward positions kept a close watch on Mussolini's warriors. On several occasions large groups of Italians started for the British lines, with their hands in the air, only to be mercilessly machine-gunned by German tanks which rushed up behind them.

The Nazis tried a few of their nasty fighting tricks in the no-man's-land outside Tobruk's defenses. Several times Germans advanced with their hands in the air, as if to surrender, and then opened fire. Another favorite dodge was to strap grenades on the back of their hands, which were then raised in surrender. When they approached the British troops they hurled their grenades. Those who were caught trying these totalitarian tricks received no mercy.

For eight months the defenders of Tobruk kept in a place of honor their solitary bottle of champagne, which they intended to pop the day their long siege came to an end. It was popped on the morning of November 22nd, four days after General Auchinleck began his offensive across the Libyan-Egyptian frontier.

Axis troops had planned a major drive to take Tobruk at all costs. Nazi Marshal Rommel had issued an order, "Tobruk must fall." German tanks, heavy guns,

and Nazi infantrymen were moved up for the attack. It never came. At 6:30 in the morning of the fourth day of the British offensive Tobruk's garrison, spearheaded by huge British I tanks secretly landed at night, moved out across the perimeter and broke through the German defenses at the exact spot from which the Nazis had intended to launch their own attack.

Middle East Artery

THE BATTLE FOR THE MIDDLE EAST is first of all a struggle for the oil of Iraq and Iran. Second prize is possession of the Suez Canal. German capture of the Canal—and with it the expulsion of the British from the eastern Mediterranean countries—would allow the Nazis to shuttle from the Mediterranean through the Canal into the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean and provide a direct sea link with Japanese raw materials in the conquered Far East.

To the British the Canal itself has lost much of its economic importance but it is still a vital escape valve for the withdrawal of British naval vessels from the Mediterranean, if that ever becomes necessary.

German geopoliticians held the idea long before they heard of Hitler that if Germany could gain possession of the Suez Canal the whole structure of Britain's Empire would collapse and the British Isles would therefore more readily surrender. The German theory is only partly correct.

The Canal, a man-made artery connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, has never been for Britain the vital economic lifeline which romantic writers have made it out to be. With the advantages of air power over sea power the Canal has come to be something of a liability. Even during Mussolini's adventure in Ethi-

opia the British preferred to send their India- and Middle East-bound merchant ships on the long haul around Africa rather than risk sending them through the Mediterranean and the Canal.

For a few months after the Italians came into World War II the British dared to send their heavily guarded convoys through the Mediterranean, but when German dive-bombers based themselves in the Italian island of Sicily, astride the route to Suez, British naval and shipping losses became so great that the Mediterranean had to be abandoned as a convoy route. All supply and troop ships bound for the Middle East and India now make the slow, time-wasting detour around the Cape of Good Hope. Only a few convoys (one of them in a desperate hurry to reach Greece before it fell) have risked the Mediterranean route since the *Luftwaffe* made its appearance in Sicily.

IN ORDER TO GET AN ON-THE-SPOT IDEA of what the Canal looks like, I drove one day along the desert road from Cairo to Suez and then continued up to the Mediterranean end of the Ditch on the road which parallels it. I had already seen it several times from the air.

The Canal is exactly 101 miles long but for more than a third of its length, toward the Suez, or southern, end, it is formed by two continuous bodies of water, the Great Bitter Lake and the Little Bitter Lake, which look strangely mirage-like amidst the great expanse of sand on either side of them. The Canal flows from north to south and is four feet lower at the Suez end. Running parallel are the Canal, a motor highway, electric cables, a railroad, and a fresh-water canal, all within the width of a few hundred yards.

Suez is a sleepy, stinking little Egyptian town at the bottom end of the Canal. British soldiers stationed there, whom I talked with, didn't like it. They cracked that the

stench of its oil refineries must have caused Kipling to write "Ship me somewheres east of Suez." It is not a good port, and the British and American freighters out in the bay were being unloaded by slow, cumbersome lighters. The adjoining town of Port Tewfik, at the tip end of the Canal proper, is cleaner and more European and has a few small quays at which freighters can tie up to unload. After weeks of almost nightly low-level attacks by Axis bombers the British were compelled to float barrage balloons over Suez, Port Tewfik, and Port Said.

Vessels enter the Canal at certain intervals, under control of special pilots, and their movements through the Canal are regulated by observation posts along the banks. Whenever it is necessary for two vessels to pass, one stops and ties up to iron posts which are imbedded every few feet along the banks.

On the road from Suez to Port Said, which runs alongside the Canal, I followed the curving lines of the Bitter Lakes to Ismailia, about halfway between the Mediterranean and Red Seas. I stopped south of Ismailia where, towering above the town on the Jebel (Hill) Mariam, are the twin pylons of the highest war memorial in the world, erected to commemorate those who fell in successful defense of the Canal against the Turks in 1915. At Ismailia the Canal broadens into little Lake Timsah. It was here that peacetime tourists used to take their trick pictures which seemed to show great ocean liners half buried in sand. If you stand in the sand dunes just south of Timsah and look across the Canal at the mountains of Sinai you are unable to see the Canal waters, although they are only a few feet below you.

Ismailia is the capital city of the Canal area, the administrative headquarters of the Suez Canal Company (the financial headquarters were in Paris), which in peacetime was inhabited solely by Canal employees. In

sharp contrast to the desert waste around it were the town's scarlet flame trees and the green grass patches carefully cultivated around the European-style houses. It is now the headquarters of the three fighting services defending the Canal, and British army, naval, and RAF officers have taken over many of the offices and clubs.

Every few hundred feet along the left bank of the Canal I could see sandbagged gun emplacements with Indian gunners standing day and night watch against raiding planes. Ironically, I noticed that many of the anti-aircraft guns were Bredas, Italian guns captured during the British campaign in Abyssinia and Eritrea. Now and then I saw the four cup-shaped horns of the listening devices, the mechanical ears which pick up the motors of approaching raiders. Back in the sand, away from the Canal side, there were batteries of searchlights.

Between Ismailia and Port Said I passed through Kantara, little more than a railroad junction where passengers from Egypt leave their trains to ferry across the Canal to board the coaches on the other side for Palestine and Syria. In peacetime, Kantara East, on the Sinai side of the Canal, was the terminus for the trains which passed through a dozen European countries on their way to the east. Kantara, which means "bridge" in Arabic, in ancient days was the crossing place between Egypt and Palestine, a sandy strip over which caravans could pass dry-shod. Joseph crossed there when he was sold into captivity in Egypt and the Holy Family fled from the wrath of Herod across Kantara's bridge. Now it is the main communication line by which British troops and their equipment go up to Palestine and Syria. British engineers were busy erecting an immense swing bridge, similar to the one used in World War I, to relieve the bottleneck caused by Kantara's two creaking, antiquated ferry boats which carry troops and trucks across the Canal.

At the northern end of the Canal, sticking far out into the blue Mediterranean, are Port Said and Port Fouad. Port Said, gateway to the East, a bustling peacetime port, did not exist seventy years ago. It was built on the marshy land onto which canal-builder De Lesseps threw the dredgings from the Canal. It is an island, connected to the mainland by a long causeway. Port Said has the best unloading facilities in the Middle East, capable of handling a good share of the supplies for Britain's Middle East armies, but the British are reluctant to allow many ships to risk the trip through the Big Ditch to Port Said in case Axis bombers sink a ship in the narrow Canal.

British officials in charge of Middle East supplies live in constant fear that the Germans will bomb and block the Canal, thus bottling up valuable vessels in the Mediterranean. German and Italian planes periodically bomb the merchant ships at Suez, Tewfik, and Port Said and drop a few mines in the Canal, which are easily made harmless, but the Axis has made no determined effort to bomb the Canal itself. They hope to capture it intact.

Blood, Sand and Steel

WHILE THE BATTLE for the Middle East was being fought in Greece, Crete, Iraq, Syria, and Iran, the Axis forces in north Africa remained stationary at the Egyptian-Libyan border town of Salum, which they had reached in their counter-attack against Wavell in April, 1941.

The British had retired to Mersa Matruh, their main desert base 150 miles back from the Egyptian-Libyan frontier, with their forward troops ranged in the open desert and along the coastal road from Sidi Barrani up to Salum. The Germans and Italians were unwilling to risk the long thrust across to Matruh until well backed up with mechanized equipment and the planes to win and keep superiority in the air. Preparations for an Axis offensive were going steadily on.

The British, although badly inferior in tanks (the 150 sent to Greece had been abandoned there) decided to strike first, in June, 1941, before the Axis was ready.

Nazi Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, then a lieutenant colonel, had disposed his forces craftily. Crack German shock troops held Halfaya Pass, nicknamed "Hellfire Pass" because its steep sides could only be taken by fierce hand-to-hand fighting. "Hellfire" is a deep gash in the coastal escarpment, a 300-foot cliff-like formation running parallel with the Mediterranean shore line, lo-

cated at the point where the escarpment runs close to the sea at Salum. Behind Halfaya, Rommel had established one huge tank park. Behind it at Bardia and Fort Capuzzo were his main infantry forces, most of them Italians with German officers and N.C.O.'s introduced to "stiffen" (one way or another) Italian morale. Behind them, between Bardia and Tobruk, sat a full German panzer division.

Axis reconnaissance planes for days had observed Indian and British troops creeping across the desert from Matruh toward Halfaya Pass, and Rommel was ready when the British attack came.

To divert Axis attention, Indian infantrymen were assigned to storm the pass. Trained in the rocky terrain of India's Northwest Frontier, the Indians scrabbled up Halfaya's sides behind an intense British artillery bombardment, capturing post after post. Back in Cairo the "military spokesman" told us he was confident that the pass would soon be in British hands.

The main British attack, carried out by a slim force of tanks, had meanwhile moved along the top of the escarpment in a long column. The British tanks then swung far to the southeast of Halfaya and hoped by a wide sweep to encircle the German-Italian infantry positions at Salum and Capuzzo.

Rommel allowed the British tanks to reach the frontier before he counter-attacked with his advance tank force. For a full day a violent tank battle swirled across the desert, with Rommel's anti-tank guns, field pieces and even 88-mm. anti-aircraft guns hammering at the British machines.

With darkness at the end of the first day the German posts holding "Hellfire" began rocket-signaling for assistance. Similar to the signals used by Nazi parachutists, blue, green, red, and yellow rockets arched into the sky, each conveying a message: "All well. . . . Send

ammunition. . . . Help requested. . . . Bring up mortars." The British called these Nazis "seven-day men" because they had been placed in their machine-gun nests and given food and water for seven days, and the inflexible command to fight to the last bullet and last drop of water. In the darkness Nazi supply troops snaked down the sides of the pass to carry out the requests, and by morning the Nazi posts which still held out were fully manned and fully equipped.

The Indians, aided by British Tommies, continued their attack on the second day and stormed the block-houses which the Nazis had erected in the pass. During that attack nearly every seven-day man post was wiped out, but in the night the dead occupants were again replaced with fresh troopers of the *Afrika Korps*.

All during the second day the tank battle raged in the desert to the south, with both sides suffering heavy losses in metal, but the Germans by this time had brought forward their dive-bombers, which went to work on the British columns. The outnumbered RAF pilots, using some American planes, were unable to drive the Nazis from the skies.

On the third day Rommel revealed that he had been leading the British tanks into a trap by drawing them closer to the Egyptian-Libyan frontier. The panzer division stationed between Bardia and Tobruk opened into two parts like the jaws of a trap. The northern jaw snapped down from Bardia on the coast; the southern jaw swung south to Sidi Omar, twenty-five miles down in the desert, then turned north to catch the British on the flank. Too late, the British tanks turned to fight their way out.

The British claimed they managed to withdraw intact; the Axis claimed to have destroyed 200 British tanks; the British, I learned, actually lost eighty tanks.

Although the British attack had been commanded by

Lieutenant General Sir James Handyside Marshall-Cornwall, an old-school artilleryman, the responsibility for the attack rested on General Wavell. It was Wavell's last mistake in the Middle East theatre. On June 22nd, Churchill ordered him to India and replaced him as Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in the Middle East with General Sir Claude John Eyre Auchinleck, who had been Commander-in-Chief in India.

AUCHINLECK WAS DETERMINED not to repeat Wavell's mistake of frittering away precious tanks in small-scale attacks. Within a few days after his arrival in Cairo he began laying plans for a major desert offensive against the Axis but he did not intend to stage it until he had built up a superiority in men, mechanized equipment, and planes. He refused to hurry his offensive, although we knew that he was pressed daily by Whitehall to create a second front which would aid the Russians indirectly and thus still some of the aid-to-Russia demands from the British public.

Troop reinforcements were brought into the Middle East, mostly from India, until by October, 1941, Auchinleck had some 750,000 men under his command. The bulk of them, around 400,000, were located in the Egyptian-Libyan desert or engaged in supplying the front-line desert troops.

The one British armored brigade which remained after Wavell's offensive against the Italians, was augmented by armored units sent out from England and others trained on American equipment. The last armored brigades to arrive from England reached their desert positions less than three weeks before they went into action. By the end of October two full British armored divisions, including several brigades using American light tanks, were in place in the desert.

Against this British force there were about 150,000

front-line Italians and 50,000 Germans. With their rear supply troops they probably equaled the 400,000 British and Imperial troops. Two divisions of the Germans, the 15th and 21st *Panzer Divisionen* (about 28,000 men), were armored. The others had been scattered through Italian infantry divisions.

The Axis forces in Libya are theoretically under the Italian C-in-C, General Italo Gariboldi, but Rommel is the boss.

Rommel, a 49-year-old commander, is one of the few old-time Nazi Party men who have shown great military ability. Even the British now concede reluctantly that he is the smartest tank technician of all the armies in the world. A follower of Hitler from "*Mein Kampf*" days, Erwin Rommel sopped up Hitler's preaching, turned himself into a gutter fighter, and helped organize the illegal *Reichswehr* and S.A. storm troopers. He fought against the Italians at Isonzo in World War I and his contempt for them has not changed. He is a tough, cold, brutally efficient commander. In Africa he once greeted a new aide-de-camp: "I congratulate you on your new post. Your four predecessors were killed in it."

Rommel's disgust with his Italian allies is shared by his Nazi soldiers. As one captured Nazi officer said, "We use Italian infantrymen for certain operations but for the most part we employ the Italians in labor work and doing what might be called odd jobs."

The Germans seldom permit their real feelings toward Mussolini's warriors to break into print, but the exception was the German magazine which one of my colleagues came upon in Libya. One dead-pan item was headed, "Italian War Communique," and read:

On the Tobruk front a large force of Italians attacked one enemy cyclist, causing him to dismount. After heavy and prolonged fighting they were able to puncture his tires. The front wheel was destroyed, while the loss of the rear wheel must also

be considered probable. The handlebars are in our hands, but possession of the frame is still being bitterly contested.

From talkative German prisoners and captured Nazi diaries which I have seen, it is obvious that the Germans do not like the desert front line and have to have frequent rests in the rear. "We have met the Australians and it is terrible," more than one has confided in letters home. The Germans usually express a dislike of man-to-man fighting, in which the British and Imperial troops have consistently beaten them.

A MOST IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION to Auchinleck's offensive preparations was the opening of the Red Sea on April 11th to American freighters, permitting American war materiel to be shipped direct to the fighting zone. The first U.S. freighter arrived, appropriately, on the 4th of July, carrying ten light 13-ton M-3 tanks on its deck. I went down to Suez to meet it coming in. It was the S.S. *Angelius*, of Mobile, out of New York. The skipper, a burly Texan, had been cautioned by the vessel's owners against talking to newsmen, and all I got out of him was a couple of packages of American cigarettes.

From the 4th of July on, scores of American ships, more than fifty per month, sailed up to Suez to unload badly needed Ford and Chevrolet trucks and military cars, ammunition, small arms, sheet steel, and foodstuffs.

The trucks were uncrated on shore and rolled off immediately across the sand to Alexandria and thence into the desert. The tanks were shipped by rail to tank maintenance depots at Abbasia, outside Cairo, and Tel-el-Kebir, where British and American technicians put them through wartime tests under desert conditions. The maintenance depots were hurriedly erected under American supervision along lines worked out by the U.S. Army.

The American tanks were held out of the front lines for some months due to one of the many tiffs which arise between the British and Americans. While a U.S. Army tank officer, who had nursed the M-3 through its designing stage, was on his way out to the Middle East to observe the tanks in action, British technicians decided that the position of the radio inside the tank interfered with the driver. They gave orders that all radios were to be changed. The American officer arrived and went into a huff because he had not been consulted, and it took weeks of patient soft-soaping by General Auchinleck to get the matter straightened out. More than 500 light M-3's had arrived by the time Auchinleck's offensive started.

The British complained that the armor on the sides of the early M-3's was too vertical, that anti-tank shells therefore had a better chance to penetrate. They also complained that the 45-mm. cannon and two machine guns were not enough firepower in a tank, which later proved correct, admitting at the same time that the heaviest British tanks carried only 45-mm. guns. Sand guards had to be fitted over the treads of the M-3's before they were ready for desert action.

In preparation for the offensive, and also as a long-range plan to build up British striking power in the Mediterranean, the air force was steadily increased until the Middle East had an air strength about equal in numbers to that which the British had at home at the beginning of the August, 1940, Battle of Britain.

From July, 1941, about 200 airplanes sailed into Cairo every week. When America entered the war, of course, this number was greatly increased. Approximately seventy per cent of the air strength in the Middle East at present is American-made. Curtiss Tomahawks (old American P-40's) were shipped in crates to certain towns along the West African coast, where they were assembled and flown across Africa in easy stages. Martin

Maryland and Baltimore bombers replaced British Blenheim medium bombers for attacks on Axis positions in North Africa. A few squadrons of Grumman Martlets were assigned to the Fleet Air Arm of the British Navy. Lockheed Lodestars are being used as transport planes in Iraq, Iran, and the heart of Africa. A handful of Flying Fortresses arrived in Egypt a few weeks before Auchinleck's offensive began, having been flown out from the British Isles in secret. British Hurricanes and Spitfires, veteran fighters of the Battle of Britain, were shipped out to the Red Sea and West Africa, and then flown into the Middle East battle area.

The Middle East has been a severe proving ground for American military aircraft. The Tomahawks, slightly inferior in speed, maneuverability, and firepower to the British Mark III Hurricanes and Spitfires, nevertheless have shown themselves equal to anything the Italians can put into the air and have held their own with the old-model Nazi Me-109's. British bomber pilots swear by the Martin Marylands and Baltimores, and prefer them to the British medium bombers.

Certain improvements have had to be made. The RAF pilots complained, with justification, that a certain type of fighter plane was undergunned. Another type needed more "gun blisters" and a gunner in the tail. Still others required the installation of sand filters for desert operations. Their undercarriages had to be strengthened to stand up to the rough landings on the loose sand.

THE AMERICAN VERSION of Nazi "tourists" began arriving in the Middle East in the Summer of 1941. Most of them are incredibly young aircraft and radio technicians from American airplane factories, who were flown out to work on American machines being used by the RAF. They are stationed at dromes in the desert but they wangle a way into Cairo for week-ends, when they shock

the staid British officers by playing poker, drinking beer, and wearing tail-out gaudy sport shirts on the terrace of Shepherd's. They are not popular and they don't give a damn. The British told me that most of them are too young and green for their jobs. The Americans told me that the British won't listen to them.

BEST LIKED AMERICAN in the Middle East is a cracker-jack tank specialist named "Pi" Piburn—Lieutenant Colonel Edwin W. Piburn—who is proud of his one-quarter Cherokee Indian blood. His American cronies call him "The Chief." Piburn, in charge of the assembly and coordination of American aid to the British in the Middle East, is an outspoken critic of red tape. His blasting attacks on the supply muddle in the Middle East earned him the friendship of Auchinleck, who calls him "Hell, No" Piburn. With an office of his own in G.H.Q., he has direct access to Auchinleck and General Robert Haining, Intendant General in charge of Middle East supplies.

Piburn, who likes to be in the thick of the fight, is probably the first American tank man to take a crack at the Nazis. As an observer he went into action in a British light tank during Wavell's unsuccessful push in June, 1941. When his light tank was holed and stopped, Piburn clambered out, raced 400 yards under fire across the sand, and hung on the outside of a heavy British I tank in which he finished the action.

Other key Americans among the hundreds now swarming over the Middle East are Major William W. "Jug" Cornog, one of "Pi" Piburn's tank sidekicks, who directed the training on U.S. tanks at Abbasia for a time; and Major Joseph M. Colby, ordnance and tank expert who organized the repair and maintenance of the American tanks. Major Demas "Nick" Craw, favorite Yank of the Middle East RAF, to which he was at-

tached as American air observer in Greece, returned to Washington in May, 1942, to pass along his great experience.

Official head of the U.S. Military North African Mission is efficient, quiet, chub-cheeked Major General Russell Maxwell, who commands all American service and supply troops in the Middle East.

THE BRITISH CONDUCTED THEIR PREPARATIONS for the offensive with such skill and cleverness that General Auchinleck, when he did strike, was able to achieve as much surprise as Wavell gained in December, 1940. I must say that the British performed an incredible job in keeping their offensive preparations concealed. It is an almost hopeless task to hide several hundred thousand troops, more than two armored divisions, thousands of Bren gun carriers, supply lorries, and gasoline trucks in the desert. There are no trees, no valleys, and except in spots along the rock-strewn coast, no cover of any sort—just miles and miles and miles of flat, bare sand stretching far away.

But in two years the British have become smart desert fighters. Underfed Cockney boys have become beet-red desert rats, skilled in hiding their trucks in the slightest dip in the sand. The main concentrations of British troops were kept far behind the Egyptian-Libyan frontier, most of them around the base at Mersa Matruh. They were trained to move up along the one coastal road on short notice. Instead of moving on foot against the Italian-German strongholds, as Wavell's soldiers did, the infantrymen were completely motorized. Dummy camps and airdromes, wooden planes and tanks were built to deceive the enemy. The real tanks and planes were half buried in the sand and camouflaged.

The main difference between the Axis forces and the British troops in the desert is that the Germans and

Italians prefer to hug the coast road, a tar-macadam affair built by the Italians, parallel to the Mediterranean. They do not like to strike off across the sand or on the camel tracks which crisscross some of the more inhabited stretches. The British, on the other hand, have trained themselves to fight in the sand. Officers and men are required to navigate by compass and to learn to distinguish between the hard sand that will hold a tank and the soft sand that will bog the lightest automobile. Mobile British units known as Long Range Desert groups make nightly sallies far behind the Axis lines, cutting their communications and then darting off into the desert space at daylight.

Auchinleck decided to utilize this British ability in his offensive. Unlike Wavell, who was prepared to slug it out with the Italians on the coast road, taking one town at a time and using the British Navy as his artillery support, Auchinleck's tactics were laid out to take advantage of British mobility on the sandy desert.

For some months before the offensive began, small units of motorized South Africans and of the 5th Indian Division made night drives by compass straight across the desert from Mersa Matruh to the oases of Siwa and Giarabub. Just inside Libya, Giarabub was captured from the Italians early in 1941. Hidden away in the sand from Axis reconnaissance machines, they waited for the signal that would send them racing across 300 miles of Libyan desert to attack the Axis forces in the rear behind Bengasi.

The last major change which Auchinleck made was in his commanders. Wavell, lacking the explosiveness and drive of Allenby, his World War I mentor and hero, was content to accept the appointments of the War Office in London, with the result that Auchinleck inherited a group of fuddy-duddy high officers who should have been "bowler-hatted" (put into civilian clothes and sent

home to England) long before. Auchinleck had to move carefully, for politics in the War Office make Tammany Hall look like a Reform League and many of the incompetent officers were well in with influential circles in Britain. In addition, many of the Dominion generals who were guilty of military blunders were political appointees.

Auchinleck finally decided to split his command into two armies and put professional soldiers in charge of each. The Northern, or 9th, Army, stationed in Syria, Palestine, and Transjordan, was retained by General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson. The Western, or 8th, Army was given to General Sir Alan Cunningham, brother of the former commander of Britain's Mediterranean Fleet.

By thus splitting his command Auchinleck relieved himself of a great deal of administrative work and was able to devote more time to the tactical plans for his offensive. General Wilson's 9th Army headquarters remained in the swank King David Hotel at Jerusalem. The desert army had always been run from G.H.Q. in Cairo's residential Garden City, but Cunningham decided to move his headquarters into the desert and avoid the red-tape ridden atmosphere of Cairo.

Cunningham's army consisted of two corps, a completely motorized infantry corps and a skeleton armored corps of slightly more than two divisions. To head his infantry corps Cunningham chose General Godwin-Austin, who had been his right-hand man during the amazing campaign against the Italians in Abyssinia. As commander of the armored corps Auchinleck and Cunningham decided on Major General Vyvyan V. Pope, who had made quite a name for himself as one of the few mechanized specialists in Britain.

The offensive was planned to begin in the first week of November. General Pope arrived by plane from Eng-

ish official photographers present. They were sitting comfortably at Asmara, eighty miles away.

Rodger's films were taken up to Cairo by a friendly RAF pilot. When they arrived the Public Relations officers took one look at them and decided that because Rodger was not an "accredited photographer" they could have nothing to do with them. The films were sent to the British Embassy. The Embassy let them dust-gather on a desk for a fortnight and then sent them out to a little Arab shop for development. When they eventually arrived in America, three months after the battle of Massawa, they were so damaged in development that they could not be printed.

Rodger made his way to Cairo and reported to G.H.Q. with his \$1,500 worth of camera equipment and years of experience. But the British would have none of it. Instead, the Public Relations officers gave him a heartbreaking lecture: "Our advice to you is to go back home. You are dishonest. You've sneaked into the Middle East by the back door."

Covering the war in the Middle East was not one endless complaint. I doubt if newspaper men in any war have been permitted to see as much front-line action at close range as we did with the British forces. And we invariably found that the closer we got to the firing line the more friendly and cooperative were the men we met. Conversely, the farther from the war one went, the more stupid officialdom became. Our complaints were directed not at the fighting men but at the office-soldiers who run the war from their G.H.Q.'s and H.Q.'s at Cairo, Jerusalem, Baghdad, Nairobi, or Delhi, and the smug, narrow-visioned civil servants who run Britain's political empire.

Auchinleck of Auchinleck

THOSE OF US WHO HAVE KNOWN the British commanders who have come and gone in World War II—Ironside, Dill, to name two—think that General Sir Claude John Eyre Auchinleck is the best general Britain has. As Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in the Middle East, holding a front which runs for some 4,000 miles in a curving line from the frontiers of India to the border of Libya, Auchinleck has the toughest job of any United Nations military man. If anyone can handle it, I think he can.

A brilliant officer in the first World War, he saw as much fighting as any commander in the years between wars when he twice led victorious campaigns against the fierce Mohmand tribesmen in the rugged Northwest Indian Frontier territory. In his first assignment against the Germans he licked them. That was in Norway when, although the rest of that half-hearted Allied effort flopped, he carried out his part—the capture of Narvik—to perfection. In his second battle against the Germans, although he was up against a superior tank force, he was defeated only by the smartest tank general the Nazis could put in the field.

The ideal commander-in-chief of the Middle East, a military area of some 2,000,000 square miles, should be a combination strategist (thinker), tactician (planner),

and administrator (business man). I don't know of *any* outstanding British military administrator. Wavell, I believe, is still the most brilliant British strategist, but he is neither a tactician nor an administrator. General "Jumbo" Wilson I rate as the best tactician in the British Army but he is weak on strategy and administration. Auchinleck does not excel at any of the three requirements but he impresses me as an able all-around soldier who is good in each.

When it became necessary to replace Wavell with a fresh commander who could clean up the muddle of the Middle East, Churchill turned to Auchinleck, whom he admired for his campaign at Narvik and his modernization of India's antiquated army. For broom-sweeping the Middle East, Churchill could not have made a better choice.

Auchinleck, known to his officers and men as "The Auk," blew into easy-going Cairo like a breath of Arctic air and began slashing through the slothful red-tape of Middle East G.H.Q.

I watched him on his first day in Cairo as he took one look at the crowd of fancily dressed "base rat" British officers drinking afternoon cocktails on the terrace of Shepherd's and then called his secretary.

"How many officers are employed at G.H.Q.?" Auchinleck asked.

"About 700," answered the secretary.

"That's 600 too many," snorted The Auk, and the next day the terrace was almost deserted. Many officers were hurriedly shipped out to their units in the sand.

He has one rule, he once told me, and he lives by it and hammers it into his staff: "There are no closed hours for an officer during a war. He must be thinking of his job and his men all the time, and his men come first."

He forced his G.H.Q. officers to cut down on their afternoon siestas, a habit which he had avoided despite

long years in India. In Cairo he worked through the heat of the afternoon and did his best work while the rest of the city was flat on its back.

General Auchinleck is an aggressive, offensive fighter. He preaches and practices one military tenet: "A general should choose his battlefield and oblige his enemy to fight on that battlefield and no other. He must choose his objectives and then prepare. He must prepare thoroughly and engage the enemy, knowing down to the last bullet what he's got and how he's going to use it."

A SOLDIER VIRTUALLY ALL HIS LIFE, General Auchinleck (pronounced Awkinlek) was born with a bugle call in his ear at Aldershot, Britain's main army post, on June 21, 1884. His appointment as C-in-C Middle East was confirmed on June 22, 1941, one day too late for a birthday present. Auchinleck's family originated in the Scotch Ayrshire village of Auchinleck, which was Boswell's home town. Boswell spelled the name "Auchinleck" but pronounced it "Affleck": the name Auchinleck derives from the Gaelic *achah na cloiche*, meaning "field of stone." By recent blood Auchinleck is an Irish Ulsterman. His father, John Claude, a gunner in the horse artillery who rose to the rank of colonel, was born in Northern Ireland and his mother was a southern Irish-woman.

General Auchinleck spent most of his childhood outside Portsmouth where his father was stationed. At Wellington College and later at Sandhurst's Royal Military College he was not a particularly brilliant student, but in 1903 he was given his commission in the Indian Army. He decided to enter the Indian Army rather than the British because his father had served in India and liked the country and because the Indian Army offered better financial prospects.

For ten years he served as an ordinary regimental of-

ficer, starting as a second lieutenant in the 62nd Punjab Regiment, later renamed the 1st Punjab Regiment, which he now commands as honorary colonel. At the beginning of the first World War he was a captain and machine-gun officer in his battalion. When the Indians were sent to defend the Suez Canal, young Auchinleck and his battalion were stationed at Ismailia. One time when the Turks attacked, The Auk and a reconnaissance party were caught on the wrong side of the Canal but they managed to fight their way out. He was a meticulous soldier and he still has the little notebook he kept at that time giving complete details on the condition of his horses' hooves, the state of his guns, and remarks concerning the personalities of men in his battalion.

After a boring year of service at Aden he was shifted to Mesopotamia. It was here that he really found himself as a soldier during the war's last three years. By 1918 he had risen from captain to acting lieutenant colonel and been decorated with the D.S.O., O.B.E., and *Croix de Guerre*. In 1919, at the age of 35, he was made a brevet lieutenant colonel.

He was selected to attend India's first staff college session at Quetta, and in 1921 returned to England where he was married. His wife, whom he met while both were holidaying with mutual friends in France, was an American-born Scottish girl named Jessie Stewart. Her father was a Perthshire Scot who worked in a Seattle shipping firm. A few days after The Auk met her, they returned to London, got her declared a British citizen and were married. When I lunched with Lady Auchinleck out in Simla, India, I was surprised to discover that she still speaks with an American accent.

The Auchinlecks still like everything American. When they visited New York early in 1939 they enjoyed New York's Automats best of all. Before leaving the Middle East I lunched with General Auchinleck at his

Cairo residence. He led me into the lounge and announced he had a surprise for me. He had. It was a gallon jar of Coca Cola syrup, unobtainable in Egypt, which had been flown out from India for him.

Auchinleck returned to India after his marriage, attended a session of the Imperial Defense College in 1927, and commanded a battalion of his own Punjab regiment. For several years he served as commander of the Peshawar Brigade where he made a reputation as a brilliant Northwest Frontier mountain warfare expert by conducting two extensive campaigns against the rebellious Mohmands in 1933 and 1935. His 1935 campaign is regarded in the frontier messes as the best minor campaign in Indian border history. The roads in the frontier are dotted with rough stone barricades, known as Auk's nests, which The Auk erected during his expeditions.

He had gained such a reputation as an Indian military specialist that his intimates told me they took it for granted that he would one day be India's commander-in-chief. He moved up toward the job by becoming, successively, Deputy Chief of the General Staff, Acting Chief of the General Staff, and General Officer Commanding the Meerut District.

His outstanding achievement in India was the modernization of the Indian Army, which is normally as large as the British Army and possibly better trained. Men who live with the sound of bullets whining down the valleys of the frontier make better soldiers than the products of Aldershot and Salisbury Plain.

In 1936 it was decided to redistribute and re-equip the entire Indian Army, and Auchinleck as Deputy Chief of the General Staff was appointed to head an investigating commission.

It was typical of him that he decided to start from scratch. He threw tradition out the window and began

with a blank map of India on which he decided from a strategical rather than a traditional viewpoint where troops, fortifications, gun emplacements, reserves, ammunition, and stores should be located. Two years later a British commission headed by Lord Chatfield was sent out from England to consider the Indian Army reforms. Auchinleck traveled to Suez and met the commission, carrying in a briefcase his own report, which he presented to the members. Chatfield's commissioners snorted that they had come to investigate, not to see what somebody else had decided. They investigated, but in the end they adopted Auchinleck's suggestions almost intact. Auchinleck was recalled to England before his reforms could be instituted, but he returned to India at the end of 1940 in time to carry out his modernization plans.

In the meantime Auchinleck's ability had been noted in Whitehall and early in 1940 he was called to England to command the new 4th Corps intended for service in France. Auchinleck had time to make only one brief trip to France but he saw enough to confess to friends on his return that he was worried about the possibility of a German break-through. He felt that General Gort and General Ironside were too complacent and self-satisfied.

In the meantime the British, with slight aid from the French, were trying futilely to stop the Germans in Norway. Auchinleck was assigned the hopeless task of holding Narvik.

The full story of Narvik has never been understood because the British have never released the facts.

When the Germans invaded Norway only one British division, other than those troops already in France, was trained, equipped, and ready for action. It was ordered to Norway. It consisted of three brigades: one was landed at Trondheim; the second was landed on the far side of Trondheim in the hope that it would break through the

almost impassable country north to Narvik. Another brigade went to Narvik.

Auchinleck was called one Sunday to the War Office for a midnight conference with General Ironside, then Chief of the Imperial General Staff. Auchinleck went upstairs while his secretary waited below. In a few minutes The Auk came down and announced quietly, "We're going to Narvik."

General Auchinleck was detailed to survey the situation at Narvik and report on the prospects of establishing a base in northern Norway from which the Norwegian Government could continue to operate. The British intended, if possible, to hold the northern sector of Norway and eventually, if the men and equipment became available, drive the Nazis out of the south.

The British brigade which had originally gone to Narvik had managed to cut the town's supply lines to the south, but some 5,000 Germans held the town itself. Cut off from the Nazis in the south, they were being supplied from the air. The Auk decided to drive them back out of the town into the snow-filled hinterland.

The naval operations covering the landing of Auchinleck's troops were under the command of Admiral "Ginger" Boyle, the Earl of Cork and Orrery, a tough old salt who in peacetime, when he was ordered to China in a hurry, went through the Suez Canal so fast he swamped the fishing boats in the Gulf.

The Auk likes to tell how he stood on the bridge of the Admiral's flagship, the light cruiser *Cairo*, when the Narvik attack was made. The operations had to be carried out in a narrow fjord to support the troops making the landing, and German airplanes operating from the south had command of the air. Several attempts were made to dive-bomb the *Cairo* and Auchinleck and Admiral Boyle stood watching the captain and the navigator avoid the bombs. The navigator would report:

"Two on the way down, sir," and the captain would shout the course changes down the speaking tube to the helmsman and swing the ship about furiously. This worked all right until several planes attacked at once.

"Twenty in the air, sir," said the navigator. The captain swung the cruiser around but he was unable to avoid all of them. Two bombs crashed onto the ship, one on either side of Auchinleck and Boyle on the bridge. There were twenty casualties but the *Cairo* kept on.

When the land operations were over Auchinleck and Admiral Boyle flew ashore in the cruiser's plane and landed in Narvik harbor. A unit of the French Foreign Legion which had cooperated with the British in the attack provided a guard of honor. The Auk and the Admiral were asked to inspect it. They went outside and stood in the reviewing position while the French bugler went into an incredibly long bugle call.

The officer at Auchinleck's side suddenly reported: "Hostile aircraft approaching, sir." Admiral Boyle, as the senior officer, had to give the order to dismiss the troops but he paid no attention to the planes. The spotter reported: "Hostile aircraft now overhead." Still "Ginger" did not move. Auchinleck confesses that he became a little worried. Then the plane dropped a bomb a block behind them. With great dignity "Ginger" screwed in his eyeglass, took a long look at the sky, and then said to the Foreign Legion commander: "Well, I think you might let the men go now." The Auk and his officers scrambled for the woods until the raid was over.

The Germans in Narvik had retreated inland along the railway to Sweden. Auchinleck determined to leave them there and start operating southward so that he could eventually eliminate the Nazis who were supplying the Narvik garrison with food and ammunition. When that was done the Nazis in Narvik would automatically collapse.

Auchinleck's plan had to be scrapped, however, when the Germans invaded the Low Countries. Whitehall suddenly decided that it could not maintain and supply Auchinleck's forces in northern Norway and the order was given to withdraw.

General Auchinleck was evacuated from Narvik aboard the cruiser *Southampton*, which had become Admiral Boyle's new flagship. On the way back to England, "Ginger" came into The Auk's cabin and said, "Well, General, I think I can show you some excitement. The pocket battleship *Hipper* is out here and I'm going after her." The *Southampton* didn't find the *Hipper*, but the *Hipper* did find the British aircraft carrier *Glorious* and sank her.

After Dunkirk, Auchinleck was given command of the 5th Corps, consisting of two divisions in General Sir Alan Brooke's Southern Command, holding the vital coastal area from Portsmouth to Bristol. General Auchinleck took the collapse of France calmly. "We'll just have to build a new army," he said.

One day shortly after Dunkirk, General Brooke and Auchinleck were standing outside the naval wireless station on the Isle of Wight when a naval rating walked up with a message for Brooke. It instructed him to report to the War Office immediately. That evening Auchinleck received a phone call. It was from Brooke. He had been promoted to Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces and informed Auchinleck he was giving him the Southern Command. A few months later, after Auchinleck had whipped the vital coastal defenses into shape, he was sent out to India as Commander-in-Chief.

When I went on to India from Egypt I discovered that Auchinleck had swept aside tradition while in India as he later swept aside apathy in the Middle East. His first act was to order all officers into uniform. Before this the officers holding desk jobs wore civilian clothes

and took the war lightly, giving the ever-critical Indians ample grounds for believing that the British were not pressing the war. His second act was to walk into the Council of State (Upper House) and the Legislative Assembly (Lower House) and make simple, straight-from-the-shoulder speeches. The General announced that he intended to do everything possible to speed up the Indianization of the army and promised to give the Indian members of both houses a full account of what he was doing, which previous C-in-C's had neglected to do. Sympathetic to newspaper men, he held a conference for Indian and foreign press men the day after his arrival.

Before the Indians had recovered from the first shocks, he issued invitations to a garden party to all members of the Legislative Assembly and the Council of State. The Auk had never been socially minded during his long service in India and the Indians were greatly surprised that he should start cookie-pushing in wartime. When they walked into the grounds of his Delhi house they found no frilly tea-tables, but a garden filled with displays of Indian-manufactured war materials, everything from bombs to boots and blankets. A contingent of the Royal Indian Navy manned a big naval gun, Indian medical officers ran model front-line and base hospitals, Indian officers explained all the exhibits, and Indian tankers chewed up the lawn giving the legislators rides in the first Indian-assembled tanks. The legislators departed a few hours later as tickled as kids, impressed with India's contribution to the war.

General Auchinleck decided to visit every post of his command and flew more than 8,000 miles to do it. In one week he visited Delhi, Madras, Karachi, and Bombay. At one military station, the commissioner in charge was stumped when he tried to remember what ceremony he should put on for a visiting commander-in-chief. When

he looked up his records for a precedent he found that the last C-in-C to visit the post had been Lord Kitchener.

DURING HIS CAREER Auchinleck has worked with most of the British military leaders. He knew Wavell well while stationed at Aldershot. At the Imperial Defense College, which is known in the British services as "the geography class" because it examines broad Empire strategy, he had former Chief of the Imperial General Staff General Sir John Dill as instructor, and Brooke, the present C.I.G.S., Air Marshal Peirse, who led Britain's Bomber Command and later took over the air defense of India, Admiral Tovey, C-in-C of Britain's Atlantic Fleet, and Admiral Somerville, assigned to work in the Mediterranean and later naval commander at Ceylon, as his classmates. He had never worked with Lieutenant General "Jumbo" Wilson before coming to the Middle East but he regards him as Britain's outstanding practical soldier and uses him to conduct all his war campaigns and military problems in the Middle East.

Auchinleck does not have to waste time on the political affairs of the Middle East. Oliver Lyttelton, who later became the Donald Nelson of the British War Cabinet and was replaced in Cairo by Australian Richard Casey, took those off his hands. Intendant General Robert Haining takes care of all supply problems up to the point where the supplies reach the army bases.

The organization around and under Auchinleck in the Middle East consists of his two right arms: the Royal Navy and the RAF. Directly beneath Auchinleck are the 8th Army in the Egyptian desert, the 9th Army under Wilson in Palestine, Syria, and Transjordan, and the 10th Army in Iraq and Iran under Lieutenant General Quinan. Minor commands under Auchinleck are the British troops in Egypt, under 52-year-old Lieutenant General R. G. W. H. Stone, who fought in the Boer

War at the age of 12, and in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan under Major General Sir Noel Monson Beresford-Peirse. The fortress of Aden at the lower end of the Red Sea is under Auchinleck but the military commander of Malta reports directly to the War Office. A new command in East Africa under Lieutenant General Sir William Platt is also directly responsible to the War Office.

AUCHINLECK AT 57 LOOKS TEN YEARS YOUNGER. Watch him at work in his office and you would agree that he has the drive of a man of 35. In India an old-time native soldier asked for the privilege of meeting the Commander-in-Chief. When he was brought before The Auk, he turned away, saying: "No, I don't want to speak to that young officer. I want to speak to the *burra sahib*," meaning "the big commander."

Unlike Wavell, Auchinleck takes a minute interest in the administrative office problems of G.H.Q. He is a shrewd judge of men and is constantly shifting assignments in order to get the best job done. Over six feet tall, proportionately built, with a plentiful stock of light-brown, curly hair, and a strong jutting jaw, he acts and looks like a man who knows exactly what he is doing. His twinkling blue eyes and charming manner can be misleading. He can let fly when the occasion calls for it. Small minds and inefficiency irritate him.

Auchinleck is not one of the generals who die in bed. Although he is forced to spend much of his time in Cairo he is not happy unless he is way up front with his men. Across his chest he wears three long rows of ribbon decorations: the G.C.I.E. (Grand Commander of Indian Empire), C.B. (Companion of the Bath), C.S.I. (Commander of the Star of India), D.S.O. (Distinguished Service Order), O.B.E. (Order of the British Empire), 1914-1915 Medal, General Service Medal, Victory

Medal with Palm, two Indian Frontier medals, Jubilee Medal, Coronation Medal, and *Croix de Guerre*.

As thorough as a commander as he was when a young officer, he makes it a point to master every phase of his jobs. In India he learned to speak three dialects, Urdu, Punjabi, and Pushtu. They came in handy during the fight at Narvik. One day it was necessary to use the open telephone wire to inform the British commander in southern Norway of the date and time chosen for the evacuation. The Auk called an Indian staff officer at the other end of the wire and spoke in Urdu, which completely baffled the listening Nazis. Another time he used Pushtu to inform the Pushtu-speaking British liaison officer with King Haakon of the arrangements made for the King's evacuation.

General Auchinleck is an early riser and a hard worker. He has no time now for his hobbies—water-color painting, the study of heraldry, and gardening. At six he is doing exercises, since he no longer is able to spare time for the long morning walks which he used to take in India, and before Cairenes have their breakfast he makes one or two inspections of army workshops, training schools, and base camps in the vicinity of the city. By nine he is at his office.

His first staff conference of the day is with Brigadier General John Shearer, Director of Military Intelligence, who in peacetime was the managing director of London's swank Fortnum & Mason's department store. His Chief of the General Staff, stodgy old General Arthur Smith, naval and RAF representatives, and Auchinleck's personal staff officers attend this conference. For the rest of the morning he sees a constant stream of callers. He meets with Casey, as he did with Lyttelton, at least once a day, and sees General Haining and Lieutenant Colonel Piburn, in charge of American materiel aid to the Middle East, frequently.

We didn't dare go near his office on a Wednesday. On that day he holds what he calls the "Weekly Waffle." This is a series of three long meetings in a row, starting with the Middle East War Council, the most important body in the area, consisting of Minister of State, the British Ambassador to Egypt, the Intendant General and the three chiefs of the services. This is followed by the C-in-Cs' meeting in which Auchinleck, the C-in-C of the British Mediterranean Fleet, now Rear Admiral Sir Henry Harwood, and Air Marshall A. W. Tedder, commanding the Middle East RAF, call in their senior staff officers for consultations. The "Waffle" ends with a meeting of the Defense Committee, with the Minister of State presiding, attended by the three service chiefs, which settles the broad policy of the military moves the commanders have agreed upon.

Auchinleck works in the study at home in the afternoon and returns to G.H.Q. in the evening, where he remains until 9 o'clock. As Commander-in-Chief he lives in a rent-free, rambling old house in the middle of Cairo's Botanical Gardens. Nowadays the house is more of a service hostel than a home. It is an all-male affair. Lady Auchinleck, a pert, attractive woman, remained in India as a guest of the Viceroy, and General Auchinleck says he will not allow her to join him in Cairo until "things quiet down."

High-ranking British and American officers on their way up to Russia or out to India and Australia stop over at the house for bed-and-breakfast. Full-time boarders are General Neil Ritchie, the quiet young officer who replaced Alan Cunningham as Commander of the 8th Army in the desert; Duncan MacKenzie, British Red Cross Commissioner; Major Anthony Philpots, The Auk's private secretary; and two A.D.C's.

Auchinleck has a good command of strong, simple language and his orders are perfect examples of brevity.

He told me he used to insist that he would never read memos from his staff which were longer than one page, although as Commander-in-Chief he has had to abandon that rule.

GENERAL AUCHINLECK does not underestimate his German opponents as many British officers have done.

The illustrated German magazine *Signal* printed extracts from a diary of a "German Halfaya Hero" containing a Nazi account of the action fought in the middle of June, 1941, at Salum and Fort Capuzzo. When a newspaper man presented The Auk with a copy of the diary and asked for his comments, General Auchinleck allowed them to be published in *Parade*, the Army magazine in the Middle East.

Auchinleck's comments are so characteristic that they are worth quoting in full:

Diary: The last golden glow of the setting sun fades. I have just finished my round of the advanced posts. Everything is in order. Although they have to sacrifice all comfort and pleasures, the lads are in good spirits. They are the German outposts in Africa; they know it and are proud of it.

Auchinleck: These fellows are good soldiers; they know their job and mean to do it.

Diary: At last the oppressive heat abates. We now get some respite from the flies, which nearly eat us alive here. It is hopeless arguing with these unwelcome guests; we sent about 100 of them into the Hereafter in our tent alone—then we gave it up.

Auchinleck: We are not the only ones to suffer discomfort. The Huns are probably worse off in this respect than we are, as we know more about looking after ourselves in these out-of-the-way countries than they do. All the same we must keep up to the mark in all these things which affect our health and comfort so that we shall be fighting fit when the time comes.

Diary: 16th June—No sleep all night. Fiendish heat. The Tommies seem to have encircled our position. Our supply column has not arrived today, or have the British nabbed it? It is just

as well we have enough "squibs" to keep us going for a long time.

Auchinleck: When we are feeling thirsty, hungry and tired, in fact "all in," we should remember that the "other fellow" is just as bad, if not worse. The one who sticks it longest wins.

Diary: Wireless message from Corps: "Hold on." We promise old Rommel we will do that all right; we'd have held on, even without the message, to the last man. Even if the British took the position—(but it's not theirs yet)—they wouldn't take a single German soldier alive.

Auchinleck: As I said before these chaps have got guts and they know their job. We have guts too and we must know our job even better than they do.

As to the last sentence but one—we do get a German soldier now and again, and we want a lot more of them.

Diary: 17th June—The almost impossible has become a fact: English, Australians, Indians, New Zealanders have no teeth left to bite with. They bit hard, but Halfaya was too tough a morsel. We have won. A mouthful of warm water—God! What a treat!—and then down we flop to sleep, but only for an hour.

Auchinleck: The point about this is that he didn't think his lot could win. They thought it was "almost impossible."

When we go into battle we want to make up our minds that we damned well are going to win. No question of the impossible about it.

Diary: We still cannot understand it. Does the enemy realize the magnitude of his defeat? What will London say about it? I'll try to get a few hours sleep tonight. During the last three days we have forgotten how to.

19th June—Last night I fell asleep over my diary. Sleep has worked wonders—I feel a new man. New supplies of ammo have come in. Although we weren't completely "sold out" it strengthens our feeling of superiority when we see those huge piles of ammo.

Auchinleck: You see he's still wondering how they managed to stand up to our attack. He talks about the "magnitude of our defeat." That is natural even though it wasn't a defeat. He was pretty short of sleep and obviously had a bad time. If he had been kept on the stretch a little longer, he might have cracked.

Remember this when you are feeling "all in"—another hour or two may make all the difference as to who cracks first. His remarks about "ammo" are interesting too. We have the bulge

over them so far as our supply arrangements are concerned. If we can go on long enough to run them out of "ammo" they are beat.

Diary: Eating and sleeping had become things of the past. We were choking with thirst—but we finally forgot about drinking too. No one talked. Silently and deliberately we did what had to be done.

Auchinleck: They are tough and worth beating, these Germans.

Diary: Since the letters I wrote last week are still in my pocket, I open them again and add on a few words. "Everything is fine. Am fit and well, and I am glad I was there when the British were given the thrashing they deserved at Salum."

Auchinleck: I hope we will have him under the sand or in the bag before long.

AUCHINLECK HAS MADE A GOOD JOB of running the Middle East. Of course, if he is unable to produce the victories which a defeat-weary British public demands, Churchill may be forced to sacrifice him. However, before that may happen, I think there is a good chance that Auchinleck may be returned to India to replace General Wavell, who is far from physically strong enough for his terrific job. The new Middle East commander might then be Lord Gort, whom Churchill has attempted to return to public favor by an assignment as commander at Malta. Churchill still respects Gort and feels that he bore too much of the blame for the British-French collapse in Flanders.

Middle East Commanders

THE COMBINATION of the ground, air, and sea arms which makes modern war demands team work and the C-in-C is only as good as the team around him. On the basis of personal acquaintance with most of the members of Auchinleck's team in the Middle East, I think it is as good a combination as any the British can put into the field.

BETWEEN AUCHINLECK AND GENERAL SIR H. (for Henry) Maitland Wilson there is great respect born of admiration for jobs well done. A hundred per cent practical soldier who has been in the army for forty-two out of his sixty-one years, Wilson has been called upon to handle some of the toughest assignments in the Middle East.

In the first desert campaign against the Italians it was Wilson who put Wavell's plans into operation and in eight short weeks swept across Libya to bring Bengasi to its knees. This single Wavell-Wilson operation, rated as one of the finest campaigns in the history of modern fighting, reduced Italian Marshal Graziani's vaunted army of 250,000 by over two-thirds and destroyed the illusion that Italy was a major military power in the present war.

After a brief session as governor of conquered Italian Cyrenaica, Wilson was sent to Greece to command the

hopelessly outnumbered British and Imperial troops. Although he had only 60,000 men and a few RAF squadrons against the whole weight of the *Reichswehr* and the *Luftwaffe*, he fought a skillful, delaying retreat before evacuating his men, forcing the Nazis to make bloody sacrifices for every inch of territory. Two months later he was made General Officer Commanding the British troops in Palestine and Transjordan. Before he could build up an adequate force under his command he was obliged to go into action against the Vichyites in Syria. Even there he was outnumbered.

In contrast to Auchinleck, who looks seriously intent on his job, General Wilson is happy-natured and slow-moving. He is not fat, as his "Jumbo" nickname suggests—it is a hangover from his Eton schooldays—but is a big-framed, square-shouldered, square-faced, tooth-brush-mustached 200-pounder who stands over six feet tall. In his khaki shorts and rumpled shirt he looks more like a pugnacious factory foreman than one of Britain's smartest soldiers.

As a youngster playing about the grasslands of his native Norfolkshire, he decided to follow the example of his two uncles and great-uncle who served in Britain's famed Rifle Regiment, and in 1900, after his education at Eton and Sandhurst, he got a commission in the Rifle Brigade. He served with the 2nd Battalion of the Brigade, the "Green Jackets" of Boer War fame, in South Africa, where young Wavell was campaigning with the Black Watch. Wilson is one of the few senior staff officers at present in the Middle East who wears a Boer War medal.

At the beginning of the first World War, Wilson helped train young English officers while he was adjutant to the Oxford University Training Corps, and then from 1916 until the end of the war served as senior staff officer to the New Zealand Division, gaining valu-

able experience with Empire and colonial troops which was to come in handy in the later years in the Middle East.

Stories about General Wilson are told in every officers' mess from Aldershot to Aden. At Oxford he was once handed a newly written drillbook and told to drill a company of officers. The company was lined up facing "Jumbo."

"About turn!" he ordered. After an interminable wait some of the officers peeked around and caught Wilson fumbling through the pages of the new drillbook. When the company was again ordered to turn about the drillbook had disappeared.

Between wars General Wilson attended the Staff College at Camberley, returned to it as an instructor, commanded his old battalion in the Rifle Brigade, and in 1934 plunged into the problems of army mechanization as commander of the 6th Motorized Infantry Brigade, at that time the only such command in the British Army. In 1938, as lieutenant general, he was made C-in-C of British forces in Egypt, where he was stationed when the war broke out. He was responsible, under Wavell, for the defense of the western desert frontier of Egypt during the difficult months after the collapse of France and the entry of Italy into the war.

General Wilson is the recognized master on the O (Operations) side of the army, the man who translates the high command's plans into terms of forced marches, guns and ammunition, supply columns, trucks and gasoline, men and machines, and—most important in the desert—water.

Wavell worked out the idea for the original breakthrough of the Italian defenses but he is a big enough man to allow the commanders on the spot to change his plans to suit the situations in the field. Thus when the Italians hastily retreated to Bengasi, which Wavell had

hardly dared to expect in his original campaign plans, it was Wilson, sitting in a desert tent beyond Derna with Major General Dick O'Connor, Major General Creagh, Britain's tank expert, and General Mackie of the Australians, who conceived the brilliant idea for the forced push of an armored column over 150 miles through the worst terrain and weather yet encountered to encircle Bengasi and bring the Italians to surrender.

General Wilson is a thorough soldier—his favorite maxim is "What isn't inspected, isn't done"—and he takes a sharp interest in details. His son, Captain P. M. Wilson, serves in his father's headquarters. Lady Wilson is in England with their only daughter, Helen, where they are engaged in war work.

Wilson is highly respected by his men and vividly remembered by former students as a fascinating staff lecturer because he used to illustrate his points with apt anecdotes.

On one occasion he took a map-reading class from the Royal Military College out on the Berkshire hills. He sat them down on a hill and said, "Now find me Rowden Down." His students began working busily with maps, compasses, field-glasses and protractors. After a while, "Jumbo" complained, "Can't any one of you tell me where Rowden Down is?" There was no answer.

"You're sitting on the damned place," laughed Wilson.

Absolutely imperturbable under fire, he sets a high example for his staff and men. When it became necessary to evacuate Greece he got out as many of his men as possible and then went down to the harbor to find that the ship which was supposed to take off himself and his staff had not arrived. Nazi dive-bombers were busy all around him, blasting at the harbor, but General Wilson coolly announced, "I'm now going to do what so many soldiers have done before me and sit on my kit." He con-

tinued to sit with bombs dropping on all sides for three long hours.

He can be a tough critic when something goes wrong, but he balances this with a pithy sense of humor. On the opening day of the offensive in the western desert he was driving to advance headquarters when his car bogged in soft sand at a particularly critical moment. "Jumbo" laughed, "The Italians are having the same inconvenience, except that they have the added incentive of our tanks behind them!"

"ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE CAMPAIGNS ever fought by British or Imperial arms," was Winston Churchill's description of Lieutenant General Sir Alan Gordon Cunningham's remarkable conquest of Abyssinia and Eritrea. Member of a fighting family, younger brother of the British Navy's Admiral Cunningham, Alan Cunningham was a comparative unknown in British Army circles until he staged his breathless advance of 1,500 miles from Kenya across Ethiopia to Addis Ababa in the record-breaking time of fifty days. Five years previously the Italians, with only the badly armed Abyssinians to oppose them, took seven months to cover 425 miles.

Outnumbered at least thirteen to one in many actions, Cunningham defeated the Italians by a combination of audacity and ability. When I met him in Cairo, just before he assumed command of the British forces in the Egyptian desert, I was surprised to find an incredibly quiet, modest, untalkative soldier, just the opposite of his tough, explosive brother. He was wearing shorts and a South African bush shirt and his face was beet-red from the sun. Visibly embarrassed by the questions of newspaper men, he looked more like a Boy Scout leader than the hard-driving commander he is.

In action in Abyssinia, he showed himself an aggres-

sive fighter. "Hit them, hit them hard, and hit them again," was the Order of the Day he issued before the march into Abyssinia began.

Educated at swank Cheltenham and trained for the army at Woolwich, 54-year-old Cunningham has moved steadily but quietly from command to command since his first commission in 1906. A brigade major and General Staff officer at the end of the campaigns in France, where he won the D.S.O. and M.C., he served in the Straits Settlements after the war, instructed the army in machine-gun technique, taught at the Imperial Defense College, commanded an artillery division, and before Hitler's attack on Poland was a major general in command of a Territorial Army anti-aircraft division.

In Abyssinia against the Italians he showed great initiative and a willingness to take risks. In the famed Battle of the Lakes, for example, he put three brigades with only forty guns up against 40,000 Italians with two hundred guns—and won.

"Numbers have never worried me," says Cunningham. "Give me mobility and you can have thousands of bayonets."

Strangely enough, however, numbers led to his first major failure. Auchinleck, impressed with General Cunningham's feats in Abyssinia, appointed him Commander of the 8th Army to lead the desert operations against the Axis. When the British tank push was frustrated and the whole offensive was in danger of breaking down, Cunningham became cautious and advised that the offensive should be called off and the British troops retreat to their positions in Egypt. Cunningham, working for the first time with a force larger than 50,000, found the size of his own desert army too much for him. When he insisted on a withdrawal, General Auchinleck was forced to dismiss him. He was returned to England on the grounds of ill-health.

GENERAL CUNNINGHAM WAS REPLACED as Commander of the 8th Army in the midst of the offensive by young Lieutenant General Neil Methuen Ritchie, who had previously been Deputy Chief of Staff.

Ritchie, who lives with Auchinleck in his Cairo house, shares his commander's offensive spirit. A quiet man, he impresses you with his ability even when he says nothing. He has a knack of letting you do the talking, even to the answering of questions which you put to him.

On the record his career shows no great accomplishments, but by British service standards it is supposed to be good. A second lieutenant in the Black Watch in 1914, a first lieutenant a year later in France, he served in Mesopotamia and Palestine where he got the D.S.O. and M.C., finished the war a captain and did not become a major until 1934. He worked in the War Office as General Staff Officer until 1937, attended the Staff College at Camberley, and served in India's important Northern Command before the war. At 44 he was a lieutenant general, one of the youngest in the British Army, in command of one of the largest and best-equipped armies the British have ever put into the field.

WAVELL BOGGED DOWN in the tremendous difficulties of getting supplies and equipment from England into the ports of the Middle East and onto the roads and railroads which led to his base camp. When Auchinleck took over from Wavell this problem of supplies was assigned to General Sir Robert Hadden Haining, who as Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff had become familiar with transport problems in Britain.

Haining, a 50-year-old colorless officer, was named Intendant General in the Middle East, the first appointment of an intendant general since Cromwell's days. A gunner, he entered World War I as a subaltern and emerged a major and brevet lieutenant colonel. During

the war he served on the Operations Staff at G.H.Q., conducted a course of instruction for senior officers and earned six mentions in dispatches. He qualified as a barrister-at-law at Lincoln's Inn in London after the war and is one of the few officers who can lecture interestingly on military law. He was one of the first students at the Imperial Defense College and later was appointed as its head.

He served a term in command of the British troops during "the troubles" in Palestine in 1937. I have seen Arabs in the Middle East spit at the very mention of his name: he cracked down on Palestine Arab insurrectionists and sought out their armed bands with troops and armored cars.

Haining arrived in the Middle East determined to untangle the supply bottlenecks and confusion which had led disgusted newsmen to dub the area the "Muddle East." One evening I was surprised to get a telephone call asking me to call on the general. When I arrived at his office I found Hal Denny, New York *Times* man later captured by the Italians in Libya and then released, answering a similar call.

General Haining explained to us that he was anxious to get to the bottom of the supply problems and asked us to contribute observations we had made in the course of covering the war in the area. I don't know how much we contributed that he didn't already know, but it was encouraging to find a high military man who looked upon war correspondents as more than "a bloody nuisance."

I DID NOT GET TO INTERVIEW Admiral Sir Andrew Browne Cunningham, who served as C-in-C of the British Mediterranean Fleet until May, 1942, although I observed him carefully from a distance many times in Cairo and Alexandria. My predecessor in the Middle

East foolishly called on the Admiral one morning while carrying an obvious hangover and a three-day beard, and wearing carpet slippers. The Admiral passed the word down that *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune* men were henceforth *persona non grata* in his office, and nothing could change his mind.

Admiral Cunningham, who became Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet in 1939, has done more than any one man in puncturing Mussolini's proud boast that the Mediterranean is an Italian lake. Under his direct command were the offensive British naval forces which crippled Il Duce's fleet at Taranto, the Battle of Calabria, and the Battle of Cape Matapan.

Cunningham has been in the British Navy since the age of 15. His first active duty was as a midshipman on the cruiser *Doris* off South Africa during the Boer War. Before he was 30 he was in command of his own ship, the 900-ton *Scorpion*, and during the British campaign at Gallipoli he gained one of a long string of decorations for his boldness in closing in on a sinking enemy submarine in the Sea of Marmora. A small-ship man, he held a destroyer assignment in the Dover Patrol and afterward was transferred to command of the Destroyer Fleet in the Mediterranean.

In 1937, after having served as naval A.D.C. to the King, he was made vice admiral in charge of the Mediterranean battle cruiser squadron, second-in-command of the Mediterranean Fleet. A foe of red-taped-office work, he disliked his first command on shore, a one-year term as Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty and Deputy Chief of the Naval Staff. In 1939 he went back to sea in his favorite Mediterranean as C-in-C.

Brusque, tight-lipped, and terse of speech, his most famous signal was the one he flashed as he steamed toward Taranto: "I intend to behave offensively in the Ionian Sea."

CUNNINGHAM WAS PROMOTED to special assignment in Washington in May, 1942, and his place as C-in-C Mediterranean Fleet was taken by another offensive naval man, Rear Admiral Sir Henry Harwood, who won fame when he led the attack on the Nazi pocket battleship *Graf Spee*. Harwood, using battle tactics practiced on the high seas just the day previously, took his three cruisers into action against the German vessel and after an 18-hour running duel forced her into Montevideo harbor, where she was scuttled in December, 1940. Like Admiral Cunningham, Rear Admiral Harwood believes in brevity. When he began his battle with the *Graf Spee* off the River Plate he wirelessly: "My object: destruction."

Knighted and promoted from commodore to rear admiral, Harwood was given shore duty as assistant chief of the naval staff at London's Admiralty after the *Graf Spee* encounter where he remained until shifted to Alexandria. A square-faced, pugnacious veteran of World War I and a sailor of the seven seas, Harwood can be counted on to continue Cunningham's aggressive strategy in the Mediterranean.

THE RAF IN THE MIDDLE EAST is under Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Air Marshal A. W. Tedder, a small, unimpressive airman who was one of the pioneers in the development of the British air base at Singapore. Tedder, regarded as an able administrator, has had an unspectacular career. In the Colonial Service before World War I, he served in the Dorset Regiment and in 1916 moved over to the Royal Flying Corps with which he served in France and Egypt.

His air experience has been varied. He served at Constantinople in 1922 and 1923, attended the Royal Naval Staff College, commanded a Flying Training School, studied at the Imperial Defense College and was one of

the instructors of the RAF Staff College from 1929 to 1931. He moved up through the Air Ministry in routine appointments, as Director of Training, Air Officer Commanding in the Far East, and Director General of Research and Development. He was made Deputy Air Officer Commanding in the Middle East to Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore, whom he succeeded when Longmore was promoted to be Inspector General of the RAF.

Deputy to Tedder is good-looking, 48-year-old Air Vice Marshal R. M. Drummond. Well acquainted with desert air fighting, he served as Senior Air Staff officer in the Middle East Command from 1937.

An Australian from Perth, he fought in the Australian Imperial Forces in Egypt and Gallipoli and in 1916 joined the RFC and spent the rest of the war in Egypt. After the first World War he worked on the original survey undertaken by the RAF on the air route from Cairo to Cape Town. In command of a fighter station in England before going to Egypt in 1937, he developed many of the fighter plane tactics which the British pilots were to use years later in the Battle of Britain.

Most important air commander under Tedder and Drummond is Air Vice Marshal Arthur Coningham (no relative of Admiral Cunningham and General Cunningham), commander of the RAF in the Egyptian-Libyan desert. Australian-born, New Zealand-educated, 47-year-old Coningham is one of the youngest air marshals in the RAF. He is a veteran of the RFC with which he fought in France, winning the M.C., D.S.O., and D.F.C. In 1926, in command of three biplanes, he flew across Africa on a pioneer flight from Khartum to Nigeria.

Air Marshal Coningham, a dark-complexioned, deep-voiced, wise-cracking six-footer, is popular with his pilots. He has cooperated closely with Auchinleck's ground forces, an assistance which Wavell did not always get

from Coningham's predecessor, Air Commodore Raymond Collishaw. A British ace in World War I, when he ended up second only to Billy Bishop, a fellow Canadian, in the number of enemy planes brought down, Collishaw is an individual-style fighter who preferred spectacular tip-and-run raids to the concerted bombing attacks on enemy forces which were necessary for Wavell's success.

Coningham has none of Collishaw's drawbacks. Widely traveled, speaking Italian, French, and German, he knows Italy and refers to the bombing raids which he sends over Naples as his "slum clearance project." He used to visit Germany annually and knows the Nazis as well as any British commander. Says Coningham: "They know war from A to Y. They don't know Z."

WAVELL, WHO AT ONE TIME had three wars running simultaneously (the Syrian campaign, the fighting in Abyssinia, and the defense of the Egyptian desert), had also to worry about the political machinations of the Arabs, Egyptians, and Iraqis. When Auchinleck took over the Middle East, a new post, that of Minister of State in the Middle East, was created to carry out "measures necessary for the prosecution of the war in that theatre, other than the conduct of military operations."

The first minister appointed was well-built, red-haired, amiable Captain Oliver Lyttelton, an up-and-coming British businessman whom Churchill had personally taken out of business life to be President of the Board of Trade (British equivalent of our Secretary of Commerce). Lyttelton tied into his job in the Middle East with enthusiasm, abandoning British formality by working at all hours in his shirtsleeves, and startled the Egyptians and the British by getting things done.

Eton-and-Cambridge-educated, Lyttelton served in

the Grenadier Guards and entered London business life after the war as managing director of the British Metal Corporation, Ltd. He widened his financial interests in many companies, made himself an expert in the non-ferrous metal field, and organized the world tin cartel. When he became Controller of Non-Ferrous Metals with Britain's entry into the war, he was drawing a salary reputed to be \$80,000 yearly, which is high for Great Britain. As President of the Board of Trade he knew what he wanted to do and cut through every obstacle to do it. Although he was opposed by vested interests he pushed through a drastic concentration of industry for war production purposes.

I have a special reason for knowing that he is a man of direct action.

In the vast military area of the Middle East it is necessary for correspondents to work in front-line conditions. To move about the fronts in civilian clothes is usually impossible and often dangerous. The British have therefore worked out a convenient scheme. Favored newspaper men, after they are "vetted" okay by military intelligence, are put into army uniforms and allowed to move about in the front lines.

Until Lyttelton arrived in Cairo, only correspondents affiliated with newspapers or news agencies were allowed to hold this "accredited" status. The British press, which controls the press policies of the War Office, had long insisted that no magazine correspondents could be "accredited" because British newspapers were anxious to cut down the competition from British magazines such as *Illustrated* and *Picture Post*.

On Lyttelton's first day in Cairo, Frank Gervasi, of *Collier's*, and I pounced on him and rather heatedly protested that the British were making a mistake if they thought they could treat American magazines with the influence and circulation of *Collier's*, *Life* and *Time* in

the same class as *Picture Post* and *Punch*. Lyttelton called his secretary and dictated his cable No. 1 from the Middle East to the War Cabinet. It recommended that Gervasi and I be "accredited" immediately.

We apologized for breaking in on him on his first day in town.

"Don't apologize," he said. "Go home and put on your uniforms."

Early in 1942 Lyttelton was recalled from Egypt to replace Production Minister Lord Beaverbrook in the British Cabinet and given powers similar to those of Donald Nelson in the United States.

Lyttelton is not commonly associated with a party or group label, as is Sir Stafford Cripps (socialist) and Ernest Bevin (Labour Party). Although on the record a member of the Conservative Party, he has never been tagged with the conservatism of Baldwin or Chamberlain. He is a better organizer than the erratic Beaverbrook and much more able to grasp the problems of a government in war or peace than the lightweight Eden. If he shows one-half the ability in his new job in Britain that I saw him show in the Middle East I think you can regard him as the dark horse of British politics and a man to watch.

LYTTELTON WAS REPLACED AS MINISTER in the Middle East by Australian Richard Gardiner Casey, who had served as the popular Australian Minister to Washington since 1940. A veteran of Gallipoli and France, he has served in various posts with the Australian Government from 1924 and represented Australia at the Coronation and the Imperial Conference of 1937. When the Japs reached Java and were threatening Australia, Casey, then in Washington, was loud in his condemnation of the Churchill-Roosevelt strategy which favored the building up of United Nations' strength on the European front

even if it involved the loss of the Far East and Australia. There is reason to believe that Churchill was pleased to get Casey out of Washington by giving him the new job.

BRITAIN'S TOUCHY RELATIONS WITH EGYPT are in the capable hands of Sir Miles Wedderburn Lampson, British Ambassador to Egypt and High Commissioner for the Sudan since 1936. A large, jovial man, a charmer and conversationalist, Sir Miles has had a career in the British foreign service dating back to 1903, with appointments in Tokyo, Sofia, Peking, and Siberia. Before coming to Egypt as High Commissioner in 1934, he was British Minister to China.

Lampson knows how to do business in the East. As High Commissioner in Egypt he took over the negotiations for the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty which had bogged down under his predecessor, the late Lord Lloyd. A dynamic driver, Lord Lloyd antagonized the Egyptians when he tried to impress on them that time was precious. Sir Miles, who likes nothing better than to linger over a cup of coffee, patiently bargained with the Egyptians for months until he got what Britain wanted.

When the British military press censorship in the Middle East became so unreasonable that correspondents were virtually reduced to cabling the daily official communiques, I lunched with Sir Miles at the Cairo Embassy and for a full hour monopolized the luncheon conversation with a denunciation of the repressive censorship we were forced to work under. The Ambassador promised to see "the General" (meaning Wavell) about it, but nothing happened. Sir Miles was and still is engaged in a bitter struggle to keep the military out of Middle East domains which the Foreign Office men have always regarded as their own. And the political censorship in Egypt, more insidious than the military censorship, is done by Ambassador Lampson's embassy.

Battle in the Sand

AT DUSK ONE MID-NOVEMBER EVENING two British submarines slipped their moorings at Alexandria harbor and headed out to sea. With darkness a few minutes away there was no need to submerge when they reached the open Mediterranean. A handful of men stood on deck around the conning towers. Crammed into every corner of the cramped compartments down below were 100 of the strangest passengers any subs have ever carried. They were Commandos, colorful British suicide shock troops, who had volunteered to make one of the most hair-raising raids undertaken in any war.

General Auchinleck was sure that if the Axis forces could be deprived of their leader, their resistance to his offensive would crumble. The Commando units in the Middle East were assigned to get 200 miles behind the Axis line and capture or kill Nazi General Erwin Rommel. Every Commando had been eager to go, but 100 were eventually selected for the dangerous mission.

In charge of the expedition was fearless, 24-year-old Lieutenant Colonel Geoffrey Keyes, whose father, Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, had organized and nursed the Commando force into being, only to be kicked out of command by jealous army brass hats who wanted the unit under War Office control. Youngest lieutenant colonel in the British Army, a veteran of Narvik, Geof-

frey Keyes had won the M.C. in Syria where he led the landing of a small group of Commandos across the Litany River under the noses of French field guns and wiped out the Vichy gun crews.

In the same submarine was handsome, brilliant young Captain Robin Campbell, son of the British Ambassador to Portugal. Campbell, disgusted at the time-wasting red-tape of Cairo's G.H.Q., gave up his cushy desk job in the Army Propaganda Bureau after reading Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and enlisted in the Commandos. This was his first assignment.

That night, before the two submarines had gone far along the Mediterranean shore, one of them signaled that it was turning back because of mechanical trouble. The other one kept on with its fifty Commandos and the next evening pulled in close to shore just east of Tobruk. The Commandos, wearing tight black overalls and rubber sneakers, their faces blackened, clambered up the conning tower. Collapsible rubber boats were hauled up, automatically inflated, and pushed over the side. The submarine remained on the surface until the last boatload of men paddled out of sight and then headed into the deeper water off shore.

In the pitch blackness the Commandos scraped up on the beach, left twenty of their number to guard their rubber boats, while the rest started across the sand to Rommel's headquarters, the administrative H.Q. of the Nazi *Afrika Korps*, which were in a large villa in the midst of a German encampment at Sidi Raffa, inland from Tobruk.

The thirty Commandos made their way unobserved to a *wadi* (dried-up river bed) outside the German encampment. It was two days before their "zero hour," which was midnight of November 17th. For two days and nights they lay hidden in their *wadi*, covered over with sand in the daytime to hide themselves from Ger-

man reconnaissance parties. In the darkness each night they shook themselves out of the sand, stretched their legs, and ate the iron rations which they carried.

Just before midnight on the 17th they started out, Lieutenant Colonel Keyes in front with his revolver, the others spread out behind him carrying Tommy guns and Bren guns. Prepared by intelligence reports on the layout of the German encampment, they threaded their way to Rommel's villa in the center. When German sentries challenged them, they froze to the ground while one of their number answered in perfect German.

Once inside the orchard surrounding Rommel's house, Keyes stepped boldly to the back door and tried to open it. It was barred. Slipping around to the front the Commandos politely knocked, then garroted the startled German sentry who opened the door before he could make an outcry, and rushed in with their automatic guns blazing. While some of the group remained outside to keep away Nazi reinforcements, Keyes and his other men moved deliberately down the ground floor hall seeking Rommel. The Commandos give no quarter and ask none. They kicked open doors and sprayed the rooms with their guns. In one room they found Nazi staff officers working late over the maps of their own little offensive which they planned shortly to stage against Tobruk. They were killed at their table. When Nazi guards came running down the stairs to see what the firing was about, they were killed by the point-blank fire of the Commandos at the bottom.

Along the hallway young Keyes kicked open one door and stepped across the threshold. A sudden burst of machine-gun fire from within the room ripped open his stomach and he died instantly. Young Campbell, right behind him, dragged his leader's body back into the hall, tossed two hand grenades into the room, and blew it apart.

The whole attack had taken only a few minutes, but Rommel had not been found. By this time the whole German camp had been aroused and the Commandos at the front door were firing desperately to hold off the Nazis trying to reach the villa. Young Campbell took command outside and blew his whistle for the remaining Commandos to assemble around him. Only eight of the thirty responded.

Before attempting their getaway, Campbell decided to throw grenades into every upstairs window of the villa in the hope that they would catch Rommel in his bedroom. The Commandos scattered and began lobbing grenades upstairs. As the last grenade was thrown, a Nazi sniper's bullet broke Captain Campbell's leg, and he slumped to the ground. Unable to walk and unwilling to burden the others, Campbell insisted that they blow up the power plant with his last two grenades and then leave him behind. They gave him a quick shot of morphine, propped him against a fruit tree, and slipped away through the orchard. It is unlikely that the Germans, when they discovered Campbell in the morning, showed him any mercy.

The remaining Commandos made an unbelievable escape through the Nazi camp, but when they arrived at the beach they found their comrades had been attacked and driven away and their rubber boats destroyed. The weather was too bad for the submarine to make another contact. The Commandos took to the desert and hoped that they would be able to hold out until met by advancing British forces. Ultimately they were attacked by Axis patrols and only two of the original fifty Commandos managed to make their way to the British lines some forty-one days after the attack.

Their brilliant attempt to get Rommel failed. He was absent from his headquarters that night attending a birthday party in Rome.

ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 17TH rain bit furiously into the Egyptian desert and turned the sand into a wet, sticky paste. Forked lightning bounced along the ground and here and there revealed small detachments of rain-soaked troops crouched beside their camouflaged trucks. In the midst of the storm at sea British naval units steamed silently along the Libyan coast.

A long line of lorries bounced over the rocky plateau to the barbed-wire fence between Egypt and Libya. Engineers jumped out and began snipping a score of holes in the ten-foot depth of wire. There was no need for secrecy. The howling wind and driving rain protected them.

Behind the Egyptian frontier officers read to their men by the light of tiny flashlights Winston Churchill's Order of the Day:

"For the first time British and Empire troops will meet the Germans with ample equipment in modern weapons of all kinds. The battle itself will affect the whole course of the war. . . . Now is the time to strike the hardest blow yet struck for final victory, home, and freedom. The desert army may add a page to history which will rank with Blenheim and with Waterloo. The eyes of all nations are upon you."

It was the zero hour. The offensive which had been six months in preparation was about to begin. In the half-light of dawn the first force of United States tanks that had ever seen battle barged through the holes in the wire and crossed into Libya. Behind them came mile after mile of British infantry trucks, Bren gun carriers, more tanks, Willys and Ford American jeeps and U. S. Army scout cars, British staff cars, gun limbers, and fleets of gasoline and supply wagons. By midday, when the storm from the sea was blowing itself out, the advance British columns were well into Libya. Enemy observation posts had retreated in a hurry to carry in-

formation of the attack to General Erwin Rommel's blasted headquarters near Tobruk.

LIBYA'S EASTERN PROVINCE OF CYRENAICA, an area approximately as large as the states of North and South Dakota and Nebraska combined, was once the granary and vineyard of Caesar's Rome. The Greeks colonized Cyrenaica and built the five cities of the Pentapolis there. A student of Socrates, Aristippus, founded a school of philosophy in Cyrene. The Vandals, Goths, and Moslems knocked down the Greek and Roman centers and the Sahara buried them in its sands. In 1911 the Italians chased the Turks from Libya, spent a billion dollars to suppress its *bedouin* tribes, and under Mussolini spent millions more to improve the land and settle it with farmers from Italy.

Along Cyrenaica's Mediterranean coast line is a comparatively fertile belt containing the main towns of Bardia, Tobruk, Derna, and Bengasi. Behind them rises a rock-strewn plateau covered with camel thorn and gashed by *wadis*. South of this roll the endless wastes of the Sahara.

Auchinleck's offensive was not a struggle for this Cyrenaican territory. It was designed primarily to destroy the German and Italian mechanized armies. Longer-range objectives were: 1) to clean up the desert so that the main British forces could turn about to defend the Turkish-Syrian border in case the Germans struck down through Turkey; 2) to relieve the pressure on the Russians by forcing the Germans to divert planes and armored units to Libya; 3) to put the British in a position for an eventual jump-off across the Mediterranean into Italy; and 4) to demonstrate to the men of Vichy that the British were strong enough to defeat the Germans. To achieve his main objective of knocking out the Axis armies, General Auchinleck was willing to fight

all the way to French North Africa and even beyond if necessary.

Tactically, Auchinleck's offensive was perfect. It was planned simply to encircle Rommel's armored concentrations, bring them to battle, and destroy them.

There were five main Axis strongholds. The first was the heavily fortified Sidi Omar area lying twenty-five miles inland and south from Salum and Halfaya Pass. Behind this, on the main Axis supply road south of Gambut, was one German panzer division. Inland from Tobruk at El Adem was the bulk of the second Nazi panzer division. South of it, at the junction of the many rough roads which cross the interior of the hump of Cyrenaica, was the Italian so-called "Battering Ram" Ariete armored division, holding the fortifications of Bir El Gobi. The fifth concentration was at Bir Hacheim, west of Bir El Gobi, on the way to Bengasi.

Light British armored units, backed up by Indian and New Zealand troops, first made a frontal attack against the main Axis defense line running from "Hellfire Pass" to Sidi Omar. This was a feint designed to draw attention from the main British attack which slipped through the severed barbed wire south of Sidi Omar and cut speedily northward to engage the German panzer division near Tobruk. A second British armored column ran up behind the Hellfire-Sidi Omar line to encircle and neutralize the German panzer division south of Gambut. Two armored columns, one of them composed of light 13-ton American M-3 tanks, looped up across 230 miles of sand from Siwa Oasis to engage the Italian Ariete division near Tobruk. Two divisions of South African and Indian motor-carried infantrymen raced straight out across from Siwa to Giarabub Oasis and then across the base of the hump of Cyrenaica to reach El Agheila, south of Bengasi, astride the single Axis coast road and supply line running back to Tripoli. British naval units,

working close inshore, shelled Axis positions at Gambut, Bardia, and Salum.

AT 3 O'CLOCK ON THE MORNING of November 18th the roar of a barrage broke out at the west end of Tobruk's defense perimeter. Fresh Polish troops, who had been landed in August, moved out behind a rolling barrage and started the attack. It was Tobruk's zero hour and Tobruk's offensive-defenders had been assigned the task of relieving themselves.

"Our task," General Leslie James ("Holy Terror") Morshead, Commander of Tobruk, had explained to his staff officers, "is to drive a corridor from the perimeter to the Axis road, which we hope to cut at Ed Duda. There we should meet the South Africans."

Morshead's objective was the highway which the Germans and Italians had been forced to build to by-pass Tobruk during the Summer. Protecting the road lay four enemy fortifications which the British had nicknamed "Butch," "Jack," "Jill," and "Tiger."

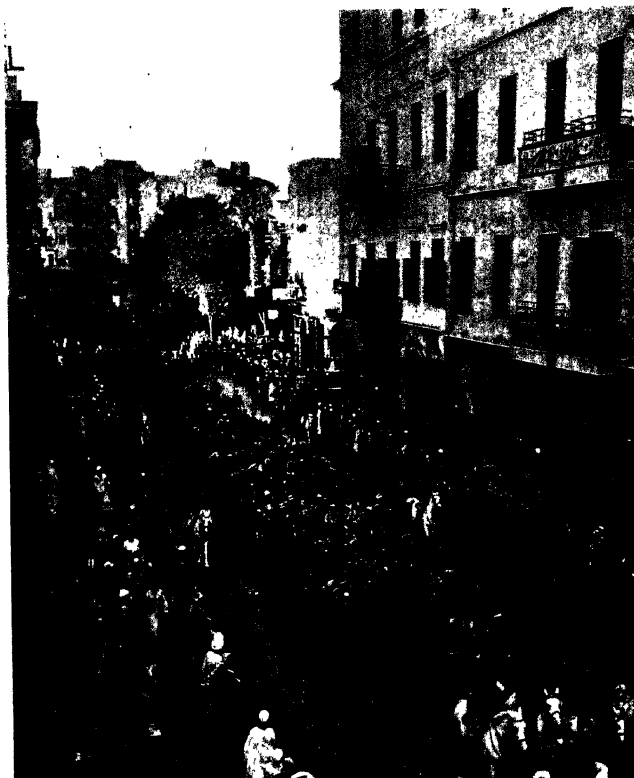
The attack by Polish troops was a diversion to draw the Axis forces to the western end of the perimeter. At 6 o'clock Tobruk's artillery opened up on the Axis fortifications with the heaviest bombardment it had ever used. Some twenty minutes later a dozen heavy I (for Infantry) tanks, secretly landed in Tobruk, crunched forward, followed by British, Indian, Czech, and Polish troops. In less than twenty minutes "Butch" was captured. "Jack" soon fell, and "Jill" came tumbling after. "Tiger" took longer but it finally fell to a double tank attack and an assault by Scottish troops.

Next day, early in the afternoon, dots appeared on the distant escarpment at El Adem. The Tobruk garrison watched anxiously. At last came a recognition signal. Between the two groups there were seven miles of Axis-held desert. The British tanks fought to get through but



Nazi Afrika Korps soldiers surrender to British Tommies in Libyan desert.

Captured Germans and Italians march to prison through Cairo's main .



German armored units counter-attacked, then turned on Tobruk's defenders, protected only by a dozen tanks. It took five long days before the Axis forces were driven off. On the fifth day a British Tommy and a New Zealand infantryman shook hands at Ed Duda, Tobruk's heroic siege was over.

BY THE MORNING OF THE 19TH Auchinleck had Rommel completely surrounded, but he had been unable to bring the German commander to an all-out battle. Three of Auchinleck's columns had headed for a rendezvous at Sidi Rezegh, a key point on the main Axis highway. A fourth, paced by mechanized New Zealanders, had cracked the Hellfire-Sidi Omar line, then took Fort Capuzzo and went on to attack Bardia and Gambut.

The RAF held command of the air. Australian, Free French, and British squadrons using American Tomahawk fighters, which have a longer range than the British fighters, patrolled the air above the advancing columns. For once the British and Imperial troops were not driven into the ground by a sky full of Axis planes. American Martin bombers, aided by British Blenheims, struck fiercely at Axis airdromes south of Tobruk and Gambut, knocked out scores of Nazi Stukas before they left the ground. When the Germans resorted to gliders towed across from Crete in order to reinforce their isolated outposts, the RAF shot them down like ducks.

On the afternoon of November 19th, Rommel finally struck. Caught flat-footed when the British attacked, he made a quick recovery and showed himself the great general that he is. Sitting at a portable radio set he manipulated his forces in a running battle as a smart quarterback directs his team.

The British and Americans transmit their orders in code which has to be translated before the front-line forces can move. In an emergency, Rommel threw his

code away. He sat at his radio shouting orders in German. The British easily listened in on his orders but by the time they had decided on moves to counter them, put them into code, and transmitted them to the front, where they had to be decoded, the German attack was under way.

Rommel's first move was to drive southward with more than 100 of his medium tanks against a brigade of light American M-3's near Sidi Omar. The American tanks were caught unprepared. The Germans came roaring over a rise in the sand with the sun behind them, smack into the American machines. They opened up with their 50-mm. guns at 1,500 yards, 700 yards beyond the reach of the 37-mm. guns of the M-3's. The British tank men in the American tanks had no choice but to barge right in at high speed, weaving to avoid a direct hit, in order to get into range.

The battle went on until night with American and German tanks racing at each other, slashing and shooting, passing sometimes within fifty or sixty yards, then veering around for another attack. Some tanks blew up into thin air. Others, disabled, their treads shot away, continued stationary firing until direct hits silenced the crews. Every few minutes a tank would dash out of the melee, rush to a supply truck in the rear, fill up with gasoline and shells, and lurch drunkenly back into the fight.

At night the German and American tanks laagered (formed an American Indian frontier encampment with a ring of tanks on the outside and the unarmored supply vehicles in the middle) close to each other. At dawn the battle began again, but by 9 o'clock Rommel veered westward and broke off the engagement. He had lost some thirty tanks but the American tank brigade was almost completely knocked out. The British had learned at great cost that the light American tanks with their

short-range guns could not take on German machines with greater firepower.

For the next few days tank battles swirled over a desert area as large as the state of Maine. Every time Auchinleck's tank columns encircled Rommel the Nazi commander stopped only long enough to inflict the maximum damage with his heavier tanks and then broke off to fight again another day.

Desert tank warfare, unlike anything in either World War, is more like naval warfare. Enemy tank columns may sight each other at a distance of fifteen miles across the sand. From then on they parry and feint in movements as formal as a minuet until, one column or the other having gained the tactical advantage of the sun behind it or the protection of a slight rise in the sand, they charge past each other, hurling broadsides like battleships.

After several days of this, British tanks managed to defeat the Italian Ariete armored division south of Sidi Rezegh, but the American tank column which had charged upward from Siwa to Tobruk was stopped by a heavier German tank force between Bir El Gobi and Bir Hacheim. Almost half of Auchinleck's tank force was composed of the light 13-ton American machines. Against them Rommel threw his 18-ton Mark III's, equipped with 50-mm. guns. The British 17-ton Valentines, 20-ton Crusader tanks, and the 25-ton Waltzing Matildas are fine armored tanks, but they were cut to pieces by the German Mark IV's, the 22-ton 3-year-old *panzerkraftwagen* equipped with 75-mm. guns. Heaviest British tank gun was a 45-mm.

Auchinleck had expected that when Rommel found himself surrounded in the first two days of the campaign and cut off from his rear supplies by the British control of the road at Tobruk and El Agheila, the Nazi commander would make a desperate effort to break through

the British encirclement, probably at night, and retreat beyond El Agheila where he would have an uninterrupted source of supplies coming up from Tripoli.

Rommel did just the opposite. As soon as the British forces had spread themselves thinly from Sidi Omar to Tobruk in an effort to encircle the Axis, Rommel took over the initiative. He had three main aims: 1) to engage and destroy as many British tanks as possible in the area around Sidi Rezegh; 2) to keep open a channel below Tobruk through which his infantry and mechanized forces could eventually escape; and 3) to create a diversion behind the British lines.

He gathered what was left of the Italian Ariete division, combined the Italian tanks with his own two panzer divisions into one huge mass of tanks, and then slashed first at one small British unit, then at another. Working on interior lines, open-minded enough to toss aside military orthodoxy, such as the use of code to transmit his orders, he was able to take on the British units as he came to them. Two whole brigades of American tanks were cut to pieces. British and Imperial infantrymen, unprotected once their tanks were knocked out, were overrun. One South African unit of 5,000 men lost almost 4,000 killed and wounded.

War correspondents, working right out in front with the advance columns, were caught in the confusion of the battle. Quiet old Hal Denny of the New York *Times*, Godfrey Anderson of the British AP, and Eddie Ward of the BBC were captured by jubilant "Eyeties" and whisked off to Rome. Denny, as an American, was later released and allowed to return to America. The London *Times'* Jimmy Holburn was shot down by a Messerschmitt while flying to the front, fortunately escaping injury, but a British official photographer named Davies went down with a boat carrying wounded which was torpedoed off Tobruk. A dozen South African and

New Zealand press men were killed or captured when Rommel's tanks overran the positions of their infantry.

The battle was not without its humor and, as usual, the "Eyeties" supplied it. When one captured British officer tried to escape while British bombers were attacking his captors, a Nazi guard fired a burst from a Tommy gun over his head. A whole platoon of Italians suddenly popped out of a ditch with their hands high.

Some fifty British artillerymen, hauling wooden guns and accompanied by truckloads of dummy human forms, went out at night and established themselves in front of positions held by 5,000 "Eyeties." In the morning the Italians, thinking they were about to be attacked, retreated ten miles and backed right into a British armored column which captured the lot.

After seven days of fighting, both sides had suffered heavily. Holed and broken-down tanks littered the desert. Around the burned-out skeletons of trucks, wrecked tanks, and planes lay the debris of war—abandoned rifles, empty German and British shell cases, tens of thousands of empty gasoline tins, water bottles, fly-covered bully beef cans, and broken tank treads. Here and there among the litter stood crosses of the newly buried dead, most of them saying "Here lie buried five unknown Italians" or unknown Nazis or Britishers.

In the desert, dust storms raged almost continuously and rain deluged the coastal plateau. In the daytime when the sun did shine the heat burned rifle barrels until they were like pokers fresh from a fire. Brackish, chlorinated water was limited to one water bottle per man each day. When they sipped it, it cracked their lips, swollen and seared by the stinging sand. The men lived on bully beef, pried in lukewarm, greasy lumps from cans that had baked in the 120° heat. Desert sores, caused by the irritating sand which prevents healing, broke out over their arms and legs.

The tank men suffered most. Bounced around in their machines for long stretches, they seldom had more than a ten-minute rest period or a two-hour stop for sleep at night. At the end of the day they had to be hauled out of their turrets to drop exhausted on the bare ground. In the mornings they were literally kicked awake. Unable to eat because of parched, swollen throats they had liquid foods forced into them.

By the end of the first week of the battle the British had few tanks in reserve, most of them the light M-3's and a few 18-ton American M-3's which had just arrived in Egypt. They could outrun the heavy Nazi machines but their armor and firepower were no match for them in a slugfest. It looked as if the British offensive had failed.

Lieutenant General Alan Cunningham at that point insisted on calling off the forward drive and concentrating on cleaning up the Axis positions at Sidi Omar and "Hellfire Pass," where German and Italian infantrymen still held out. Auchinleck, thinking first of the Tobruk garrison, which was standing nakedly in the open desert, and the South African and Indian divisions which had made the brilliant dash across the Libyan interior to block Rommel's supply line, insisted on pushing forward regardless of the risks.

Auchinleck was certain that Rommel's forces were wearing themselves out and ultimately would have to retreat. When Cunningham refused to push forward, Auchinleck was forced to fire him. It was one of the most difficult decisions any commander-in-chief has ever had to make. General Cunningham and Admiral Cunningham, his brother, are close friends of The Auk. Ritchie, Auchinleck's aggressive Deputy Chief of Staff, took command of the 8th Army.

Then Auchinleck urged on his battle-weary troops: "There is only one order—attack and pursue! All out, everyone!"

ROMMEL, AWARE OF THE HESITANCY in the British plans, decided on a bold move. With some fifty of his Mark III and IV tanks which remained in operation, followed by a supply column of 2,000 trucks and gasoline lorries, he made a dash for the Egyptian frontier. The British had no tanks left to stop him and he pressed on. At one point he came within eight miles of capturing Auchinleck himself.

A handful of American "observers" finally saved the day. Headed by Lieutenant Colonel Edwin Piburn, a group of American tank men flew back to the British railhead, near Mersa Matruh, known in the desert as "Piccadilly Circus." Fewer than 100 American M-3 tanks were parked there in reserve. Piburn and his helpers rounded up staff-car drivers, lorry mechanics, and machine gunners from infantry units, gave them a three-hour course in tank technique, and started back for the frontier.

By this time Rommel had driven twelve miles into Egypt and had nothing to stop him from reaching Cairo except the danger of running out of gasoline. Piburn's "taxi army" of tanks could not slug it out with Rommel's heavier machines but they made a daring sweep behind Rommel and attacked his supply column. Then they nipped at Rommel's heels and his flanks, darting in just long enough to take a shot and get away before the big German tank guns could get the range. Several times Rommel turned and lined up as if to offer battle, but each time he moved away. Finally the Nazis decided it was too risky to continue on into Egypt. They turned, barged their way across the Sidi Omar battlefield and back onto the coast road, headed for Bengasi.

On November 26th Rommel began the retreat toward Tripoli which the British had expected him to begin on November 18th. Leaving Italian and German infantry forces to hold Halfaya Pass and others to fight a half-

hearted delaying rear-guard at Cyrene, Barce, Bengasi, and Agedabia, he collected the remains of his armored units, moving mostly by night and fighting by day, and ultimately broke through the light Indian and South African forces holding El Agheila. Speedy American M-3's harried his heels all the way.

At El Agheila, Rommel turned to make a stand. There the only road runs close to the Mediterranean shore. The terrain to the south is pockmarked with low swampy ground and in the hills to the rear Rommel's guns held commanding position.

The British forward drive had spent itself before it reached Bengasi. Auchinleck, unable to mass strength for a frontal attack on El Agheila, concentrated on cleaning up his rear area, across which supplies had to come for the British forward units. South African troops, supported by tanks and mobile artillery, battered their way into the southern sector of the Bardia perimeter, taking several fortified positions which had held out and capturing 600 prisoners. Free French, New Zealanders, and Scottish troops from the Transvaal stormed Salum and later Halfaya Pass.

The British, handicapped by a field repair service which was inferior to that of the Germans, were forced to haul the bulk of their damaged tanks back to Mersa Matruh, their main desert base, and Cairo, for overhauling. Their long supply lines, running across stretches of desert that were more like plowed fields, were horribly overstretched. Their forward lines were paper thin. Only light infantry and mechanized forces were left in the forward areas from Tobruk around through Bengasi to El Agheila.

The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, 12,000 miles away from the Libyan battleground, was an unexpected blow to Auchinleck's army. The air superiority which it had enjoyed since the opening day of the offensive

melted away as British and American planes were diverted from Libya to the Far East. British Blenheims, which had kept up a running attack against Axis dromes in the desert, were flown from Cairo out across the Middle East to India and Burma. Replacements of British and American fighter planes which Auchinleck had expected to fill his depleted Tomahawk and Hurricane squadrons were re-routed for Singapore, the Dutch East Indies, and Australia. More and more German planes, flown hurriedly from the Russian front, made their appearance over the British columns in Cyrenaica. Fewer British machines went up to oppose them.

The Germans and Italians, taking advantage of Britain's and America's preoccupation in the Pacific, made a desperate effort to reinforce Rommel in the desert. *Luftwaffe* units increased their attacks on the British Mediterranean Fleet, while Italian convoys slipped across the narrow Sicilian channel and down the north African coast to Tripoli with troops, armored units, and supplies.

In addition, Rommel received invaluable aid from the Vichy authorities in French North Africa. General Weygand had been removed from his command in French North Africa before the British offensive and replaced as Commander-in-Chief by General Juin, who was significantly released from a German prison camp to take the job. American gasoline, sent to French North Africa under the appeasing Murphy-Weygand agreement, filtered across the border into Libya. Some 5,500 tons of motor fuel were shipped from France to the German forces in Libya during January and February, 1942. During that same period about 4,000 tons of wheat, enough to feed ten divisions, had been shipped each month from France. Motor cars, lorries, wine, and olive oil were also sent to the Axis through French North Africa.

When the British had tried to put a stop to this collaboration, the American State Department intervened. The French tanker *Scheherezade*, bound for Casablanca in French Morocco, was stopped by a British warship. Pressure on the British by the appeasement-minded U. S. State Department forced the British Navy to release the *Scheherezade*, which proceeded on her way.

With these reinforcements in supplies and armored equipment, Rommel began a march back into Cyrenaica. He pushed through the light British forces holding Agedabia and retook Bengasi from Indian infantrymen, who were forced to retreat before his armored vehicles. For his recapture of Bengasi, Rommel was advanced by Hitler to the rank of Field Marshal, second class.

Other German armored units drove across the base of Cyrenaica's hump from Agedabia and reached the desert road junctions at Mekili and Msus. The British forces withdrew from the coastal area between Bengasi and Derna and ultimately halted Rommel's forward move along a line about ninety miles west of Tobruk.

More spectacular than decisive, the chief value of Rommel's counter-attack lay in the propaganda value at home which the recapture of Bengasi offered and in the confusion it caused in the minds of the British and American people who were unfamiliar with the Libyan desert. It was the easiest move he could make. By driving across the Cyrenaican bulge either side can outflank the other and make the positions of the coastal towns of Bengasi, Cyrene, and Derna untenable. Outflanking in the desert is a game that two can play. The British outflanked these coastal towns twice by driving across the desert, once under Wavell and once under Auchinleck, and Rommel himself did the same in the other direction in the Spring of 1941. In each case Bengasi, along with the rest of the region, had to be abandoned.

Territorial gains in desert fighting have a certain nui-

sance value but they are not necessarily decisive unless they are backed up by other factors. The best explanation is to think of the whole stretch of Egyptian-Libyan desert as an enormous football field with goal posts at Tripoli at one end and at Cairo and Alexandria at the other. Any advance which falls short of scoring a touchdown at Tripoli or the Nile is much like a spectacular long run on the football field which brings spectators to their feet but is brought to a halt thirty yards from the goal. Rommel's touchdown drive was halted by the British outside Tobruk before he had even reached the mid-field fortifications on the Egyptian-Libyan frontier.

Despite his failure to drive the British back out of his original positions, no one can deny that Rommel is a genius at tank warfare. Those London wiseacres who nicknamed him "Running Rommel" when he retreated were "base rats" who never had to face the crunching weight of his tanks. In the German Army, Rommel's reputation has inspired a new verb, "*rommeln*," which the Nazis use to describe a military movement, lightning in speed and devastating in effect.

Rommel's tank tactics were imaginative, unorthodox, and flexible. Instead of sending his tanks speeding far out in front of his infantry in long, thin columns as he did when he broke through in France at Mauberge with his 7th Nazi panzer division, in the desert he used De Gaulle's theory that tanks are most effective if kept together in one great phalanx of armor.

The British learned their lessons in desert fighting the hard way. Their field repair system proved inadequate. They found that they seldom had time to run their tanks back for repairs to the elaborate maintenance shops which the Americans had helped them erect in the rear.

The ability of Nazi repair units to get their tanks back into action was an outstanding feature of the campaign. The Germans used huge tank tractors and six-wheeled

lorries which rolled onto the battlefield at night, hooked up to the broken-down German tanks, and hauled them away to forward repair shops. They usually had the tanks back in action the next morning. When they were unable to move tanks, Nazi repair men simply erected blackout tents over the disabled tanks and did their repairs on the spot.

The battle proved that the light American M-3 tanks were almost useless in the desert, as long as the Germans could oppose them with their 18- and 22-tonners. The 28-ton American M-3's and the new M-4's, now fitted with 75-mm. cannon, are about equal to any of Rommel's machines but, unfortunately, none of them arrived in Egypt in time. The British learned, above all, that tanks for a battle in open terrain must be moving carriages for 75-mm. guns at least, if not heavier.

The light American tanks, nicknamed "Honeys" for their ability to take it, were mechanically in every way superior to anything the Germans or the British had in the field. Some of them in the British 4th Armored Brigade carried on for thirty-two days of continuous service without major repairs. The second-in-command of the 3rd Royal Tank Regiment drove his light M-3 more than 900 miles under battle conditions without a mechanical failure and the ninety tanks of the 4th Armored Brigade suffered only twelve minor mechanical failures in thirty-two days.

The Germans demonstrated that they had been willing to improvise in order to win. Lacking enough 75-mm. tanks for his satisfaction, Rommel had mounted captured French 75's on the rear of Ford and Opal trucks which could halt, shoot, and move on again before the British had their truck-towed artillery unhooked.

Beyond doubt the battle in the sand demonstrated that the Nazis will never reach the Nile nor the British Tripoli until one side obtains a complete superiority in

tanks, airplanes, men, and supplies, in that order.

Auchinleck's acknowledged aim was the destruction of Rommel's forces in Libya. By his own definition, his offensive failed. It was a failure softened by tremendous gains, however. When Auchinleck attacked, Rommel was amassing a gigantic supply of ammunition at Bardia in preparation for his own attack on Egypt. The British captured these supplies almost intact and seized close to 100,000 tons of munitions at Bardia alone.

Auchinleck, in part, relieved the pressure upon the Russians by forcing the Germans to withdraw one whole air fleet from the Russian front, a decisive factor in the defense of Moscow. He captured more than 50,000 Axis prisoners, but some 150,000 of Rommel's soldiers remained. He inflicted heavy damage on Rommel's armored units but he also lost a great deal of his own. He scored an important psychological victory by forcing the proud *Afrika Korps* to retreat.

Although the Nazis publicly scoff that the Egyptian-Libyan desert is a secondary front on the periphery of Europe, in private it remains to them one outlet where they can break through the Russian-British circle around Germany.

Turkey on the Fence

TURKEY, LIKE YUGOSLAVIA IN THE BALKANS in 1941, is at the crossroads. Flanked by Russia in the Caucasus and the British in Syria and Iraq, Turkey also stands squarely in the way of Germany's long-dreamed *Drang nach Osten*.

The Turks are realists. Unlike their Arab Moslem brothers, their hearts are on the Allied side but their heads are precariously balanced on the fence.

To push the British out of the northern end of the Middle East, the Nazis would have to come through Turkey with at least 1,000,000 men, three armored divisions, and some twenty bomber and ten fighter squadrons of the *Luftwaffe*. Under such a weight the Turks know full well that Turkey would collapse in a matter of days.

With the British occupation of Syria and Iraq, the side door into Turkey was closed to the Nazis. With their failure at Rostov to reach the Caucasus and Iran, the Nazis lost one chance to get at the Turks through the back door. The front door remains and against this barrier the Nazis early in 1942 began concentrating their assault forces.

The Nazi puppet Bulgarian army of twelve divisions and perhaps an equal number of mixed German and Italian divisions was moved into barracks running from

Sofia to the Black Sea and the Turkish frontier. French artillery from the Maginot Line was transported to Thrace, west of the Turkish border. German *Schnelltruppen* began practicing invasion tactics on the captured Greek islands in the Aegean, within sight of Turkey's shores. New air bases were built on the islands of Mytilene, Chios, and Samos, all less than fifteen minutes flying time from the Dardanelles. The huge air base on the outskirts of Yambol in Bulgaria, twenty-five minutes flying time from Istanbul, was improved and stocked with bombs and gasoline.

The job of unlocking the door from within by weakening the resistance Turkey could offer was assigned to shrewd, scheming Franz von Papen, Nazi Ambassador to Turkey. Under his direction is the Embassy's Oriental Bureau, with a staff of over 100 working ceaselessly to plant Axis sympathizers where they will do Turkey most harm, reaching into the Turkish Army, even into the General Staff. Orders from Jerusalem's Grand Mufti and Iraq's renegade El-Gailani are transmitted by von Papen's agents to Arab intriguers in the Middle East. Axis espionage in Turkey and the Middle East is under the direction of Italy's master-spy, Major Emile Bassignano.

The Allies have countered von Papen's efforts for the most part with money and equipment for the Turkish military forces. Britain, which at one time was inclined to feel that it was sending good money after bad into Turkey, was persuaded by Washington to continue shipping war materiel. The United States extended Lease-Lend aid to the Turks and sent Laurence Steinhardt, who had not been exactly popular as American Ambassador in Russia, to try his hand with the wavering Turks. Britain's position in Turkey has been strengthened by one of her smartest diplomats, Sir Hughe M. Knatchbull-Hugessen.

WHAT TURKEY WILL DO in the face of a Nazi attack narrows down to what one man will do. He is Turkey's President, little Ismet Inonu, the pious but progressive Moslem who was bequeathed the leadership of modern Turkey by its founder, Kemal Ataturk, when the Father of the Turks lay on his deathbed.

TURKEY'S ANCIENT HISTORY began in 1227 when a tribe from Central Asia settled near Angora (Ankara). Under Osman, son of the tribal leader, the scattered tribes of Asia Minor were organized into a fighting unit and the foundations laid for the Ottoman Empire, named after Osman.

Osmanli warriors reached the European shores of the Dardanelles in 1354. A century later under Mohammed the Conqueror, they took Constantinople and overran the Balkans. Almost a hundred years later their Selim the Grim conquered Syria and Egypt, and Suleiman the Magnificent expanded into Persia and Hungary and as far as the gates of Vienna.

The Imperial Turks were hated across the breadth of the Middle East and as the Ottoman Empire dragged down into political corruption and cultural decay, its enemies whittled away at its territory. From the 16th Century until a few years after World War I the Empire was gradually chopped up until there was little left of Turkey itself. The Greeks were about to overrun the country when Kemal Ataturk and Ismet Inonu appeared.

Inonu, or Ismet Pasha as he was known until he changed his name, was the son of a high-born judge of the Turkish Supreme Court and young Ismet was groomed to become a courtier of the Sultan at Constantinople. At 16 he disregarded his father's wishes and joined the army. He became an artillery officer and in 1908 participated in the Young Turk revolution against

Sultan Abdul Hamid, and in 1910 led a force into the desert to put down an Arab revolt in the Yemen against the Ottoman Empire. He served in the Balkan Wars which preceded the first World War, and in 1914, fighting on the side of the Germans, he was a lieutenant colonel on the Turkish Imperial General Staff.

With the Armistice he was appointed Undersecretary of State for War in the government of Mohammed VI, a puppet Sultan who ruled under the protection of Allied warships and airplanes at Constantinople. It was at this point that Kemal Pasha, a Turkish officer who had distinguished himself in the defense of the Dardanelles against the British, began a nationalist revolt to drive out the foreigners and create a new Turkey.

Inonu never occupied the desk awaiting him in the Ministry of War. Disguised as an old woman he made his way across Turkey into the central plain of Anatolia where Kemal had raised an army of ragged Turks. Ismet Pasha had served as Kemal's Chief of Staff in 1916 when Kemal commanded the Turkish forces opposing the Russian invasion of Anatolia. He became Kemal's right-hand man in the revolution.

The Greeks, financed and armed by the British, had marched into Turkey and were almost at the gates of Ankara when Ismet was sent out with an ill-clothed, starving army to meet them. The credentials issued to Ismet by Kemal read: "The bearer is a national hero who takes orders from nobody and to whom everyone must submit."

The badly equipped Turks met the well-equipped Greeks at the village of Inonu near Eskisehir and fought them to a standstill. Two battles were fought, the first lasting from March through October, 1921, the second taking place on August 30, 1922, and Ismet won both of them. The Greeks were routed, pushed back into Smyrna, and forced to evacuate Turkey. When Kemal

westernized Turkey and ordered all Turks to assume surnames, he asked Ismet to call himself Inonu, in honor of his victories at that town. Ismet means chastity. Kemal Pasha became Kemal Ataturk, "Father of the Turks."

Kemal, after driving out the Sultan and abolishing the Caliphate, began to create a modern Turkey. His 13,000,000 people were ninety per cent illiterate. Against the fierce opposition of the Moslem *mullahs* Kemal abolished the fez, the veil, and the *harim*, separated the state from the Mohammedan church, devised a simple Latin alphabet to replace the complicated Arabic alphabet of 602 letter forms, changed the clock and the calendar, moved his capital from corrupt Constantinople and built a new, gaudy concrete city on the lines of Washington atop the mud huts of the village of Ankara.

Ataturk was the revolutionary, a zealous modernizer. Inonu, his Prime Minister, was the administrator who executed and modified Kemal's reforms. Ataturk and Inonu broke in 1937 when jealous ministers convinced Ataturk that his right-hand man did not approve of Kemal's indulgence in drink and other pleasures. Inonu resigned as Premier and the two men did not speak until Ataturk lay on his deathbed. Then he called Inonu to him. To Inonu's two bright sons, Omer and Erdel, Ataturk left a large portion of his enormous personal fortune; another share went to Ozden, Inonu's little daughter. To Inonu himself Ataturk bequeathed Turkey.

Ataturk's exact opposite in most personal characteristics, quiet, pious, home-loving, even-tempered, 57-year-old Inonu has carried on Ataturk's program but at a more moderate pace. His great strength is his deafness, with which he was afflicted after attacks of malaria and cholera as a young man. Although he is touchy about it, his deafness is a political asset because he hears only

what he wants to hear. A tough, able negotiator, he outmaneuvered Britain's haughty Lord Curzon at the Lausanne Conference in 1923 where he discussed Turkey's permanent peace terms with the Allies. Lord Curzon, then Britain's Foreign Secretary, tried to persuade Inonu to grant special judicial rights in Turkey to Britain and her allies. Inonu, then a 38-year-old general, would sit blankly until Curzon had exhausted himself with a long, eloquent speech and then apologize for his deafness and ask the Foreign Secretary to repeat his arguments. After three months of this Curzon lost his patience and Inonu got his demands.

As President of Turkey Inonu leads an unpretentious, middleclass life. A small man (five feet six) with a high, bald forehead, grey hair, large nose, and scraggly mustache, he looks more like a prosperous rug merchant than a statesman. He does not like living in Ataturk's official residence, the Pink House at Ankara, colored to tone with the rest of the pastel-shade houses on Ankara's Ataturk Boulevard, but prefers to live quietly with his family in a modernistic private home on the bleak Cankaya hillside suburb of the capital.

He leaves his house every morning at eight and walks the two miles to his office at such a pace that his aide-de-camp has to trot along behind him. Before lunch he has an hour's gallop over Ataturk's farm zoo at Ciftlik. In the evening he remains with his wife, Mevhibe, and three children, plays the cello with three musician friends, or plays billiards with his bachelor neighbor, Premier Refik Saydam.

INONU'S INFLUENCE, as did Ataturk's before him, overshadows everyone else in Turkey. In the background the most important personalities are Chief of Staff Marshal Fevzi Cakmak (pronounced Chockmock), a stern, fiftyish, professional soldier who boasts that he has never

lost an engagement, and Dr. Refik Saydam, the Prime Minister, who, like Inonu, was a colleague of Ataturk, and under his influence reorganized the public health of the new Turkey. Enigmatic Shukru Sarajoglu, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, is Turkey's most brilliant statesman and is generally tipped to take over Ataturk's heritage on Inonu's death. A young man still in his early thirties, well-traveled and well-studied, he has the ticklish job of keeping von Papen's foot out of Turkey's front door.

Turkey's Inonu is shrewd. Stalin once said, "The only man outside Russia whose advice I respect is Inonu." But Turkey's little President will need more than shrewdness to stand up to the Nazis. His diplomatic skill has kept Russia, Britain, and the Axis out of Turkey since September 3, 1939. Now he needs tanks and planes and guns.

Turkey has the only Middle East army that can do the United Nations any good, but good as it is for a small army, it cannot expect to hold up for long under the pummeling of the *Luftwaffe* and *Reichswehr*. Turkey's army of 475,000 can be expanded to 1,000,000 with full mobilization. Well-equipped with small arms, it has a decent number of light tanks, field guns, and anti-tank guns. The Turkish Air Force consists of some 400 first-line planes, a few of them old Hurricanes which came through the Battle of Britain, Turkish-made Curtiss Hawks, U.S. Martin bombers, and British Blenheims.

Ataturk once told M. W. Fodor, now a columnist for the *Chicago Sun*, that he could hold the Dardanelles only with "the British Navy, the Russian Air Force, and the Turkish Army." The British Navy, after its lessons of Crete and Singapore, will not dare to move close to Germany's land air bases without air protection; the Russian Air Force has its hands full, and the Turkish Army, without adequate air protection of its own, will

be cut to pieces by the *Luftwaffe*. The Dardanelles, therefore, will probably be lost.

Half of Turkey's Army is traditionally based on the European side of the Dardanelles behind the Chatalja line. The Germans are unlikely to risk the costly and unnecessary frontal attack on the Dardanelles. Operating from Rumanian bases in the Black Sea and from conquered Greek islands in the Aegean, they can land on Turkey's flanks and render the Dardanelles useless. The Turks would then be forced to fall back across the broad, treeless Anatolian plateau which offers little protection from Nazi dive-bombers.

Once in the Taurus mountains, which stretch diagonally near the Syrian-Turkish border, the Turks could inflict considerable damage upon the Nazi columns winding up along the road and railroad through the narrow defiles. Turkey's Cakmak calls the Taurus region an "infantryman's paradise," full of deep ravines and rocky hills where foot soldiers and machine gunners can operate with advantage. It is unlikely that the British will make the tactical mistake of moving into Turkey up to the Dardanelles only to be outflanked on both sides by sea-carried Nazi attacks. The best British defense line would be with the Turks atop the Taurus mountains.

If forced to choose between the Axis and the United Nations, there is no doubt which side Inonu will choose—if the United Nations can demonstrate that they have a chance to win. If the Turks are left holding the gateway to the Middle East with only a few British divisions to back them up, their resistance would crumble in a matter of days. But if the British can hold the Axis forces in the Libyan desert with half their Middle East Army and divert the other half to the Syrian-Turkish border, the Turks might put up a respectable fight. Inonu's fence-sitting decision to fight or not to fight depends on how strongly the British can back him up in the rear.

Malta Fights Back

THE 95-SQUARE-MILE ISLAND OF MALTA, the British Mediterranean outpost which sits defiantly on Italy's doorstep, suffered its first air raid within twenty-four hours after Mussolini declared war on Britain and France. Since then the island has counted its air raids by the hundreds.

It is the most frequently bombed stronghold in the history of the world.

Separated from Nazi bombers working from Sicily by a mere 60-mile strip of water, it has absorbed more than 2,300 raids from the beginning of the war up to May, 1942—almost four times as many raids as London has had during the same period. In the first four months of 1942 Malta was raided by 11,000 aircraft.

Commanding the narrow Straits of Sicily, only 180 miles from the Libyan coast and 140 miles from Italy, possession of Malta gives the British Navy a central Mediterranean base from which to hamper the passage of Axis convoys to the German and Italian forces in Libya. From Malta British submarines and planes patrol the 80-mile-wide Sicilian channel between Sicily and French North Africa across which Axis merchantmen sneak to reach Tripoli. At one time their patrols were so successful that they were sinking up to fifty per cent of the vessels the Axis sent across.

Malta is not only a defensive outpost. British airplanes, including the new cannon-equipped Bristol Beauforts, operate from Malta to make daylight strafes of Italian and German air bases in Sicily and on the Italian mainland. The island is also an important way-stop for British and American bombers flying out from England via Gibraltar to the Middle East.

In the long delaying fight to wear down the Axis to a point where the United Nations can reach parity, then superiority, it is hard to think of a greater contribution than the one Malta has made. In the first few months of 1942 at least one, and possibly more, of the *Luftwaffe's* six air fleets was concentrated against the island. The Axis bombing attacks, organized from Crete, Greece, Italy, and Sicily, were directed by one of the best brains of the *Luftwaffe*, Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, who blueprinted the destruction of Coventry and Warsaw.

Every bomb dropped on Malta was a bomb that might have been dropped on the Russian front. Every German bomber shot down was one which might have been used against Moscow, the cities of Britain, or the British positions in the Middle East. This has been Malta's contribution to the retreat to victory.

Before they can hope to be masters of the central Mediterranean the Axis must knock out Malta. So far, except for an abortive but daring raid by Italian E-boats and torpedo-carrying speedboats against British naval vessels in Malta's Valletta harbor on July 27, 1941, the Germans and Italians have confined themselves to air raids designed to break the morale of the Maltese and cripple the British air defenders of the island. They have not been successful.

Malta's best protection are British fighter planes, including squadrons of Hurricanes and Spitfires, operating from camouflaged, rocky airdromes in the island's interior and from caves along the coast, and they have

taken a high toll of raiders. Malta's anti-aircraft defenses are reputed to be the heaviest in the world. There are undoubtedly more guns on the island than there were in London when the 1940 air blitz began.

Most of the houses in Valletta, Malta's capital, which rises in tiers of living rock and 16th-Century walls above the harbor, are of rock and are poor targets for incendiary bombs.

Despite the disturbances of an average eight raids a day and six at night, Maltese morale is high. In April, 1942, King George VI awarded the George Cross, which is given for spectacular feats of civilian bravery, to the 273,000 Maltese, the first time a British monarch had decorated a people *en masse*.

The isolated, fiercely independent Maltese have been satisfied with their position within the British Empire since 1814. Originally Phoenicians, the Maltese have seen Carthaginians, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs, Normans, Aragonese, Italians, and French come and go, and they want nothing of Mussolini and the Germans. Europeans, but without ties in Europe, they have a language of their own. The closest to it is Arabic.

Malta's long history is rich in legends. In its mountains Cyclopes, the one-eyed giants, were supposed to have lived. On the tiny, neighboring island of Gozo, now a fortified stronghold, Ulysses dallied for seven years with Calypso. St. Paul was shipwrecked on Malta's shores in 58 A.D. and lived in a grotto near Notabile.

Malta's reputation as a fortress goes back to 1530, when Emperor Charles V, who then ruled Sicily, turned over the sovereignty of Malta to the military Knights of St. John of Jerusalem who then became known as the Knights of Malta. The Order of St. John, forced from the Mediterranean island of Rhodes by Turkey's Suleiman the Magnificent, dug themselves in on Malta, and prepared to meet the advance of the infidel. It came

in 1565 when Suleiman's forces landed at Malta and besieged the Knights at Fort St. Angelo. The Great Siege of Malta and the resistance of the Knights' Grand Master, Jean de la Valette, so captured the imagination of Christian Europe that enough money was collected to build the Knights their fortified city of Valletta, which Hitler and Mussolini are now trying their utmost to knock down.

With the decline of the Turkish Empire the Knights lost the main object of their existence and Malta's importance diminished. It reappeared in 1798 when Napoleon, using Frenchmen among the Knights as his fifth columnists, captured Valletta and deposed the Grand Master. His Palace Square was renamed the *Place de la Liberté*.

The Maltese made terms with their French masters until the newcomers stripped a Maltese church and tried to sell its wealth. The infuriated Maltese rose in arms, murdered the French garrisons, and intercepted Britain's Lord Nelson on his way back from Egypt to ask for help. The British, who needed no more encouragement than this, accepted the invitation and issued a premature proclamation:

"Brave Maltese, you have rendered yourselves interesting and conspicuous to the world. Your energy commanded victory, and an enemy formidable to the best disciplined armies of Europe yielded in every point to your unexampled efforts."

The French refused to yield to this paper barrage and it was more than a year later before the main French forces in Malta capitulated. Malta came voluntarily into the British Empire in 1814.

Unlike London, Malta was prepared for war ever since the Ethiopian crisis. ARP and coastal defense units were organized in 1937. In ancient tunnels quarried by the Knights out of natural rock, food and muni-

tions were stored, enough to enable Malta to hold out for years. Like Chungking, Malta has the protection of underground rock shelters, some of them ammunition storehouses built by the Knights centuries ago. All the shelters are equipped with triple-decker bunks and sanitary facilities. They have demonstrated that they are proof against direct hits. With these underground chambers added to the air-raid shelters which have been built since Mussolini's attack on Ethiopia, Malta has air-raid protection for the bulk of its 273,000 population.

Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta until May, 1942, was beefy, pink-faced, 68-year-old Lieutenant General Sir William George Shedden Dobbie, whose troops call him "Old Dob Dob." After more than 2,300 air raids, Old Dob Dob was brought home to England for a well-deserved rest.

A fearless, Bible-thumping old soldier, Dobbie was an inspiration to the people of Malta, as he moved about the streets even during the hottest raids, helping the air-raid wardens dig out the wounded. Every night he held Bible classes for his officers and men in their underground shelters. I've heard it said that even his reports to the War Office are liberally sprinkled with quotations from the Scriptures.

Old Dob Dob likes to tell how he stopped World War I. As a member of Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig's staff, he wrote and signed the order for the Armistice. A non-cussing teetotaler, pious Old Dob Dob regards this war as a crusade against the sacrilegious and he hates the Nazis for making him fight on the Sabbath. On any other day of the week he is more than pleased to oblige them.

Dobbie was replaced by General the Viscount Gort, once Chief of Britain's Imperial General Staff, who was given the command at Gibraltar after he had brought his armies out of Dunkirk.

AT THE FAR END OF THE MEDITERRANEAN, 1,000 miles from Malta, stands Britain's third Mediterranean fortress (Gibraltar is the other)—the 3,600-square-mile, mountainous island of Cyprus.

The third largest island in the Mediterranean, Cyprus was caught in the turbulent history of the Middle East and passed from conqueror to conqueror. Discovered by the Phoenicians, it was colonized by the Greeks and conquered by the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Persians, and the Romans. After the crusades of Richard I it passed into English hands, was taken away by the Venetians in 1489 and from them by the Turks, then the Egyptians and the Turks again. It was finally ceded to Great Britain in 1878 by the Convention of Constantinople.

If the Nazis intend to strike through Turkey, Syria, and Palestine for the Suez Canal, the Germans must try to add their names to the long list of Cypriot conquerors. British bombers operating from Cyprus, 100 miles off the Syrian coast, would flank the German advance and bomb their columns as they passed down Syria to the Canal.

Prepared by the lessons of Crete, the British have established several thousand troops, a few good air-dromes, and adequate anti-aircraft protection on Cyprus. The Nazis will not have sole possession of the air as they did above Crete. If the Germans stage a Crete-style attack from the Italian island of Rhodes, they can be opposed by British fighters and bombers operating from Syrian airfields. If only because of its geographical position, Cyprus will prove a harder nut to crack than Crete.

Escape From the Blue Pencils

MY ASSIGNMENT IN THE MIDDLE EAST might have lasted for the duration of the war but I left because it was impossible to work under a censorship as repressive, stupid, and blind as those in Franco Spain, Germany, and Russia combined. Others departed in disgust before me—Bob Casey of the Chicago *Daily News*; Bob Neville, formerly of *PM*; Ed Angly, then of the New York *Herald Tribune*, now of the Chicago *Sun*; Frank Gervasi of *Collier's*—and more will follow.

There is a night-and-day difference between censorship in Britain and that imposed in the Middle East.

Censorship is of two main kinds. One is military censorship, which is designed to prevent information of a military *value* from reaching the enemy. Then there is political censorship, which is invariably an attempt to stifle any criticism of the authorities in power. In Britain, censorship was almost entirely limited to military information for the first two years of the war and was then extended to cover dispatches "calculated to foment ill-will among the United Nations." Under this mild form of political censorship it is still possible to do objective, even critical, reporting from the British Isles. Parliament and the British newspapers, still remarkably outspoken after more than two years of war, are the jealous champions of a free press.

But in the Middle East there is no free press, no Parliament to appeal to. The whole area is ruled simultaneously by the British armed forces and the representatives of the British Foreign or Colonial Offices, more or less in conjunction with the native populations.

In the Middle East military censorship does not stop with the prevention of military secrets from reaching the enemy. Its all-powerful hand is used to choke off objective analysis and healthy criticism of Britain's military conduct of the war, criticism which is permitted the press in Britain.

Although British newspapers and magazines devoted pages to a searching analysis of British mistakes in Crete, not one adverse word was allowed to be cabled by British and American correspondents on the spot. Newspapers in the Middle East, which are completely under the thumbs of the British embassies and legations, were not even permitted to reprint British parliamentary speeches on the Crete campaign.

In addition to this repressive military censorship, the political censorship is used to cover a multitude of sins. Applied broadly, it takes care of everything which the military censorship does not touch, ranging from uncomplimentary remarks about a British or British-sponsored personality to more major issues, such as Britain's policy toward the Arab world.

The British in the Middle East attempt to justify their political censorship on the grounds that the native populations are "unreliable" and that any criticism of Britain would be seized upon by the natives as evidence of British weakness. The political censors, most of whom have been in the area for so long that they can think only in terms of Britain versus the natives, refuse to make any distinction between dispatches intended for American (or British) publication and news appearing in the local native papers.

IN LONDON A CORRESPONDENT files his cables at the telegraph office or deposits his written articles at the Ministry of Information and then sits back and waits. If the censor desires to change even so much as an "and" or a "but" he contacts the newspaper man by telephone and explains the reasons for the change. If the correspondent is unable to argue his point he can suggest a compromise which will not destroy the sense or continuity of his dispatch, and if he does not agree with the censor's decision he can appeal the case right up to the Minister of Information or, provided he has the right contacts, to the Prime Minister himself.

In the Middle East, however, all censorship was "blind" until August, 1941. Correspondents simply handed their messages into the military censorship office and were given a printed receipt. From the military censors the article was mysteriously passed on to the political censors to whom we had no access. Correspondents were given no opportunity to modify their dispatches. Offending sentences were simply slashed out. This often led to amusing incidents.

Little Leonard Mosley, British correspondent for *Allied Newspapers*, once wrote a dispatch from Syria which began with the fact that British, Australian, Free French, and Indian troops were fighting side by side on the battlefields. Then he went on to describe the day's activities. At the end of the story he made the observation that Arabs and Jews seemed to have buried the hatchet for the duration of the war and were working together assisting the Allied troops. Without informing Mosley, the military censors simply cut out the body of the story and sent the dispatch through to London:

"British, Australian, Free French, and Indian troops are fighting side by side on the battlefields of Syria. . . . This proves that Arabs and Jews can settle their differences if they set their minds to it."

No wonder our editors sometimes thought the heat had been too much for us.

Censorship varies in the dozen countries which compose the Middle East. In Egypt every line goes through three official censorships. One piece I wrote on the Emir Abdullah of Transjordan was emasculated by *nine* different censors, six of them unofficial.

In Egypt in addition to the military and political censorships, the latter carried out by the British Embassy, there is a censorship known as the Anglo-Egyptian, which is conveniently performed by British officials working in the Egyptian Ministry of Interior. Its purpose is to prevent the publication of material offensive to the Egyptians, and since the Egyptians are the most sensitive people in the world, correspondents have to watch their step. In one cable I mentioned jokingly that Cairo's air-raid sirens sounded like the auto horns during a traffic jam in Times Square. That sentence was deleted from my cable and a few days later I received word that the Egyptian Foreign Office wished to see me. Since I was leaving Cairo anyhow, I ignored the summons. One American correspondent was expelled because the Egyptians did not like one of his stories, and the threat of expulsion was always over our heads.

In Palestine and Transjordan the political censorship is under a Colonial Office functionary who has been in the Holy Land for so long that he thinks only in terms of Jews and Arabs. Having been given the job of censoring inciting paragraphs from the local papers during Palestine's riots in 1937, he automatically advanced a step with the war and took sole charge of the political censorship on all outgoing news, although he has never had press experience. From a decision of his Jerusalem office there is no appeal.

Censorship is not limited to outgoing news. Winston Churchill's speeches are severely cut about, particularly

when he admits Britain's mistakes. *Reuter's* Cairo chief told me that about 1,000 words per day are cut out of his incoming news, in order to prevent the Egyptians from reading it. Whole issues of British and American publications, particularly *Time* and *Life*, are banned every week by the Anglo-Egyptian censors because of references considered critical of Britain. The censors refuse to cut out the offending articles or paragraphs and allow the magazines to be sold. The official explanation: "Such deletions would admit to the Egyptians that a censorship exists."

Nor was censorship in the Middle East always limited to deletions. During the Syrian campaign if the military censors did not like the tone of our sentences they simply cut them out and wrote in their own, which often gave an entirely opposite meaning to our cables.

News is a perishable commodity which must be handled on a round-the-clock basis but most of the censors in the Middle East keep gentlemen's hours. In Cairo, except for the military censors who are on duty twenty-four hours per day, the political and Anglo-Egyptian censors siesta from three to six in the afternoon and close their offices at eight in the evenings. Dispatches filed after that must wait until morning.

Scarcely any of the censors and public relations officers in the Middle East have had newspaper experience and not a few are outspoken in their dislike for what they slightly refer to as "the press." One monocled Foreign Office prig at the British Embassy in Cairo once said to an influential Egyptian family with whom I was friendly:

"But, really, you shouldn't have anything to do with the press socially. In England one just doesn't invite them into one's home." This was from a man whose specific job it was to help us.

During my assignment in the area only one major

improvement took place. That was when Auchinleck and Oliver Lyttelton, the Minister of State who was sent out by the War Cabinet to bring order into the political chaos of the Middle East, picked young Randolph Churchill, son of the Prime Minister, to take over the Army's Bureau of Information and Propaganda.

Randolph, explosive, tireless, imaginative, worked for a time on Lord Beaverbrook's London *Evening Standard* and was smart enough to realize that a cooperative press could be one of Britain's most effective weapons. He has his father's ability to slash through red tape. Like the Prime Minister, however, he creates many enemies by his bull-charging methods. Before he had been on the job for a week fellow army officers, afraid of losing their own soft positions, had begun sabotaging him.

Randolph went ahead with his changes. He fired the chief Middle East military censor and his assistant and required the new censors to sleep in their offices to give us a 24-hour service. This was a step in the right direction, but it was completely nullified when the political and Anglo-Egyptian censors refused to work after eight in the evening.

"Blind" military censorship was done away with, although both the political and Anglo-Egyptian continued to be done in secret. Doubtful military dispatches were submitted directly to Churchill or to his assistant, young Captain Robin Campbell, and they invariably applied a common sense rule-of-thumb to our stories.

The chief military censor in the Middle East until Churchill dismissed him was a supercilious young captain whose newspaper experience was limited to a copy of the London *Times* at the breakfast table. He is one of the few British Army officers who can speak Japanese fluently, but the War Office in Whitehall, with its peculiar knack of putting round pegs into square holes,

had made him head censor in Cairo. After his dismissal he disappeared quietly from the Middle East Command. Months later when I arrived in Singapore I was shocked to find him working in the Far Eastern Command. His job: Adviser to the Censors.

Churchill, receiving little or no aid from Whitehall, struggled vainly for ten months to organize a Middle East press set-up sympathetic to correspondents, but the brass hats and bureaucrats lined up against him were too well entrenched. He finally gave up and rejoined a Commando unit in the Egyptian desert.

FOR THE MOST PART, those in charge of Britain's propaganda in the Middle East are amateur propagandists as well as amateur soldiers. The chief of the Public Relations Office in Cairo, which must provide the facilities for newspaper men to cover the British forces, was a gentleman farmer before the war. His assistant was a timber merchant in Liverpool. Another assistant was a London paint dealer. Try as they do they cannot understand the mechanics of a newspaper man's job. Of the total of this top-heavy organization of 150 officers and men which has grown up to cater to some 30 accredited correspondents, those with newspaper experience did not number more than half-a-dozen.

Newspaper men are regarded more as a necessary evil, with the emphasis on the evil. When Frank Gervasi of *Collier's* arrived in Cairo he announced his intention of remaining in the Middle East for the duration of the war. This was reported to the Press Department of the War Office in Whitehall. Back came the answer:

"So Gervasi thinks that he can stay in the Middle East. Well, there's not room for more than one visiting correspondent at a time and he'll have to move along and make room for others. *After all, he's had a very good innings.*"

This was from a War Office which should have been begging crack American correspondents to remain in the Middle East and wipe out the bad taste of Dunkirk, Narvik, and Crete.

The British fumbled their first major victory—the lightning advance into Libya which rounded up Mussolini's soldiers—when inadequate facilities were provided for newspaper men to cover it. Dispatches took days to reach London and New York and sometimes were lost completely in the desert. The stories of the attack on Derna were held up by sandstorms. Descriptions of the fall of Bengasi and the great tank battle of Beda Fomm were bogged for days in the red mud around Barce. Correspondents had to retrace their steps to Cairo or send dead-tired army drivers back across 1,000 miles of sand to put the news of Britain's victories on the wires.

The Axis armies make no such mistakes. Even in Spain, Italian newspaper men were equipped with their own portable wireless transmission sets on which they sent home dispatches from the battlefield itself.

Independent, unofficial photographers are not welcome within the military boundaries of the Middle East. Typical was the case of *Life's* George Rodger. He was invited to come to Africa by the Free French to photograph their forces. Arriving at Duala, on the West African coast, Rodger found that there was no official transport to take him into the heart of the continent where Free French troops were operating. Undaunted, he hired four Arab boys, wangled two Chevrolet trucks, loaded them with gasoline, spare tires, and provisions, and for three months hacked and dug his way across 9,000 miles of African jungle and desert, 3,000 of which had never been crossed by automobile before.

Ultimately he arrived at Massawa, Eritrea, on the east coast of Africa, in time to photograph the taking of this Italian city by Allied forces. There were no Brit-

ish official photographers present. They were sitting comfortably at Asmara, eighty miles away.

Rodger's films were taken up to Cairo by a friendly RAF pilot. When they arrived the Public Relations officers took one look at them and decided that because Rodger was not an "accredited photographer" they could have nothing to do with them. The films were sent to the British Embassy. The Embassy let them dust-gather on a desk for a fortnight and then sent them out to a little Arab shop for development. When they eventually arrived in America, three months after the battle of Massawa, they were so damaged in development that they could not be printed.

Rodger made his way to Cairo and reported to G.H.Q. with his \$1,500 worth of camera equipment and years of experience. But the British would have none of it. Instead, the Public Relations officers gave him a heartbreaking lecture: "Our advice to you is to go back home. You are dishonest. You've sneaked into the Middle East by the back door."

Covering the war in the Middle East was not one endless complaint. I doubt if newspaper men in any war have been permitted to see as much front-line action at close range as we did with the British forces. And we invariably found that the closer we got to the firing line the more friendly and cooperative were the men we met. Conversely, the farther from the war one went, the more stupid officialdom became. Our complaints were directed not at the fighting men but at the office-soldiers who run the war from their G.H.Q.'s and H.Q.'s at Cairo, Jerusalem, Baghdad, Nairobi, or Delhi, and the smug, narrow-visioned civil servants who run Britain's political empire.

India's No-Man's-Land

ONCE THE NAZIS SUCCEEDED in breaking through the British defense line on the Syrian-Turkish border, Churchill's warning that Hitler might eventually reach the gates of India will probably come true. Guarding against this, India has declared that her strategical frontiers lie in Iran, Iraq, and Syria, and there the bulk of her trained fighting men have been sent. However, the Indian High Command is not neglecting India's own first-line of defense, the 800-mile-long bastion of towering mountains lying in a remote belt between Afghanistan, Turkistan, and India. To see this rock reef against which other conquerors have hurled their armies, the Indian Government invited Rodger and me to visit India's famed Northwest Frontier.

We flew from Cairo to the Sea of Galilee, took off again next morning and landed in Iraq at Basra for lunch at the Shatt-Al-Arab Hotel, which rises like a mirage on the steaming banks of the Shatt-Al-Arab river. We stopped for the night on Bahrein island, hopped across the Persian Gulf to the Baluchistan village of Sharjah, and landed in India at Karachi. A half-dozen German and Italian freighters, captured by the British during the invasion of Iran, were anchored out in the harbor.

From the Middle East there are three invasion routes

to India. Over the first the Germans could cross from Persia's Teheran along rough tracks to Meshed and then across rugged and railwayless Afghanistan to Kabul, Afghanistan's capital. If they managed to penetrate the mountains of Afghanistan, which present impossible obstacles for tanks and mechanized columns, the Germans would then come up against the Khyber Pass, which is the one spot in India the British could probably hold against all comers.

A second route runs from Teheran to Meshed and Afghanistan's Herat, along a rough desert track which is at present used by trucks to carry supplies from India to Russia. At Herat the Germans would reach the partly-metalead road which runs diagonally across Afghanistan to Chaman, terminus of the Indian railway in Baluchistan. Behind Chaman stands Quetta, where India's Staff College is located, and the Khojak Pass.

The third and most likely route for the Nazis would be by sea down the Persian Gulf, or by land along the salty, sterile Iranian shore of the Gulf to southern Baluchistan, where India's mountain barrier dwindles away to a sandy plateau on which tanks could operate successfully.

THERE ARE THREE MAIN GATES through which invaders have reached India. In the north lies Malakand Pass, through which Alexander the Great led the bulk of his armies and where, incidentally, Winston Churchill saw his first battle. Far south lies Khojak Pass. In between Malakand and Khojak stands the majestic Khyber Pass, historic road to India for all conquerors, a mountain gash with a history back through the centuries. The Persians, Greeks, Seljuks, Tartars, Mongols, Pathans, and Afghans, the hosts of Darius and Alexander, of Genghis Khan and Babar, used the Khyber defile.

Centuries later the Khyber saw the British push back

the fierce, fanatic Afghans in three wars lasting more than a hundred years. From its barren, almost impenetrable mountain sides have come—and still come—marauding Afridi tribesmen to shoot up British outposts and supply columns. British and Indian soldiers, who have fought their way through the Khyber time and again in the face of tribal bullets zinging down the valley, have been immortalized by Kipling, and the names of the leaders who've served in defending the Pass ring through British military history—names like Lord Roberts, Sir Robert Warburton, Sir Binden Blood, and Sir Sam Browne.

THE NAZIS WILL PROBABLY TAKE THE ROUTE along the Persian Gulf and into India through comparatively flat, undefended Baluchistan. However, the Khyber Pass is faraway India's most romantic spot and it was there that we made our first visit. We flew from Karachi parallel with the ancient, winding Indus River aboard a special Douglas DC-2 which India had purchased from TWA. It set us down at Peshawar (pronounced Peshaar) in the top left-hand corner of India, the most important frontier city. From Peshawar we drove nine miles to Jamrud, where a fort built by the Sikhs, after they had driven back the Afghans in 1823, looms like a battleship at the entrance to the Pass.

At Jamrud a delegation of local *maliks*—village headmen—and a unit of Khassadars were drawn up to receive us. Khassadars are irregular armed constables, charged with the responsibility of keeping order in tribal territory under the direction of British political agents. The formation of the Khassadars was a neat British move to buy off trouble, because these tribesmen, if they were not armed constables, would be armed bandits. As it is, many former raiders join up for a \$7.50 monthly wage. They supply their own rifles and food and get their am-

munition from the political agents. Thus if they desert during tribal wars the British lose no valuable rifles, officers, or prestige.

You leave the territory of the British Raj at Jamrud and enter a no-man's-land called Tribal Territory. The Northwest Frontier is unique in that it consists of two frontiers. There is the Durand Line, the actual political demarcation between Afghanistan and India; and running irregularly and somewhat parallel about thirty miles behind the Durand Line, the administrative frontier where the British administration of India halts. Inhabitants of this long buffer state, governed by the tribes themselves under *jirgahs* (tribal councils), advised by British political agents, are generically Pathans (pronounced Patans'), divided into such tribes as Mohmands, against whom General Auchinleck made his reputation as a frontier fighter; war-making Afridis; Sinwaris, Orakzais, and the troublesome Waziris, who are continually sallying against the British.

At Jamrud you are vividly aware that the frontier occasionally blazes up when you read a sign which instructs travelers to be out of the Pass before dark. Another sign, reminding you that this is one of Britain's heavily fortified Empire outposts, forbids tourists to take pictures. Only one British officer in the Khyber area is permitted to have a camera.

I had always imagined that the Khyber was a short, narrow saddle across the mountain top. Actually, it is a valley some thirty miles long, rising 3,500 feet, which slices its way between sheer cliffs and forbidding mountains, some of which tower over 6,000 feet. It is pierced by three roads—motor, caravan, and railroad. Building the Khyber railway, considered an impossible undertaking before the work was begun in 1920, was a great feat of engineering. Its twenty-six miles cost \$10,000,000, required thirty-four tunnels of a total length of three

miles, and ninety-two bridges and culverts. Solely military in purpose, it stops short of the Afghan border. It meets little opposition from tribesmen nowadays because they love riding free aboard it. The practice of collecting tickets was discouraged when the tribesmen simply held up the train with their rifles and clambered aboard.

When not resounding with the tramp of invaders, the Khyber has always been an historic trade route between the East and West. In Roman days one of the ancient silk roads lay through the Khyber to Kabul and then up the Euphrates valley to Syria. Along it went Kashmir linens, Chinese silks, furs from Tibet, thin slabs of onyx, lapis lazuli, and opals from India to the patricians of Rome. Today *kafilas*—caravans of camels, bullocks, asses, complete with drivers and their families—traverse the Khyber on Tuesdays and Fridays during the Winter, Fridays during the Summer, while the Khassadars keep watch from the mountain tops. The caravan road parallels the motor road, and the British, always conscious of the strategic and military position of the Khyber, keep it conditioned to handle military lorry traffic if necessary.

We sped along from Jamrud, climbing continuously and twisting back on ourselves round tortuous hairpin bends. As long as you keep to the road you're considered safe because the roads are regarded by tribesmen as neutral ground. The tribesmen not only fight the British, they fight each other as well, and rifle bullets are standard arguments for settling disputes. In the Frontier country no family amounts to anything unless it is engaged in a generations-old blood feud and the males don't reach manhood until they have one murder to their credit. As a result, each family group lives behind a mud-walled fort, complete with sentry tower. The men work in the fields and walk the roads with rifles slung

over their shoulders. Sheer necessity made the roads safe ground. Many families build tunnels out to the road from their home forts.

At Landi Khotal, halfway through the Pass, where the British have a large fortified encampment, we lunched with the brigadier general in charge of the Khyber. He conducted us forward to the advance fort of Michni Kandao, four miles from the Afghan frontier. A *havildar*, the Pathan sergeant in charge, welcomed us profusely and led us up inside the three-story fort to the roof, where sentries stood behind sandbags. Some 4,000 feet below us in a widening valley lay the frontier village of Torkham. The Afghan frontier was outlined with white-painted rocks stepping up over the mountains to the right and left. Through the glasses we could make out the snowy heights of the 19,000-foot Hindu Kush, forty miles away. Down on the left the *havildar* pointed out the rough mountain track, faintly visible, up which came part of Alexander's army to its conquest of the Punjab twenty-two centuries ago.

To the naked, unobserving eye, the Khyber looks no different today than it did in Alexander's time except for the obvious British picket posts and forts which stand on every hilltop. One look through the glasses convinced me, however, that the British have not been idle in the Khyber area during the past few years. Miles of deep rifle trenches furrow the hills. Concealed big guns are cleverly hidden in dummy native huts, and anti-tank gun posts and machine-gun pillboxes cover every road and valley. Across the open spaces run deep anti-tank ditches, and at strategic road bends dragons' teeth tank barriers bar the way. Food and water are stored in the hills and deep tunnels have been dug for military field headquarters. Around and through all these defenses run new roads. During one year the army built more than 300 miles of new roads, all for military purposes.

From what we saw it would be almost impossible for an enemy air force to blast defending troops from the Pass, or for an army to take it from the front. Of course it could be outflanked from the south, and perhaps taken from the rear by air-borne and parachute troops. The Khyber defenses were originally built and always prepared against a possible Russian attack on India, but they'll work just as well against the Nazis.

From the Khyber we drove southward through the Kohat Pass, which unlike the Khyber doesn't connect with Afghanistan but merely crosses the Tribal Territory between two parts of British India. A few miles outside Peshawar we stopped at the tribal village of Zarghunkhel. As we alighted unsuspecting, the local Khassadars loosed off a rifle volley in our ears, and for a moment we thought we were in for a spot of bother.

It was only a ceremonial welcome and the whole village lined up along the one main street to greet us. Two score fierce-faced *maliks* stood in a long row and we ceremoniously shook hands with each. At the end of the row were two fat-tailed sheep which the *maliks* announced were gifts for Rodger and me. Unable to cart them along in the cars we patted them on the head, muttered "*Dera mehrabani*," meaning "thank you very much," and returned them to the villagers who needed them more than we did.

Tucked away in the village was one of the strangest establishments I've ever seen. It was a tribal rifle factory. The tribesmen make their own rifles to shoot the British. The factory consisted of half-a-dozen open-fronted stone and mud huts, and along the walls bearded oldsters and half-naked children expertly fashioned rifles by hand. Except for an old lathe which the factory owner proudly worked, the sole machinery consisted of bicycle wheels pedaled furiously to provide motive power. The tribesmen used to rip up the railroad lines for steel but

this has been stopped and they now buy it in the bazaars. They whittle the wood parts from fine walnut, cast the bolts in rude forges, bore the barrels by hand, and then stamp the finished products with counterfeit British dies. Markings are put on indiscriminately. Dies from Queen Victoria's day are stamped alongside the latest British markings, but that doesn't bother the tribal purchaser. To him the rifle isn't "genuine" unless it bears plenty of stamps.

The factory turns out 500 rifles yearly but it can do 100 monthly if pressed, the owner assured us. Most of the rifles sell for around \$13. The British wink at the activities of this factory and others like it, even though the rifles may one day point in their direction. The catch is that the rifles aren't much good—they need rebaring after 150 rounds. However, if the tribesmen were not allowed to make their own bad rifles they'd smuggle in good ones. After World War I large scale gun-running took place from the Persian Gulf across Afghanistan to the tribesmen, and it took an expensive British naval blockade to halt the trade.

When we left the factory *Maliq Samand Khan*, the 55-year-old village headman, presented us with two new rifles, tied up with gaudy tassels. Mine was a pre-World War Martini-Henry model but it was marked "Lee-Enfield." Half the letters had been stamped on upside down.

THE BASE FOR OUR FRONTIER VISITS was Peshawar, which consists of the walled native city, the toughest spot in India, and the British Cantonments. The Cantonments are like a bit of old England, and British officers come down after lonely months at frontier outposts to spend their leave among its trim-gardened bungalows, barracks, and bowling greens. But Peshawar is very much in the frontier. The Cantonments are always locked up

at nightfall and an armed sentry stands guard over the ninth hole at the golf course. In 1930 the Afridis twice attacked the city. The British turned the tables nicely, however. They simply occupied the huge Kajori plain southwest of Peshawar, where the Afridis were accustomed to graze their cattle during the Winter, until the Afridis were willing to be nice. This almost bloodless campaign is still known in the frontier messes as the Woolworth War, because it was cheaply won.

In the streets of native Peshawar, India meets Central Asia. Through them come camels bearing carpets and coffee from far-off Bokhara and golden Samarkand in Russia, asses from Afghanistan carrying baskets of sweet Kabul grapes wrapped in cotton wool. Each trade has its own street of shops, such as the street of the coppersmiths, of the bootmakers who turn out Peshawar sandals called *chalis*, or of the bird-sellers who offer painted song birds. Dominating them all is *Kissa Kahani*, "The Street of the Story Tellers," where the natives sit over coffee, smoking homemade hookah pipes and repeating gossip from incoming caravans. Start a rumor in *Kissa Kahani* and twenty-four hours later it will be all over India and halfway round the world.

We requested a visit to a frontier post which is in constant action against the tribesmen and our British Army friends selected Miram Shah, an advanced outpost in troublesome northern Waziristan, only a few miles from the Durand Line. We took off in our DC-2 from Peshawar into a duststorm as thick as a London fog, and in a few moments were hedgehopping over mountainous crags, grim and inhospitable as any in the world. Although we flew at 6,000 feet, every now and then a jagged peak would suddenly loom out from the sand haze just beyond the wing tips. When we could see the ground we would pray that the engines wouldn't falter. On those grey-brown rocks, speckled with stumpy green

trees, there wasn't a postage-stamp plot big enough to set down an autogiro.

Our route came within a mile of the native village where the famed Fakir of Ipi is known to be residing and the pilot dipped down to give us a look. This frontier firebrand has stirred up the Waziris in revolt against the British periodically for a half-a-dozen years and has cost the British Government a good \$15,000,000 in unsuccessful punitive expeditions. Fortunately, he has been comparatively quiet since 1940. The British know where he is hiding, but capturing him would involve costly military operations and might force the tribes to revolt.

Our DC-2 neatly sideslipped into the saucer-small Miram Shah airdrome and we rolled to a halt next to antiquated RAF biplanes which stand permanently loaded with bombs, in case of trouble. Trouble is the daily fare for a handful of British officers and Indian troops who hold this outpost. The last major operations against the tribesmen ended only three weeks before our visit, and native women were still busy scavenging among old food and petrol cans where the troops had camped. Only five days previous to our arrival there had been another "show." Some 120 Waziris had emerged from the hills and shot up British supply trucks going forward to provision an advanced picket post. Troops and several planes to support them were rushed out from Miram Shah. Tribesmen armed with a light machine gun managed to shoot down one plane but the plane crash-landed alongside British Indian troops and both the pilot and observer were saved.

The obliging tribesmen called off their shooting for the day when they heard that American journalists were at Miram Shah and invited us to drive along the Tochi River valley road through their tribal strongholds. We didn't feel too happy when the political agent with us informed us that it was the first time in three years that

cars had traveled the road without armed escort. On every hilltop stood tough-looking boys with rifles in the crooks of their arms. The agent assured us they were his Khassadars who'd turned out as a guard of honor for our benefit. Nevertheless, we were comforted at the sight of two British Lysander planes which shuttled back and forth overhead to make sure we weren't shot up.

Back at Miram Shah, Pathan soldiers had laid out a *tikala*—a native lunch—on the lawn of the officers' mess. Pathans, as Moslems, eat with the right hand only—the left is unclean—squatting on the ground so that the soles of their feet do not show toward their neighbors, and as Pathan guests we did likewise. The meal consisted of huge plates of *chirg pilav* (chicken and rice), *keema* (mince curry), *chirg aloo* (chicken and potatoes), eaten simultaneously with the aid of *chipatis*, round pancakes which are used to scoop up the food. This was topped off with *feernie*, a sort of junket, covered with a thin layer of beaten silver called *varak*, which is a native aphrodisiac. I was persuaded to eat two helpings. I had stomach trouble for a week afterward.

WHEN THE CAPTURE OF MALAYA and most of Burma brought Japan within a few hundred miles of India, the Axis intensified its propaganda efforts in the Northwest Frontier. They hope to occupy the British with trouble in the rear while the Japanese strike at India's coast from the east.

Japanese agents in Afghanistan and members of the former German Asiatic Gestapo at Tabriz, Persia, who had fled to Afghanistan, began passing out money, arms, and promises among the tented *jugis* of the nomads in the hills of Afghanistan and the Northwest Frontier.

Radio broadcasts in Pushtu, Urdu, and Brahui dialects from Berlin and Tokyo began urging the hill tribesmen to invade the rich Punjab area, where they can loot

and plunder the bazaars and carry off Hindu women. The Germans are exhorting the tribesmen to swarm down from their mountains over the plains and the rivers of the Punjab—the Indus, Ravi, and Banas—and then “On to Delhi!”

The danger is not that the tribes will begin abortive raids on the settlements—they have done that for generations—but that the Axis agents may succeed in stirring up the tribes in a mass attack on the British garrisons and Indian cities. Isolated native uprisings can be adequately handled by the normal British garrisons in the frontier area, but a mass attack all along the 800-mile-long no-man’s-land would force the British to withdraw badly needed troops and equipment from the Middle East, Burma, and the defense of India’s coasts.

So far the Axis agents have not been too successful. Since the beginning of the war the British have paid close attention to their propaganda in the Tribal Territory and by means of free radios distributed in the villages and the influence of British and native agents they have sought to explain the war and India’s position in it to the tribes. Although the tribes along the frontier belt can muster some 600,000 rifles, they have remained comparatively quiet. One Moslem headman explained to me that it is not that the tribes have suddenly come to like the British but that they gradually have realized the treatment they would get if the Nazis broke through to India. As this old *maliq* put it: “It is not that we like British imperialism, but we know what would happen to us under the Germans, Italians, and Japs. Under the British I’ve been educated politically. I’ve matriculated and I may even be allowed to graduate soon, but if the Germans come I’ll have to start over with my A.B.C.’s.”

Not all frontier tribesmen are as enlightened as this old headman. Whether or not the tribes rise in revolt depends on which influence prevails in the long run—

the leadership of a few score anti-Axis *maliks* or the inciting offers of Axis agents.

WHAT THE AFGHANS WOULD DO in the event of a tribal uprising is of tremendous importance to the British in India. The Afghans have fought the British for a century and they hate them only less than they do the Russians, their neighbors on the north.

The present kingdom of Afghanistan, once the toll-gate of Asia, traces its descent from the empire which Ahmad Shah Abdali created in 1749 after the death of the Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah. Ahmad Shah was one of the dominant Durrani tribe and when he died his empire was torn to pieces in a series of tribal wars. Since his death all but three of Afghanistan's thirty sovereigns have been either deposed or assassinated. Its independent tribal principalities were united in 1862 by Shir Ali Khan, who lost his throne four years later, and the Ahmad Shah dynasty was not consolidated until the long and peaceful reigns of Abdur Rahman (1881 to 1901) and of his son, Habibullah, who died under mysterious circumstances in 1919.

The British at that time were dominant in Afghanistan, and in return for guiding the foreign affairs of the country, paid the rulers an annual subsidy of \$600,000 a year. Habibullah's throne was usurped by his younger son, Amanullah, who deposed his uncle and his older brother. Amanullah, intending to win the devotion of his subjects by demonstrating that he was not under British control, declared his independence of British protection and marched on India. The British beat him back and then shrewdly gave him what he wanted. They withdrew their control but they also stopped his \$600,000 subsidy.

Intent on welding Afghanistan into a nation, he began to modernize his primitive state. He built roads, curbed

the wild tribes of the hills, struck at the power of the Moslem *mullahs* by dividing up their land, introduced civil laws to take the place of tribal and religious customs, and precipitated a revolution when he ordered the deputies in his new parliament to wear Western clothes. After a fabulous junket around Europe which cost Afghanistan \$5,000,000, Amanullah returned to Kabul and ordered the women to dispense with their veils. The reactionary *mullahs* stirred up the people against him. Like the Shah in Persia and Kemal Ataturk in Turkey, Amanullah had pushed his westernization too fast. A revolt broke out and Amanullah fled to royal exile in Rome.

For a week he was succeeded by a brother, who was in turn forced off the throne and flown out of Kabul by the RAF. An illiterate bandit named Habibullah, who became known as Bacha Sakao (Son of the Water-Carrier) took over the throne and pillaged the country for nine months until the Afghans begged Amanullah's brother-in-law, Mohammed Nadir Khan, to take the throne. Nadir Khan, who had been Amanullah's best general and was serving as his Minister to Paris, was slowly dying of tuberculosis in the south of France when he was called home. After a short and skillful campaign he turned out Bacha Sakao and was crowned King. Nadir, trusted and admired even by his enemies and regarded by the British as a potentially great ruler, was assassinated in 1933 by an inflamed student revenging a family feud.

The throne passed peacefully to his 19-year-old son, Mohammed Zahir Shah, Afghanistan's present ruler. Zahir is no figurehead but the real power behind the throne is the triumvirate of Nadir's surviving brothers, who are Afghanistan's government: Prime Minister Mohammed Hashim Khan, strongest of the three; Shah Mahmud Khan, the Minister of War; and Shah Wali

Khan, who served until recently as Minister to Paris, Brussels, and Berne.

Two-thirds of Afghanistan's 12,000,000 people, who live in an area larger than France, are not Afghans at all but Turkomans, Uzbeks, Persians, Tajiks, Baluchis, and other groups. More than half the Afghans in the world live in Iran and British India. Pushtu, the main language of Afghanistan's many tribes, is also the language of a great part of India's Northwest Frontier population. Persian was long the language of the court and official circles but it is being replaced with English in order to stimulate trade with the British in India. Some Afghans are Shiah Mohammedans, others Sunni, while the Nur tribesmen have until recently been pagans. Elementary education is still in the hands of the *mullahs*, who confine their instruction to reading, writing, and the study of the *Koran*. Women still go about heavily veiled. Lacking railways, Afghanistan depends upon trucks and gaudily painted buses for its contacts with the outside world. For three dollars you can ride in the front seat beside the driver for a bus ride of 300 miles. A seat in the back of the bus costs much less.

Economically undeveloped, Afghanistan's most important export is that of Persian lamb which is an \$8,000,000 yearly business and makes it possible for Afghanistan to keep a commercial agent in New York, center of the world fur trade. After the war Afghanistan will probably become one of the richest oilfield regions in the world. American oil geologists contend that there are millions of barrels waiting to be tapped.

In 1937 an American company was awarded a concession to work the fields but a year later surrendered it because of their inaccessibility. Most of the deposits, unfortunately, lie close to the Russian frontier on the north, and a pipeline to the Persian Gulf would have to be constructed over 1,000 miles of some of the worst

desert in the world. At the Gulf a harbor and refineries would have to be built. The total cost of putting an Afghanistan field into operation would be close to \$400,000,000. By 1938, when it was evident that war was coming in Europe, the American oil concern decided to wait and see which side would take over Afghanistan before making such an investment.

The Germans, counting strongly on Afghanistan's traditional hatred of the British, concentrated agents in key positions in Afghanistan as they did in Iran. For a time they even established a short airline in the country, which served no useful purpose, but enabled them to build up a series of bases within striking distance of the British defenses on the Northwest Frontier. At one time there were some 150 German agents entrenched in Afghanistan's utility and transport industries. German technicians built and operated Kabul's new wireless station. The British, who kept a close watch on the activities of Hitler's agents, finally requested the Afghanistan Government to expel them. This was a few weeks after the British invaded Iran. Afghanistan's King, remembering what happened to Iran's Shah, told the Germans to pack their bags.

If the Axis agents succeed in organizing the Northwest Frontier tribes in revolt, the Afghans might throw in their hand with them. If the Germans come through Afghanistan on their way to India, the Afghans would offer little resistance and would probably join the Nazis in an attack against the British along the Frontier. The Afghanistan Army, which would be more of a hindrance than a help to the Nazis, consists of some 85,000 men armed with antiquated rifles and a few machine guns, which can be increased to 250,000 by calling up Afghan reserves. The air force is made up of a score of old British Hawker Harts unable to remain in the air longer than half an hour.

“Keep Your Eye on Wavell”

THE SUB-CONTINENT OF INDIA, stretching from the Persian Gulf to the borders of China, is no longer merely the raw material storehouse of the British Empire. It is the battlefield upon which the destiny of the world may be decided. The responsibility for holding this area, larger than all Europe minus Russia, is in the hands of one of the most capable generals the United Nations have—Britain's one-eyed General Sir Archibald Percival Wavell.

Even before the outbreak of World War II General Wavell's reputation for brilliant soldiering had caused Nazi General von Keitel to admit that “Wavell is head and shoulders above all other British generals and is the man the Germans have to fear most.”

As commander of outnumbered armies in the far corners of the world during the two years of Britain's delaying fight, Wavell has probably taken more knocking about than any high commander. Brilliantly successful against the Italians in Libya, he was demoted to India after a series of reverses, then promoted to Supreme Command of the Far East and later returned to India when the Japs took the Far East from his Dutch, American, and British troops. Never popular with the politicians of Britain, to whom he refused to kowtow, he has lost face with the British and United States publics,

which think that a general must win battles, regardless of the odds, to be good.

In a lecture at Cambridge before World War II, Wavell defined the first essential of a general as the quality of robustness, the ability to stand the shocks of war. Although he is now 59 years of age, General Wavell has probably taken as much punishment in the war as most of his soldiers. In the Spring of 1941 the plane in which he was reconnoitering Axis defense positions in the Libyan desert crash-landed on the enemy side of the lines. Wavell was uninjured but it took him thirty-six hours to make his way over the Egyptian frontier to the British positions.

On an air trip back from England a few months later the seaplane in which he was traveling cracked up on its take-off at Gibraltar, and Wavell was severely shaken up. Flying out of China after a visit to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek his plane was attacked over the Burma Road by Jap fighters and was hit in the tail before the pilot managed to escape by a series of violent maneuvers. A few weeks later General Wavell was injured slightly in a take-off crash while his plane was attempting to get away from Singapore before the Japs occupied the city. I don't know of another general who has taken such a beating.

By robustness, Wavell did not mean that a general must be able to absorb physical knocks alone. The mind of a commander must be strong enough to stand disappointments, criticism from the armchair strategists, interference from politicians, and surprises from the enemy. Wavell has had plenty of all these. But if unjustified attacks have made him bitter, he is a big enough man not to show it.

No commander in this war has been assigned to fight so consistently against such hopeless odds. With the fall of France he was suddenly called upon to defend the

hole 2,000,000-square-mile area of the Middle East with a few divisions of British troops and a handful of RAF planes. To defend the Valley of the Nile when the Italians entered the war he had 30,000 troops. Some of these had to be diverted to the Sudan to hold the Italians in East Africa until reinforcements arrived from England, and at one time the British held Egypt with fewer than 15,000 men and only 87 airplanes.

In the Autumn of 1940, when British politicians were anxious to divert public attention from the air blitz, Whitehall pressed Wavell to start his offensive in the Egyptian-Libyan desert. Wavell refused to be hurried and twice postponed his promised attack to give his troops more chance to familiarize themselves with war in the sand. His stock in Whitehall fell to an all-time low. Churchill, whose confidence Wavell has always held, was finally forced to yield to the demands of several Cabinet Ministers and send Anthony Eden to inform Wavell that unless he attacked the Italians, the Prime Minister would be compelled to find another C-in-C for the Middle East.

Wavell's break-through of the Italian positions was brilliantly conceived and carried out under the greatest difficulties by his field commander, Lieutenant General Wilson. After the capture of Bengasi, with little to stop him from reaching Tripoli except a routed Italian Army, Wavell again was forced to yield to the politicians of Whitehall and send 60,000 of his best desert fighters, 150 valuable tanks, several squadrons of his tiny Middle East RAF, and large quantities of ack-ack guns, field guns, and ammunition to Greece.

The campaign in Greece was dictated largely by political considerations, but to have abandoned the Greeks after promising them aid would have raised a storm in the House of Commons, which the Churchill Government was unwilling to risk. The Greeks asked for ten

divisions. Wavell could spare no more than four. While almost half Wavell's army and a considerable proportion of his desert equipment were in Greece, General Rommel and his panzer divisions appeared in Libya and quickly pushed the British back inside the Egyptian frontier.

After the evacuation from Greece came the hopeless fight and withdrawal from Crete. Anzac politicians, smarting from the criticism of Australians and New Zealanders who had not yet learned why their sons and brothers had to fight in the Middle East in order to protect Australia, began gunning for Wavell and pressed Downing Street for his removal.

Wavell made his mistakes, but he has the confidence of a great general in being able to admit them. Before the Indian Council of State he revealed that he had been taken by surprise by the Axis drive in Libya in the Spring of 1941 and said, "I did not expect the enemy to counter-attack until the end of April."

In admitting this miscalculation I know that Wavell was covering up for his Middle East Intelligence Staff which failed to recognize Axis preparations for the push. The presence of Rommel's tanks, the first appearance of the Germans in the Libyan theatre, was spotted by RAF reconnaissance machines almost a week before the attack began. Rommel's 15th and 21st panzer divisions on their way to attack the British behind Bengasi were actually spotted by Indian Army scouts who raced back to headquarters only to have the field intelligence officers dismiss their reports as fairy tales.

Intelligence officers at Cairo's G.H.Q. also refused to believe the reports of German armored units until it was too late, because they were confident that the British Navy patrolling the Sicilian Channel had not allowed any Axis convoys to slip across. It was not until some days later that the Intelligence Staff discovered that the

Germans had deliberately sent a good part of the Italian fleet as a decoy to trap the British Mediterranean fleet into the famed battle of Cape Matapan while the convoys carrying Rommel's tanks were sent across to Libya under cover of darkness.

Forced to spread his troops thinly over half-a-dozen potential fronts, Wavell disagreed with Auchinleck's recommendations for occupying Iraq until the anti-British situation there blew up in the El-Gailani revolt and forced Wavell to act. The battle of Crete, like the battle of Greece before it, was another of those damned-if-you-don't-and-damned-if-you-do affairs. Faced with the choice of surrendering the strategic island to the Nazis without a shot or fighting for it under impossible odds, Wavell chose to be damned for doing it. He delayed too long in making up his mind, however. For seven months, while the British occupied the island with a small force of troops, little was done to strengthen its natural defenses with concrete pillboxes, bomb shelters, mines, and deep trenches.

Syria was another political campaign in which London forced Wavell to use Free French troops and make believe that the British invasion was not a real battle but a political occupation. Against purely British troops the Vichyites might have quickly surrendered, but the battle dragged along for more than a month.

In the face of mounting public dissatisfaction with Wavell, Churchill, who still regards him as Britain's most brilliant military strategist, was finally compelled to replace him in the Middle East. General Wavell became Commander-in-Chief in India.

At the time of his removal there was a great deal of public pro and con as to whether he had been demoted or promoted. There were those who argued that Churchill had deliberately sent Wavell to India to strengthen India's defenses against a possible attack by the Nazis,

who were then at the gates of the Caucasus. This might have been true had it not been for the fact that Gen. Auchinleck, who was promoted to replace Wavell in the Middle East, was a commander far better equipped to handle the defense of India, an officer who had spent half his fighting career in the country and who knew the strengths and weaknesses of the Indian Army intimately.

Wavell's Indian assignment was a demotion for the time being, but it was not an easy job. Relieved from the responsibilities and strain of active warfare in the Middle East, he had a five-month period in which to familiarize himself with the armies and the country under his command. When Japan attacked in the Far East, Wavell was the only general with sufficient experience in World War II to take over the supreme command of the United Nations' forces in the Far East. Outnumbered in the air and on the ground, harassed by jealousy and friction among his American, Dutch, and British staff officers, Wavell's hopeless assignment ended with the Japanese capture of the Dutch East Indies. He returned to India to organize the stand against the Japanese in India and Burma.

THE WAVELLS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN NOTED for tackling big jobs. Wavell's family, originally named De Vauville after their home town of that name near Cherbourg, came to England from France as arms carriers for William the Conqueror, and settled in Hampshire. A William De Vauville is recorded in England's Domesday Book of 1085 as a settler and landholder in Devon and Dorset. Wavell's great-grandfather, Dr. William Wavell, was something of a scientist and at the end of the 18th Century discovered a mineral which still bears the name of Wavellite. Archie's grandfather was a swashbuckling soldier of fortune named Major Gene

Arthur Goodall Wavell, who helped Mexico win its independence from Spain and as a reward received a grant of several hundred thousand acres, which later became part of Texas, lying between the Red and the Sulphur rivers. The territory became known as the Wavell Colony, and the men of the colony fought for the independence of Texas and took part in the battle of San Antonio. This Wavell returned to Hampshire to rear a family of ten children, tenth of whom was General Wavell's father, Major General Archibald Graham Wavell, who was to win fame in command of a brigade during the Boer War.

Young Archibald, born in 1883, journeyed to India with his army parents as a boy of six and then was enrolled in the swank public school of Winchester, where he was followed a number of years later by another youngster named "Peter" Portal, now Chief of Staff of Britain's RAF. Although his ancestors had been soldiers, Wavell as a boy showed no military interest and at Winchester he was expected to enter the civil service. The military urge slowly developed and he asked to be transferred to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. At 18 he was on his way to South Africa with a commission in the famed Black Watch. After the Boer War and a spell of service on the Indian Northwest Frontier, he asked and obtained an 18-months' leave of absence in 1910 to visit Russia. He lived with a Russian professor's family and learned the language. Although his Russian is rusty after years of non-use, he can still confound visiting Russian military men by breaking into their own language.

In the thick of the fighting in France and Belgium, he lost the sight of his left eye, during an attack on a German position near Hooze. He had visited Russia to watch maneuvers several times before the outbreak of the first World War and in 1916, recovered from his

wounds, he was sent to Russia as military attaché to the army of the Caucasus. His credentials and papers were written in Russian but suspicious border officials arrested him as a spy. Wavell convinced them of his identity so well that the Russians not only apologized but presented him with a gold watch.

When the Russians collapsed, Wavell was transferred to the Middle East where he really found himself as an officer on the staff of explosive General Allenby, Commander of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force.

Allenby was preparing for a big push against the Turks in Palestine, and Wavell acted as his liaison officer to the War Office in London. Allenby and Wavell took to each other immediately, although Allenby had a reputation dating back to his Boer War days as a hard-driving, ill-tempered master. Young Wavell overlooked "The Bull's" furious outbursts, lived with him in his tent in the desert and saw only the great soldier in the man. So well did he attune himself to Allenby's mind that he was able perfectly to interpret his chief's aims and plans on the many trips he made with information to the War Cabinet in London. Wavell had already made his impression on the War Office as a future commander. It was at that time that Lord Roseberry told the inner army circle, "Keep your eye on Wavell."

Although he is generally considered today to be a much deeper thinker than Allenby was, Wavell borrowed heavily from his World War I mentor for his own successes against the Italians. He studied Allenby's use of deception in the brilliant attack on Gaza in Palestine and applied it almost soldier for soldier in his own attack on Sidi Barrani. He remembered Allenby's use of mountain troops to sweep across the difficult terrain of the Holy Land and applied the same tactics to his motor-carried troops in the desert. Drawing from General Allenby's use of the planes of the old Royal Flying

Corps against the Turks—one of the first dive-bombing attacks of modern warfare—Wavell worked out plans for the perfect cooperation of the RAF to blast the Italians from their toeholds along the Libyan coast road, a cooperation which did not always work out in practice.

Wavell's post-war years were largely occupied with official and private journeys to half the countries of the earth. In his various capacities on Allenby's staff and as GSO-1 at the War Office, he managed to visit Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, the United States, Canada, Spain, Morocco, France, Russia, Palestine, Transjordan, and Iraq. A tireless traveler, he loves to make trips by air and he told me that he wrote much of his first book on General Allenby while flying about the world. "Allenby, a Study in Greatness," is a well-written tribute to his World War I commander's achievements on the battlefield. Wavell is still engaged in writing the companion volume, to be known as "Ploughshare," covering Allenby's years as an administrator. As a military scientist Wavell made several trips to visit the 1870 battlefields in Belgium and the scenes of the first World War campaigns in France in order to fight each battle over again on paper the way he would have fought it as commander.

In 1937, in the midst of the Arab-Jewish troubles in the Holy Land, Wavell was appointed General Officer Commanding the British Troops in Palestine and Transjordan. His military handling of this most delicate situation undoubtedly prevented more serious trouble. His only son, Archie, who serves in his father's old Black Watch regiment, accompanied General Wavell to Palestine during 1937 and had his left foot badly mangled when a land-mine exploded beneath his reconnaissance lorry. General Wavell's three daughters, Pamela, Felicity, and Joan, are doing war work in Cairo, two of them as secretaries in G.H.Q.

After the Peace of Munich, Wavell was given the important Southern Command in England and in June, 1939, was sent to Cairo as Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in the Middle East.

A shrewd, unassuming, strongly built, silver-haired man, with a reputation for taciturnity, he failed to learn Allenby's nasty habit of shouting down subordinates. He listens carefully to the arguments of his staff officers, but usually has his own mind made up before he calls his conferences. No mixer, he has never tried to be a good fellow with his troops. His popularity depends on his reputation as a commander who would not unnecessarily risk the life of one of his men. His troops call him Archie. His wife refers to him as Sir Archie.

Wavell has no use for the red tape of the brass hats in the War Office. "The general who allows himself to be bound and hampered by regulations is unlikely to win a battle," he says. While he was serving in England the War Office once refused to accept his recommendation for a revision of the obsolete regulations covering the equipment which a division was supposed to carry in the field. Wavell called out his division, loaded his men with all the equipment required under the regulations, gathered his transport, and started out. Within three hours the division had come to a stop under its own weight, and the sweating, swearing troops were throwing their equipment away by the roadside. Wavell won his point. The regulations were revised.

Years before World War II Wavell demonstrated that he was one of the few British high commanders who understood the importance of mechanized warfare. In 1936 he headed the British military mission to watch the Soviet Army maneuvers near Minsk and was tremendously impressed by the display of tanks and paratroops put on for his benefit. When Britain's first experimental armored force was formed on Salisbury Plain in 1937,

Wavell, as General Staff Officer of the division, was in on all the preliminary problems. He took command of the 6th Motorized Infantry Brigade when it was the only such unit in the British Army and then went on to command the Second Division at Aldershot, the center of mechanization experiments at that time.

He was one of the first high British officers to realize that command of the land below cannot be won until command of the air above is gained. "A commander today has to learn how to handle air forces, armored mechanical vehicles, and anti-aircraft artillery," said Wavell, in a lecture to young British officers early in 1939. "Needless to say, he must be able to handle air forces with the same knowledge as forces on land. It seems to me immaterial whether he is a soldier who has really studied the air, or an airman who has really studied land forces. It is the combination of the two, never the action of one alone, that will bring success for a future war." Ironically, although he fully understood the role that airplanes could play, he was not always able to get cooperation from his RAF commanders during his campaign in Libya.

Wavell believes that administration is the real crux of generalship. Strangely enough, it was the problems of administration which bogged him during his command in the Middle East. Against the Italians in the early days of the war he was able to move his compact little army skilfully and beautifully, holding off Italian forces many times the size of his own. As the Middle East forces expanded with the influx of men and material, however, Wavell floated out beyond his depth.

He is a strategist, the recognized master of the "Q" side (the staff planning) of army affairs. The complicated problems of providing the food, clothing, billets, transport, arms, and equipment for his Middle East army of several hundred thousand, a responsibility which

calls for the best organizing talents of a corporation president, he found too much for him. Although the British and American publics could see only Wavell's mistakes in Libya, Greece, Crete, Syria, and Iraq, it was his inability to control the growing military forces in the Middle East which really lay behind his replacement by General Auchinleck on June 22, 1941.

IN HIS DEFENSE OF INDIA AND BURMA, General Wavell has been spared most of these organizational, administrative problems. Unlike the army in the Middle East, which grew by the thousands each week, the Indian Army had been molded into a well-organized force of more than 1,000,000 men by General Auchinleck and his staff before Wavell arrived. Auchinleck's staff continued the routine job of running the Indian Army, leaving General Wavell time to master the tactics of Indian defense.

Wavell is not a desk general. "The less time a general spends in his office and the more with his troops the better," he says, and despite his airplane crackups, he is constantly flying to visit every post of his command, from the Northwest Frontier to the front lines of the Burmese-Indian border.

As his right-hand man and Chief of the General Staff he has 60-year-old Sir Alan Fleming Hartley, another Boer War veteran who served with the Bengal Lancers in India, then in France, Belgium, and Iraq during World War I, and has spent a large part of his service life in India. General Officer and Commander-in-Chief of India's Northern Command since 1940, he became Chief of the General Staff when Wavell first arrived in India.

As Commander-in-Chief of India, Wavell holds one of the major United Nations' war fronts (the others: the Middle East, the Russian front, and Australia).

Wavell is a good general, possibly a great general, but a general alone cannot win today, no matter how good he is, unless he has the planes and tanks to back up his men. Wavell says that war is neither an art nor a science—it is a very rough and very dirty game. Give him the planes and the tanks and the guns to equal the Axis, and he'll play it as rough and as dirty as the Japs and the Germans.

What Can India Do?

IN THE SPRING OF 1942, with Japan at India's gate, it became the fashion for Americans to tell the British what to do about the problem of India. Many of the same Americans who bitterly resented Britain's position for two years that this was our war as well as theirs, informed the British that the 200-year old hegemony would disappear overnight and India would be able to defend herself against the Japs if Britain would grant her freedom.

The unfortunate truth is, however, that there is no simple solution for India's problems.

V-shaped India is not a nation. It is a complex, fused sub-continent. In an area as large as the United States east of the Rockies live 390,000,000 people, representing more than 45 races, separated into 2,400 castes and tribes, speaking 225 languages and practicing many major religions. Eleven provinces have a measure of self-government and 562 Indian States are ruled by feudal princes who control one-third of India's area and one-fourth of its population.

The 250,000,000 Hindus, segregated into rigid religious-social castes, including the proud, aristocratic Brahmins at the top and the 60,000,000 despised touchables at the bottom, are far from united. The 100,000,000 Moslems include a minority of 25,000,000

30,000,000 Shiah. Besides these there are 6,000,000 Indian Christians; 13,000,000 Buddhists; 120,000 Parsees who worship Zoroaster and have a financial influence far out of proportion to their numbers; 4,000,000 Sikhs (Hindu dissenters) and 1,250,000 Jains (modified Hindus). The fierce Sikhs, who ruled the Punjab until 1848, are determined to fight the Hindus and Moslems for it, if it ever passes out of British hands.

India's politics are as jumbled as her religions. The All-India Congress Party, India's most powerful political group and its only real national party, which is led by old Mohandas Gandhi and brilliant Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, claims that it is the only political organization free from selfish partisan interests, but the large majority of its members are Hindus. However, its present president, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, is a Moslem. The Congress Party claims to speak for India's 250,000,000 Hindus but it has never had a paying membership of more than 4,500,000. Congress wants complete independence and believes it can unite India's Hindus and Moslems in one government on the basis of proportionate representation. But Hindu extremists, known as the Mahasabha group, wish to treat the Moslems as a minority. Dr. Bhimrao Ramji Ambedkar, chief political spokesman for the Hindu Untouchables, distrusts the Congress, fearing it would continue caste discrimination in an independent India.

The Moslem League, India's second largest political party, headed by well-dressed, westernized Mohammed Ali Jinnah, demands the creation of two Indias, a Moslem state and a Hindu state, a program which has come to be known as Pakistan. The 30,000,000 Shiah Moslems, however, do not subscribe to the two-state idea and prefer a friendly settlement with the Hindus. In the Moslem Punjab the militantly nationalist left-wing Ahrar Party also opposes the Moslem League. The Jamiatul

Ulema, Hind, an organization of Moslem divines and religious teachers, supports the Congress Party against the League. A new Moslem party, the Momin Ansar Party, made up of the politically and economically backward Moslems, claims from the reactionary, aristocratic Moslem League the assurance that lower-class Moslems will not be treated as a minority, the same safeguards which the League demands from the Congress Party. The Northwest Frontier Province, consisting of ninety-five per cent Moslems, ignored Jinnah's League appeals and elected a Congress provincial government. In addition there are the fanatic Khaksars, the "Humble as the Dust," known as the Spade-Carriers because of the implement which they adopted as their symbol. They were declared illegal by the British when their membership reached close to 400,000. Operating underground, they work against both the British and Jinnah's Moslem League.

It was only under British rule that India achieved something like general unity. If the British withdraw, the Indian problem is to weld these conflicting groups into one nation. The British do not think it can be done; the Congress Party claims that it can. The vast starving mass of India has little interest in either the British or the politically educated Indians of the Congress Party, the Moslem League and the other factions. Freedom is a name which means as little to them as Democracy, Fascism, or Nazism. They are concerned only with today's bowl of rice.

IN THEIR RELATIONS WITH INDIA the British have shown two different faces. One face has been imperialist. No one can deny and the Indians cannot forget the harshness of British rule during the Mutiny of 1857 and again in 1919 at Amritsar when British General Reginald Edward Harry Dyer ordered his troops to fire into a

prohibited meeting of unarmed Indians and killed 379. During Gandhi's campaigns for freedom between 1930 and 1935 more than 250,000 Indians were imprisoned. Billions of pounds sterling have been taken out of the country by the British, while hundreds of millions of Indians live in unspeakable poverty.

The second face, represented in recent years by the Labour members of the British Parliament, has been liberal and reformist, slowly leading India toward the goal of self-government. Britain's policy was summed up in the inscription carved on the viceregal palace at New Delhi: "Liberty will not descend to a people: a people must raise themselves to liberty."

The British have argued, with a certain amount of justification, that Indian self-government had to be granted gradually, that a sudden withdrawal of Britain would lead to a civil war among India's many factions. There is little doubt that a free India would see a rash of communal trouble between ignorant, uneducated Hindus and Moslems. The Sikhs hate the Hindu "Brahmin baboos," the Gurkhas of Nepal would like to plunder the cities of the cowardly Bengalis. If the British departed suddenly, India would almost certainly go through a bloody internal conflict before its new leaders could get control.

By the Act of 1935, a compromise which was equally opposed by diehards like Winston Churchill and Indian nationalists like Nehru, Britain's gradual program of independence for India brought provincial self-government to the eleven provinces known as British India. Eight of the eleven elected Congress Party governments and the other three had coalition governments. In 1939, when the British Viceroy declared India in the war, as he was bound to do under the constitution, the Congress Party protested that it should have been consulted, withdrew its provincial governments, and began demanding

complete independence for India as its price for cooperation in the war. Jinnah's Moslem League, which had not come off as well as it had expected in the provincial elections, seized its chance to demand a separate Moslem state composed of Moslem-majority provinces. Jinnah declared that it would never submit to united India self-government unless the Moslems had fifty per cent representation, although they were far from fifty per cent of India's population.

The British argue that self-government cannot be granted until the Hindus and Moslems get together and settle these political and religious differences. The British Government has repeatedly urged them to do so. Nehru says that the Hindu-Moslem problem can never be solved until the British withdraw. Jinnah's Moslems insist that the British stay in India until the problem is solved.

The Congress Party claims that Britain has set Moslems against Hindus in a deliberate "divide and rule" political strategy. Congress claims, correctly, that Britain has not encouraged the industrialization of India because of a fear of Indian industrial competition. Although India has iron ore reserves three-fourths the size of the United States deposits, huge reserves of coal, manganese, bauxite, and other minerals, Indian steel production is still under one per cent of the world production. India has a hydroelectric potential second only to the United States' but only three per cent is utilized. At the same time, the Congress Party has not done much to encourage India's industrialization. Gandhi's village industry movement is a return to the handicrafts and self-sufficiency of the villages.

"When there are 300,000,000 living machines," Gandhi has said, "it is idle to think of bringing in more dead machines."

Both the British in India and the Indians themselves

are at fault. Both can justify, in part, their failure to bring India more fully into the struggle. The problem is not to determine who is to blame; it is to decide what can be done. Both the British and the Indians have allowed two precious, perhaps fatal, years to slip past.

THE PROMINENCE GIVEN TO THE POLITICAL CONTROVERSY has obscured both an understanding of India's tremendous resources and her contribution to the war.

If the Japs and/or the Nazis conquer India, they will capture more than the hub of the British Empire. India is the raw material arsenal of Asia, a storehouse of economic and industrial resources. India's deposits of high-grade iron ore are second only to those of the United States. She produces one-third of the world's total output of manganese, three-fourths of the world's supply of sheet and block mica, and is second largest supplier of oil seeds, vital for war production. India is next to the United States in the production of cotton, producing 7,000,000 400-pound bales yearly, has an international monopoly of jute, producing 9,000,000 400-pound bales annually, and is the world's leading producer of sugar.

India's war production has been underestimated, but it is still far from being large enough to supply even her own army. Indian factories and railway repair shops are producing some 700 munitions items and India manages to manufacture the bulk of its small arms (rifles, sub-machine guns, and machine guns), small arms ammunition, field guns and anti-aircraft ammunition, uniforms and belts. Some 125,000 pairs of army boots are manufactured in India each month.

The huge Indian-owned and managed Tata iron and steel works at Jamshedpur, 135 miles inland from Calcutta, are the largest in the British Empire. Modeled after the Carnegie works at Pittsburgh, Tata turns out 1,250,000 tons per year (about one and one-half per cent

of United States production) and makes light armor plate, which is assembled around tank engines shipped in from Britain, steel bars for guns, shells, and other munitions. One of the makeshift American aircraft factories that operated in the interior of China has been set up at Bangalore to assemble planes shipped out in parts from the United States and ultimately will produce completed planes on American designs. Cars and trucks, textiles, aviation gasoline, and lubricating oils are being turned out in India's factories in Karachi, Hyderabad, and Calcutta.

This production, important as it is, is insignificant against India's tremendous defense needs. India still depends for its heavy stuff (field guns, anti-aircraft guns, anti-tank guns, tanks, and planes) on America and Britain.

Recruits have poured into the Indian Army as fast as equipment could be provided and the army, which in peacetime numbered 170,000, is now 1,250,000 strong. The vast bulk of these troops, however, are still in training. For the first two years of the war, divisions were shipped to Iraq, Iran, and Egypt as soon as they were trained and equipped with small arms. Neither the Indian Army nor the small garrison British Army in India has much in the way of mechanical equipment. In late 1941, the British Army had only a brigade or two of antiquated tanks which had seen better days on the parade ground at Aldershot and would be no match for even the light 14-ton tanks which the Japs used in Malaya. The Indian Army has some Bren gun carriers, flimsy battle-wagons which are helpless against tanks, and very few anti-tank guns, field pieces, or anti-aircraft guns.

The Indian Navy is almost non-existent. It consists of half-a-dozen mine-sweepers and naval patrol boats which work out of Karachi and Calcutta, patrolling the entrances to the Persian Gulf and the Bay of Bengal.

The Royal Indian Air Force is hopelessly weak. At the end of 1941 it consisted of two operational squadrons with 300 pilots in training. Operational pilots and trainees were forced to use antiquated Hawker Harts, Hinds, and Audaxes, planes dating from the early 1930's. The Hinds and Audaxes served well enough for light bombing operations against tribesmen, but they would be absolutely useless against Japanese Navy Zero fighter planes.

India has a number of good airfields scattered about the country, which since 1939 have been enlarged to handle a greatly increased air strength. This strength began pouring into India with the Japanese attack on Burma. British Blenheims, Hurricane, and Spitfire fighters were joined by squadrons of American P-40's and Flying Fortresses shipped out to India from America and the Far East. The air defense of India was taken over by one of Britain's best airmen, Air Marshal Sir Richard Peirse, who had directed Britain's air-bombing offensive against the Germans through 1941.

WHEN THE JAPS ESTABLISHED THEMSELVES on the Burma side of the Bay of Bengal and captured the strategic Andaman islands, little more than 800 miles from Ceylon, Madras, and Calcutta, the British Government was at long last willing to offer India the concessions which it had withheld for two years of the war. Scholarly, smiling, 53-year-old Sir Stafford Cripps, a socialist who had long been regarded as a friend of India, volunteered to take Britain's offer to the Indians.

Cripps has had a remarkable but paradoxical career in British public life. Born into a wealthy and aristocratic family, educated at exclusive Winchester, he became a brilliantly successful young lawyer in the years after the first World War. An expert on company law, counsel to many British industrial interests, he had the reputa-

tion of being the highest-paid lawyer in England. During his law career he became active in Labour Party politics and when he shifted his main interest from corporation law to the House of Commons, he became leader of the Labour Party's left-wing. He founded the Socialist League and from 1936 on argued for a united front among the Labour Party, Socialists, and Communists. The trades union-dominated Labour Party disagreed and in 1939 expelled him. British observers then commented: "Labour has blown its brains out."

A persistent champion of better relations with Russia, he was sent by Winston Churchill, his one-time political opponent, as Ambassador to Moscow, and although he is generally credited with the improvement of British-Russian affairs, observers on the inside at Moscow claim that he was not particularly well liked. Ironically, Lord Beaverbrook, the capitalist, got along much better with Stalin and the Soviet war-planners than did Cripps, the socialist.

For the negotiations in India, however, Britain could not have had a better negotiator. In 1939, while Chamberlain still ran England, Cripps took a private fact-gathering trip around the world to China, Russia, and India where he met and talked with Nehru, Jinnah, Gandhi, and other leaders.

British-Indian relations have always been conducted in an atmosphere of crimson-carpeted stairs and marble halls. Cripps, in sharp contrast to such viceregal formality, stepped off an RAF plane at sticky-hot Delhi wearing a heavy English suit, carrying three bags, a portable typewriter, and a briefcase in which reposed Britain's solution for India's 200-year-old problem. He spurned the offer of one of the fifty-four bedrooms in the Viceroy's \$10,000,000 New Delhi palace and set up his headquarters in a bungalow outside the city.

Cripps's plan honestly tried to take into consideration

most of India's racial, religious, and political differences. Briefly, the plan was this: During the war Britain would direct India's defense but India would appoint a member to Winston Churchill's War Cabinet, a concession which had not then been granted to the British Dominions. At the end of the war, elections would be held for the provincial legislatures. The lower houses of these bodies would then sit as an electoral college to choose by proportional representation a constitutional congress. The 562 semi-autonomous princely states would be invited into this congress with proportional representation. In order to leave the door open for any of India's Moslem minority who wanted it, the British proposed that states or provinces which did not agree to the new constitution could formulate separate constitutions, which would be equally recognized by the British.

Acting for the Congress Party, Nehru tacitly accepted the future provisos of the British plan but concentrated his objections on the British reservation that the defense of India must remain in Britain's hands for the duration of the war. The Congress Party demanded the appointment of an Indian defense minister. It mattered little that there was no one in the Indian political field with the ability to handle the job.

The British were naturally reluctant to turn the responsibility for the defense of India over to the Indians. Although Gandhi is no longer the titular head of the Congress Party, he is still the Mahatma and the most important man in India to scores of thousands of his followers. Gandhi has steadfastly refused to abandon his policy of passive resistance and non-violence. He has agreed that India must resist aggression and not submit to any invader, but his methods of resistance are quite different from the fighting resistance which the British intend to put up in India. If Gandhi still thinks that his *satyagraha* (non-violent passive resistance) is power-

ful enough as a weapon to stop Japanese tanks and dive-bombers, the British do not. Britain's suspicions that many of Gandhi's followers would decide, at a critical time, that they preferred his pacifism to active, bloody resistance were confirmed when the policy-making Working Committee of the Congress Party, under Gandhi's influence, decided early in May, 1942, that Congressites should offer only "passive non-cooperation" to the Japanese if they invaded India.

Despite the danger that Gandhi's pious pacifism would prevail in a crisis, Cripps convinced the Churchill Government to authorize him to agree to the Congress demand for an Indian defense minister, provided that matters of strategy were left to General Wavell.

Finessed by this move, Nehru and his Congress Party then rejected the whole Cripps plan because of the provision allowing dissatisfied minorities to remain outside the proposed federal union, while at the same time contradicting this with the statement that Congress could not think "in terms of compelling the peoples of any territorial unit to remain in an Indian Union against their declared and established will."

Jinnah and the Moslem League, opportunistic as ever, waited for Congress to say "No" to Cripps, and then high-handedly turned down the British plan because it did not definitely set up Pakistan, a separate Moslem India. Jinnah boldly insisted that, in any future vote on provincial membership in a federal union, the decision in the Moslem-majority provinces should be left to Moslem male adults alone. Thus, in Bengal, where there is a slight Moslem majority, by no means all sympathetic with the Moslem League, the large minority of Hindus would have no voice in deciding to reject or accept federal union.

After weeks of patient, understanding negotiations, India said good-bye to Mr. Cripps. But his efforts were

not in vain. If they did nothing else, they revealed to the world how immense are the internal barriers to India's freedom. They proved that India could not be independent by the mere act of Britain's relinquishing her rule.

TO GRANT FREEDOM TO INDIA'S DEPRESSED MILLIONS would be a stroke of incalculable value to the cause of the United Nations in the Far East. It would prove to the vast populations of China, India, Burma, Malaya, and Indonesia that the cause of the United Nations was indeed a fight for freedom and it would destroy at once the appeal of Japan's offers of a "new order" in Asia. Freedom for the Indians might save the British from the fifth column and native resentment which worked against them in Malaya and Burma.

But India cannot be defended by a grant of freedom alone. Many Americans seemed to think that "independence for the Indians" was a magic formula which would suddenly create a Maginot Line of brown bodies around India's coast, behind which India would be safe. With the Japs a little more than 300 miles from Calcutta, India needs more than a human wall to hurl them back.

Except for the protection of light anti-aircraft guns, India's great coastal cities and ports lie naked before the Japs. Adequate civilian defense measures in Calcutta, Madras, and other coastal cities have been neglected and ignored until the eleventh hour, as they were in Singapore, Manila, and Honolulu.

It is as impossible to defend every mile of India's long coastline as it is to guard the coasts of Australia and the United States, and British military authorities in India admit that the Japs can land on India's shores at almost any place they choose. The complete conquest of India, however, is a military assignment so formidable that it may require more men and equipment than the Japs have available at the present time. Once the Japanese

landings have been accomplished, British and Indian troops would then fight a delaying battle into the interior along the network of good railways and roads. The divergent interests of the native population will make it difficult for the Japs to obtain local cooperation if they try to push into the interior.

Whether the Japs will attempt this ambitious conquest of all India or will content themselves with control of India's vital sea lanes in the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean may depend on how successful the Nazis are on their push through the Middle East toward India. The Japs may decide to tackle the conquest of India in order to keep it from the Germans.

To protect herself against either strategy India needs far more than the political freedom which Britain was willing to grant her. She needs tanks and guns and airplanes in astronomical quantities from America and Britain, and she needs them in a hurry. India might have produced these things herself if the British and the Indians had been able to agree ten years ago, but it is late and the Japs are close. A slavery far worse than British Imperialism is creeping nearer every day.

The Far East: Business as Usual

RODGER AND I SEPARATED at Calcutta. He flew 3,000 miles back to Cairo to cover Auchinleck's Libyan campaign and managed to reach Bengasi in time for Christmas. I flew on to Rangoon, Bangkok, Singapore, and Manila.

You didn't have to be in Rangoon for more than a few minutes to know that people were talking about a different war. When they said "the war" they didn't mean the fighting going on in front of Moscow or the skirmishes in the Libyan desert. They meant the war which they were sure Japan intended to start in the Far East.

For four years the Burmese had watched the first phase of it in neighboring China and they saw first-hand evidence of it whenever they walked past the quays in front of the Strand Hotel. Rangoon was then the terminus of the Burma Road, the tenuous lifeline into China. American pilots assigned to protect the Road from Japanese air attacks spent their free time hanging about the bar at the Strand.

Members of a unique organization known as the American Volunteer Group, flying American P-40's, they had been quietly recruited in America and shipped out to China under a variety of disguises. Most of them were U. S. Army and Navy pilots who were given per-

mission to serve the Chinese without losing their American commissions. Their real assignment was a secret at that time and the censors permitted us to refer to them only as "aerial soldiers of fortune."

Piled high on an Indian wharf were large stenciled crates covering American automobiles, trucks, ammunition, and food supplies badly needed in China's interior. The crates had been sitting there for weeks and the rain had already caused the stenciled lettering to run. In another port I saw merchant ships from England and America all waiting to be unloaded. I was told that it would take six months just to move the Lease-Lend material waiting there to its destination in China.

The reorganization initiated by Daniel Arnstein, the American trucking expert, had just begun to take effect and the monthly deliveries into China were slowly rising from the 6,000-ton normal level to Arnstein's 15,000-ton expectation.

BURMA WAS OF CONSIDERABLE IMPORTANCE to the United Nations. In addition to its valuable tungsten, copper, lead, and silver, Burma's oilfields, richest in the British Empire, produced more than 1,000,000 tons yearly. Production could be increased threefold. The Burma Oil Company, Ltd., was the principal supplier of aviation fuels for the RAF in the area east of Iraq and Iran.

Down the Burma Road from China to Rangoon came tungsten and tung oil, vital for war production in Britain and America. The workshops of the Burma Railways, which produced 50,000 large-caliber shells in World War I, were making armaments, and Rangoon's dockyards were turning out small naval patrol vessels for coast defense and mine-sweeping. A vast granary, Burma has an annual output of 3,000,000 tons of surplus rice, enough to feed all the Japanese forces in Thailand, Indo-China, and Malaya. The string of British

airfields along the Burmese panhandle stretching down into Malaya, and particularly the huge British airport at Mingaladone, outside Rangoon, are excellent bases for Japanese bombers attacking the ports on India's east coast.

When the Burma Road was opened the Burmese Nationalist Myochit (Patriotic) Party opposed sending help through Burma to China on the specious grounds that the opening of the Road would flood Burma with Chinese immigrants. Real reason for their objection was that it would offend Japan. Later, other Burmese objected when Britain closed the road for a few months to appease Japan; the intensive use of the Road had brought unprecedented prosperity to the Burmese countryside, and they didn't want it to end.

Burma has more than its share of native Quislings. Naive, quaint, unable to understand international politics, some of them professed to be Communists during the years when Britain and Russia were rivals and now claim to be Nazis because the Nazis are fighting the British.

Dr. Ba Maw, the first Prime Minister under the new constitution and Burma's most extreme nationalist, declared in June, 1940, that it was immaterial whether Britain or Germany won the war. He naively proposed that, in case Germany won and took over Burma, if the Burmese were not given their freedom by the Nazis they could "ask the foreigners to return home." The British arrested him a month later and sentenced him to one year in prison.

Since 1937 Burma has had all the powers of self-government except the title, but she has continually pressed the British for at least dominion status. Prime Minister until the British arrested him was Anglophobe, pro-Japanese U Saw (U means "elder," the Burmese equivalent of Mr.). A five-foot-ten, coffee-colored Burmese,

U Saw was born in 1901 in Okpo, a city in the Tharawaddy district, and studied in Calcutta after the first World War, where he watched the beginnings of Gandhi's non-cooperation with the British. He kept in touch with the Mahatma from then on, took part in the Burmese rebellion in 1930 when more than 25,000 Burmese were arrested, and in 1935 visited Japan, Korea, and Manchuria. He became Prime Minister in 1940.

Late in 1941 Premier U Saw and his little Oxford-trained secretary, U Tin Tut, flew across India and Africa to visit London where he demanded dominion status for Burma. Churchill patiently told him to wait until after the war was won. In the United States in December on his way to Burma, U Saw, paraphrasing his innocent colleagues in Norway, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia who had a blind trust that the Nazis would respect their neutrality, confidently announced: "We in Burma are certain that Japan has no designs on our country and that it has no reason for aggression against us."

On December 7th U Saw was in Honolulu. Panicky after the Pearl Harbor attack, he was put aboard the first outgoing clipper and started back around the world via the United States and Africa to Burma. He was not idle along the way. In Hawaii and again in Lisbon he made contact with the Japanese. By the time he reached Cairo on his way home the British decided they had enough evidence against him to intern him for the duration of the war.

FROM RANGOON I FLEW DOWN THE BURMESE PANHANDLE to Bangkok, capital of Thailand. The quickest way from Bangkok to Singapore is by BOAC or KLM planes which climb up to 10,000 feet to get across the high mountainous core of Malaya. You reach for a blanket, take one look down below, and thank God that you are

neither a Jap nor an Indian nor an Aussie who would have to fight down there. It is undoubtedly the toughest fighting country in the world.

From the air Malaya seems nothing but savage mountain peaks thickly snarled over with evergreen tropical jungle. There is a road, and a good one, which winds its way along the foothills from the Thai-Malay border right down to Singapore. Once you leave it on either side you are into sprawling fresh-water marshes, dense underbrush, mangrove swamps, and boggy rice fields. The backbone of Malaya is a series of almost parallel mountain ranges, with peaks running up to 7,000 feet, which extend roughly north and south from Thailand to the backyard of Singapore. The rest of Malaya slides down into the sea through varying degrees of jungle on the east and west.

SINGAPORE WAS NOT WORRIED about the Japs early in November. Army and naval officers sat around over *stengahs* (whisky and soda) at the Raffles and Adelphi hotels and complained loudly that 63-year-old Air Chief Marshal Brooke-Popham, Singapore's Commander-in-Chief, was a fatuous, old fuddy-duddy who should have been retired years ago. Brooke-Popham, known as "Brookham" to his men, a veteran of the RAF, had developed the habit of dropping off to sleep even in the midst of staff conferences.

RAF officers insisted that Vice Admiral Sir Geoffrey Layton, the obstinate Naval Commander-in-Chief, was jealous of Brooke-Popham and would not cooperate with the air force. Layton, they said, felt that a naval man should command a naval base and his feelings were hurt when Whitehall sent out an airman to become commander-in-chief. The two commanders had not spoken to each other for months. Petty inter-service jealousies such as these came to a sorry climax six weeks later when

Britain's battleships, the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse*, were attacked while without air protection and sunk by Jap planes because the navy boys could not bring themselves to ask for assistance from the land-based planes of the RAF.

Singapore is three things—an island; a sprawling, ugly oriental city; and a naval fortress which was regarded as second only to Gibraltar. The island, lying seventy-three miles north of the Equator, is a 216-square-mile undulating plot of muggy jungles, swamps, and rubber plantations separated from the Malayan mainland by the Straits of Johore, which at one point narrow down to a mile and a quarter in width. A stone causeway, wide enough for four lanes of autos, connects Singapore island with the State of Johore on Asia's mainland.

The city of Singapore, on the south side of the island where the sluggish Singapore River empties into the Singapore Strait, was once called "Singhapura," Sanskrit for City of the Lion. Built mostly on reclaimed flats which a century ago were the finest crocodile-hunting area in the world, the port of Singapore was the commercial crossroads of Asia. It was established in 1819 by Sir Stamford Raffles, who persuaded the Sultan of Johore to cede the island to him, and in 1826 it was incorporated into the British colony of the Straits Settlements.

Almost two-thirds of Singapore's 700,000 population are Chinese, some 100,000 are Malaysians, the others black Tamils and tall bearded Sikhs from India, Filipinos, Arabs, Siamese, and some 2,000 Japanese. The Japanese were being registered at the police stations and gradually shipped out of the colony when I was there. Only about 8,000, excluding the British and Australian soldiers, were white residents of Singapore.

The naval base, the cost of which was estimated at anything from \$100,000,000 to \$450,000,000, is across

the island from Singapore city and stretches for five miles along the shoreline opposite the State of Johore. Its anchorage of twenty square miles was large enough to take the entire British and American fleets. Around the main harbor basin were long rows of machine shops, repair shops, and warehouses. A railway ran for seventeen miles inside the base. Provisions for six months, ammunition, and millions of tons of fuel oil were stored in deep vaults far underground. The King George VI graving dock, 1,000 feet long and 130 feet wide, could handle the largest battleships afloat, including the Japanese. The floating dock was capable of taking ships up to 50,000 tons. But, as one of my colleagues said when he saw it, "All that the base needed to make it complete was a navy."

Squadrons of outdated American Brewster Buffaloes and British Hurricane fighters roared overhead in practice flights constantly, but the war correspondents who had been allowed to see something of the air defenses in Singapore and Malaya insisted that the air force was more facade than reality. A few Flying Fortresses had arrived from America but there were only a handful of other heavy bombers in all of Malaya. The correspondents who had looked over the defense line from the Thai-Malayan frontier down to Singapore were resigned to the fact that Malaya would be another Greece, Singapore a second Crete.

The British in Singapore carried on business as usual behind a front of weak hopefulness. Singapore was impregnable from the sea and that was enough for them. Nobody mentioned a Jap attack from Thailand, 400 miles to the north, down the Malayan peninsula. Brooke-Popham had publicly declared that Singapore was secure behind its "Maginot Line," the jungles of northern Malaya.

The rubber and tea planters from up-country, and the

natty British officers, took their girl friends to tea and cocktails at the Raffles. The Aussies and the British troops and sailors danced with Chinese jitterbugs at the incredible New World, Great World, and Happy World taxi dancehalls. The Indian soldiers on leave just walked about Singapore looking lonely.

FROM SINGAPORE I FLEW FOR TEN HOURS across the blue South China Sea to Manila. After seven months of Africa, Arabia, and India, Manila to me looked as American as Miami Beach.

Manila was America's Singapore. The war was far away and no one wanted to hear about it. General MacArthur's efforts to speed up defense preparations were resented and obstructed by many officers who couldn't see the need for emergency measures. At Dagupan, on the Lingayen Gulf, I visited one of the ten Filipino divisions newly inducted into the United States Army. Many of the soldiers were without shoes, uniforms, and rifles. Supply officers said that they would arrive from America "in time."

I went up to Baguio and talked to 200 Filipino officers at the Philippine Army Staff School. I told them of the lessons the British had learned during the parachute airborne blitz on Crete. They were eager to learn. Among the American officers and enlisted men, however, I found an astonishing amount of anti-British feeling. "Those God-damned limeys can't teach us how to fight a war," they said. Even to a layman it was obvious that the Philippines could have learned a great deal.

At Nichols and Clark airfields the planes were clustered in hangars and lined up neatly, wingtip to wingtip, on the field. When war came most of them were bombed on the ground. Protective dispersal points were being built but they were not used. "It's too much trouble to scatter the planes now," the mechanics said. "Plenty of

time to spread them out when we get into the war." They seemed to think the Japs were going to send them an engraved invitation to fight.

Civil defense in Manila was almost non-existent. There were no air-raid shelters. The authorities explained that they couldn't dig deep shelters because the natural level of the water was only a few feet underground, yet they made no attempt to strengthen basement shelters in homes and the large buildings. Fire-fighting services were underequipped. The Civil Emergency Administration, in charge of defense, jealously refused to buy equipment for the firemen. The two organizations were squabbling over who had the right to put out incendiary bombs. Not one member of the civil defense organization had experienced an air raid, although much raided Chungking is only 1,400 miles away.

Japan's special negotiator, Kurusu, passed through Manila on his way to Washington and sipped orange juice and sidestepped questions from the correspondents at a Japanese-sponsored reception in the Manila Hotel. Two baby giant pandas, presented by Madame Chiang Kai-shek to the United China Relief followed him in on the Hong Kong Clipper, and Mel Jacoby, *Time's* Manila correspondent, and I helped settle them at a Summer resort where they waited for a boat to take them to America.

Manila was a junction point for war correspondents coming out of China and the Middle East. Vincent Sheean and Edgar Ansel Mowrer of the Chicago *Daily News*, whom I had last seen in Rangoon on their way to Chungking, flew down from Hong Kong and on to America. Wallace Carroll, whom I had known in London where he was bureau manager for the UP, and young Dennis McEvoy, on a special commission for the Chicago *Times*, came across Persia and India to Manila

at the end of a three months' assignment in Russia. *Life* photographer Carl Mydans and his researcher-wife, Shelley, were busy taking photographs of MacArthur's army, after which they were going down to the island of Davao to photograph the activities of the huge Japanese colony there. A month later, still in Manila, they were interned by the Japanese. Jacoby's fiancée, Annalee Whitmore, a pert little script-writer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer who was on leave to work for the United China Relief, flew down from Chungking and we saw them married in the little church around the corner from Manila's Bay View Hotel. When Manila fell, they managed to get to Corregidor, to leave after three months in a daring escape to Australia, where Mel was tragically killed in an airplane accident in April, 1942.

At the Bay View, from the windows of which you could see Admiral Hart's fleet riding in the bay, I became a member of the world's screwiest chain organization, the "Short Snorters." Anyone who has made an ocean crossing by air is eligible. To become a member you find three Short Snorters, pay them each a dollar and provide another dollar bill which becomes your Short Snorter ticket, on which is written your name, the date of your entry into the organization, and the signatures of the three Short Snorters who swore you in. From then on you must keep your dollar bill ticket constantly with you. If a fellow Short Snorter anywhere around the world asks if you are a member and you fail to produce the ticket to prove it, you must pay each Short Snorter who challenges you a dollar.

Started by Joe Barrows, a pilot on the American-Alaskan run some years ago, the Short Snorter Club has spread to the far corners of the world. Clipper pilots and passengers, bomber ferry pilots on the Atlantic and Pacific hops, American and RAF fliers in the Far East and Africa belong to it. Membership runs into the thou-

sands and it is impossible to calculate the number of dollar bills which have changed hands. Heaviest loser I have heard of was Wendell Willkie, who stepped off the clipper at New York on his return from England and was challenged by the clipper pilot to produce his Short Snorter ticket. Willkie didn't have it with him and was forced to pay up \$42 to the Short Snorters at La Guardia Field before he made his getaway.

Blackout Crossing

THE ARMY HAD REQUISITIONED all the seats in the clippers to ship bomber ferry pilots back to San Francisco and I reluctantly accepted a booking on the S.S. *President Coolidge*. We sailed from Manila on November 27th. It was the last passenger boat to get away from the Philippines.

Past Corregidor, a green, wooded hulk rising from the middle of Manila Bay, we made a rendezvous with a returning Army transport and a cruiser escort. Admiral Hart, the C-in-C of the Asiatic Fleet, had declared that no passenger vessel would be caught unprotected while he was in command. From the precautions he took he was perhaps the only officer in the Pacific who believed war was imminent.

Instead of sailing straight for Hawaii, which we would have reached on the morning of December 7th, he sent our convoy far southward. We sailed on, day after day, seldom out of sight of islands, down the Celebes, Banda and Arafura Seas and through the Torres Straits between New Guinea and Australia.

We were rounding the Solomon Islands when the war began. The unbelievable rumor flew around the decks all morning. Those passengers with radios were unable to get Manila or American stations and it was not until late afternoon of the 8th (we were on the other side of the

International dateline) that the captain announced over the ship's loudspeaker: "We are now at war."

That night we began a sneak crossing of the Pacific which equaled the voyage of the *Bremen* to Murmansk and the *Queen Mary* from the Clyde to New York in the early months of the war. It was amusingly alarming to hear the Tokyo radio announce that the *Coolidge*, the army transport and the cruiser with us had been torpedoed and sunk. We knew they were out looking for us.

Aboard the *Coolidge*, all lights were extinguished at sunset except for dull lights in the bars and smoking rooms. Sailors covered the windows with black paper and began painting the white sides of the ship black. We swung southward and headed for Samoa. Two hours out of Pago Pago, a U. S. naval coaling and supply base 2,300 miles from Honolulu, we picked up strong Japanese signals in the vicinity and abruptly changed course northward. We learned later that Japanese planes had been bombing British merchant ships anchored at nearby British Samoa.

Water ran short and was turned on only a few hours each day. By the time we had crossed the Equator the second time, the elaborate, detailed menus were cut in half to conserve food. Beer and soft drinks ran out and whisky became scarce. Bellhops bootlegged rum and gin to the passengers.

Ten days after the Pearl Harbor attack we arrived in Honolulu. Along with Wallace Carroll of the UP, I requested permission from Admiral Husband Kimmel, then C-in-C of the Pacific Fleet, to inspect the Pearl Harbor damage. Up to that time no newspaper men had been allowed to see the results of the Jap attack. To our surprise, the request was granted. We met Admiral Kimmel at the submarine base. He turned us over to a naval press officer, gave us a motor launch, and allowed us to visit every part of the harbor. Nothing was

hidden from us. Three hours later when we returned to Honolulu we learned that Kimmel had been relieved of his command.

I cannot tell you how many warships or what kind were in Pearl Harbor on the morning of December 7th. That is a naval secret, although the Japs had a pretty accurate idea. Nor can I detail which vessels were damaged, except those already announced by the Navy. That, too, is a naval secret and one which the Japs would very much like to know. I can say that, while the Pearl Harbor attack was serious, it was no more disastrous to the whole U.S. Pacific Fleet than the naval losses suffered at Crete were to the British Mediterranean Fleet.

We gave our pledge to the naval authorities that we would not, without their specific permission, talk or write about damage or, more important, the absence of damage to Pearl Harbor and the vessels which were there. It has not been an easy pledge to keep.

Back in the United States I have had to listen with a sealed mouth to hundreds of infuriating cock-and-bull stories by wise know-it-alls who told me "the real story of Pearl Harbor." Most of the tales seemed to originate in Washington and they invariably began, "a friend of mine whose brother-in-law is a contractor just back from Pearl Harbor told me that nine battleships" or ten, or twelve, were sunk. I have listened while they sent their verbal torpedoes into battleships which were not in Pearl Harbor on December 7th. Some of them sank battleships not even in the Pacific Fleet, others a total larger than the battleship strength of the whole United States Navy.

After two years of working with the British, to whom naval losses are regarded even by the man-in-the-street as the gravest of secrets, it was astonishing to hear Americans demand that they should have been given a detailed account of every bomb dropped on Pearl Harbor. If they were anti-Rooseveltians, they usually added that

the facts were being withheld from them only for political reasons.

Compared to the people of Britain, the Americans seemed to think that the war was an entertaining contest which should have been fought in a mammoth Rose Bowl so that they could watch the ball and see what happened to the players. President Roosevelt and Secretary Knox were thus forced to go far beyond the limits of military secrecy in their reports on Pearl Harbor. They told the American people all and more than they were entitled to know. To have said more than they did, to have detailed the damage to each vessel, would have informed the Japs how long it would take to make the necessary repairs to put the warships back in action. The Japs had specific targets when they attacked—they would have liked specific confirmation of the damage done.

AT HONOLULU 125 naval officers and men wounded in the Pearl Harbor attack were loaded aboard the *Coolidge*. Some had their arms or legs amputated, others were wounded by bomb splinters, and many had been burned from head to toe while swimming through the blazing oil in Pearl Harbor. The only place the badly burned could be given injections was in the soles of their feet. Naval nurses and civilian nurses rounded up by the Red Cross in Honolulu came along to take care of the wounded. Members of the football teams of Willamette University of Salem, Oregon, and of the San Jose State Teachers College of California, who had been playing in Hawaii, volunteered to help, as did many passengers. A half-dozen young naval doctors on their way home from Manila were assigned to care for the wounded.

Some 250 women and children, families of service men who had been blasted out of their homes at Wheeler and Hickam Fields and Schofield Barracks came aboard. Sixty-one young Chinese aviators, on their way to

America to finish their flying training, gave up their cabins to them. The two baby giant pandas, which had made the trip from Manila in the dog kennels on the top deck, were forgotten. The passengers devoted themselves to the wounded. Women rolled bandages for them every morning. On Christmas Eve, as we zigzagged slowly toward San Francisco, the children organized a party for them. Passengers contributed little gifts, cigarettes, ties, candy, razor blades, and wrapped them in fancy Christmas papers removed from their own Christmas packages.

When the children went belowdecks to deliver the gifts they discovered that one badly burned sailor had died twenty minutes before. He was the only fatality on the trip. The wounded all said the same thing. "Before Pearl Harbor we didn't want to fight anybody. Now all we want is to get well again to get back at those bastards."

On Christmas morning our 30-day-long blackout crossing ended when we passed under the Golden Gate Bridge. Some thirty-five hours later I slid out of the fog over New York aboard a United transcontinental airliner, which dipped down over the Pan-American clipper base and rolled to a stop on La Guardia Field, completing my full circle which had carried me four times across the Equator and through nineteen countries and nine islands of the world at war.

Scrap Iron with Interest

SCRAP SENT TO JAPS

CURBS U. S. STEEL MILLS

Washington, Jan. 9, 1942—(UP) Large shipments of scrap iron and steel to Japan during the ten years prior to the war are principally responsible for the shutdown of many steel mills in the United States, defense officials disclosed today.

Huge exports to Japan in particular, they said, have resulted in a shortage of scrap, which is vital to production of steel for armaments.

It was unusually calm and peaceful that first week of December in Honolulu. The *haole* (white residents), Hawaiians, Japs, soldiers, and sailors went to see Tyrone Power in "A Yank in the RAF," in which models of 150 Spitfires, 90 Stukas, and 106 Messerschmitts added realism to the war scenes. A Washington dispatch to the Honolulu papers said a proposed Congressional investigation of "alleged" Jap subversive activities in Hawaii had been tentatively approved by the State Department, which had been using pressure to keep the investigation pigeonholed for a month, but nobody paid much attention to that. Mrs. Osa Johnson was lecturing on the perils of darkest Africa:

On December 5th the Honolulu *Advertiser* carried a front page story headlined, "Pacific Zero Hour Near;

Japan Answers U. S. Today," but people skipped over that. A sailor wrote to the *Advertiser's* Miss Fixit asking: "How many battleships have been launched since July 1, 1941, to November 20, 1941? Does four aces or four-of-a-kind win over any size of a straight flush?" and Miss Fixit answered, "There were none launched during that particular period. A straight flush beats any kind in poker."

At 7:55 on the Sunday morning of December 7th most of Honolulu's residents were in their beds. Those who heard the early explosions in the direction of Pearl Harbor, seven miles away, turned over and cursed the navy for carrying out a practice on Sunday. At the eateries on Waikiki Beach a few early risers were munching breakfast and listening to the morning radio programs. A shell plunked in the water half a mile offshore and another one buried itself in the beach. Looking down the bay to Pearl Harbor the breakfasters could see black puffs of anti-aircraft smoke hanging in the air above the naval base and Hickam Field. The music on the radio stopped abruptly.

"Keep calm, everybody," said an announcer's voice. "This is no joke. This is the real McCoy." The customers gulped their food and ran.

"Who wants to eat now?" asked one. "The Los Angeles earthquake was nothing compared to this," said a woman.

Hundreds who heard the radio hurried out into the streets, some still in their pajamas and nightshirts, and stood looking up at the sky. They were still there when the Jap planes zoomed down to strafe the streets.

At 6:30 A. M. the lookout on the U.S.S. *Antares* sighted a dark hulk just under the surface of the prohibited area outside Pearl Harbor. Three minutes later a naval patrol plane and the U.S.S. *Ward* closed in on the object, which was identified as a small submarine,

and sent it to the bottom with bombs and depth charges. A report of this action was promptly sent to the naval chief of staff who sent another destroyer to investigate. No alert warning was issued.

Pearl Harbor had been provided with an anti-torpedo net across the entrance, which, until December 7th, was closed during the hours of darkness except when it was necessary for a vessel to pass through. The net was opened at 4:58 A. M. on December 7th to permit the entrance of two mine-sweepers. It was not closed again until 8:40, three-quarters of an hour after the first Jap planes attacked. While it was open, three midget two-man Japanese submarines passed unmolested into Pearl Harbor.

THE AIRCRAFT RADIO LOCATER SYSTEM, which had been developed to a high degree by the British, was being installed in Hawaii. Operators were being trained on it during the day, and since November 27th a watch had been kept in operation from four to seven each morning. On the morning of December 7th a non-commissioned officer who had been receiving training asked permission to remain at one of the locaters for additional practice. A few minutes after seven his board suddenly showed a large formation of planes about 130 miles away coming at Hawaii from the north. Unable to decide whether his instrument was playing tricks, he took the precaution of informing his superior at the locating center. This officer, aware that a squadron of Flying Fortresses was due in from the American mainland around eight o'clock, assumed the planes were friendly and took no action.

THE JAPANESE AIR ATTACK, carried out by small waves of planes operating from three or four aircraft carriers standing out to sea, came in from the north. Only 150 to

200 Japanese planes took part but the attack was perfectly planned, expertly timed, and every plane made itself count against specific objectives. Main Jap target was the naval base at Pearl Harbor, but in order to attack it more or less unmolested by American planes, the Japs first went for the airfields which were designed specifically for Pearl Harbor's protection. The method of attack on each field was the same. Small squadrons of low-flying attack bombers flew low over the fields strafing the parked planes and hangars with incendiary bullets. Back and forth they went until almost every plane within sight was burned or disabled. Up above, Jap medium level bombers leisurely plunked bombs into the hangars. They succeeded in destroying or grounding most of the planes before they could get into the air.

At Kaneohe Naval Air Base nine Jap planes in three flights veered in to the entrance to the base, changed into line astern formation, and came in fifty feet above the water. Their incendiary bullets spattered down on the row of seaplanes anchored in the bay. At the end of the bay they turned in a figure eight and this time attacked the planes sitting on the ramp. For almost twenty minutes this back-and-forth strafing was kept up. American mechanics and ground crews fired at them with machine guns. Gun crews ran to their burning machines, dismantled the machine guns, and set them up on the ground.

At the Marine Base at Ewa, an incompleated airfield near Pearl Harbor, the same type of strafing attack was staged. At Wheeler Field, which protects the huge Schofield Barracks army post, the Japs began their attack by bombing the ammunition hangar. Fighter pilots who drove under fire to a nearby emergency field where their planes were parked were able to take off and immediately proved that U. S. airmen under combat conditions are as good as any in the world. Wheeler pilots managed to get fourteen planes up into the air. Some of them be-

came aces, with five Jap planes apiece to their credit, within a few minutes after becoming air-borne.

At Hickam Field, adjacent to Pearl Harbor, the Japs concentrated a heavy attack to keep the American planes on the ground. The first hits were on a hangar and the mess hall, where some 400 airmen were eating breakfast. Then the Japs went for the quarter-mile-long row of planes which had been drawn up wingtip to wingtip for the Sunday morning parade. The Japs went up and down the line strafing the planes with cannon shells and incendiary bullets. Pilots and ground crews attacked them with machine guns which they grabbed from the ordnance rooms and the burning planes and set up in the open. After twenty minutes the first attack ceased. Ambulances and private cars rushed out onto the field to pick up the wounded. Before they had completed the job a squadron of Jap bombers dropped a score of heavy and light bombs on the field from 12,000 feet. They demolished a hangar, a huge barracks, the guardhouse, the fire station, and the photographic laboratory. This attack was followed by a second wave of strafers. The squadron of unarmed Flying Fortresses coming in from the mainland headed for Hickam Field before they knew what was up. One of them was shot down and another strafed, as it landed. The others scattered in the air and managed to come down safely at emergency fields.

At all the airfields the story was the same. The anti-aircraft defenses, if they existed at all, were horribly inadequate and the men were forced to oppose the Japanese from improvised machine-gun posts.

At Pearl Harbor, Japanese torpedo planes came in line astern, made a turn around Ford Island, formerly Luke Field, and headed straight for the battleships which were lying prow to stern like a string of subway cars. The Jap attack was timed to the split-second. Each plane had its objective carefully selected and its location

charted on a map which the pilot carried in front of him in his cockpit. I saw one of the maps from a plane which had been shot down and they were devilishly accurate. Before a shot had been fired in answer, a Jap plane leveled off and headed its torpedo into the 1914, 29,000-ton battleship *Oklahoma*. It capsized and turned up its rusty bottom within seven minutes. Other torpedo planes went for the remaining battleships. Low-level bombers followed the torpedo planes and finished off the warships which the torpedoes had struck.

Trying to reach some of the battleships the bombers and torpedo-carriers hit the destroyers *Downes*, *Cassin*, and *Shaw*. The old radio-controlled target-ship and ack-ack gunnery practice vessel *Utah*, which looked like an aircraft carrier because of the steel practice-bomb protection deck above her superstructure, was repeatedly bombed and torpedoed until she capsized. The *Oglala*, a one-time Fall River boat which served as a mine-layer, was sent to the bottom.

FOR YEARS WE HAVE BEEN TOLD that the Japanese are so nearsighted that they can't pilot a plane, let alone aim its bombs. Pearl Harbor destroyed that myth. A flight of Jap bombers, flying in after their torpedo planes at an altitude of 12,000 feet, dropped their bombs smack on the 26-year-old, 32,600-ton battleship *Arizona*. They had been practicing bombing from that height for two years over Chungking. One bomb dropped straight down the funnel and blew up the *Arizona's* forward magazine. The bombs, it was discovered later, were 15-inch 1,800-pound armor-piercing naval shells, normally fired from a battleship, which were fitted with fins to convert them into aerial bombs.

An aircraft tender anchored off Ford Island brought down one Jap plane and hit another in the air. The pilot of the second plane maneuvered his machine to suicide-

bomb the aircraft tender. The plane hit the starboard crane and smashed to bits. Two bombs in the machine fortunately looped over the side of the vessel where they exploded without doing much damage.

At this moment the conning tower of a two-man submarine popped up in the middle of the harbor. The aircraft tender opened up with its guns and sent a shot right through the conning tower, which, it was learned later, killed the Japanese officer inside. A destroyer coming down the harbor raced up and dropped its depth charges on top of the submarine and sent it to the bottom. Two other midget subs were ultimately destroyed in the harbor before they could fire their torpedoes.

In the meantime a few Japanese planes, their missions completed at the airfields and Pearl Harbor, wheeled around over Honolulu to strafe and drop a few light bombs on the city. They did no more damage than the sneak raiders used to do over London in their daylight attacks. The Japs also dropped crudely phrased propaganda leaflets. Mimeographed on rough paper, they had childish drawings of an aircraft carrier and a battleship exploding, a fish, and a caricature of President Roosevelt. The heading in English read "You Damned! Go to Devel!" Underneath, in Japanese characters, was written, "Listen to the voice of doom! Open your eyes, blind fools!"

When they recovered from the first numbing shock, the United States forces fought gallantly. There was heroism in plenty. The British, Greeks, Russians, and Aussies have no monopoly on guts. When the *Oklahoma* turned slowly over in her last agonies, its gun crews hung on and followed it around, firing until their guns were under water. Ten members of the crew of a 5-inch gun fell before a strafing attack. The lone bluejacket remaining took over. He would grab a shell and place it in the

tray, run to the other side of the gun and ram it home, then jump into the pointer's seat to fire. He was finally blasted over the side by a bomb.

THERE WAS GRIM HUMOR, TOO. On board one of the battleships a chaplain in his ecclesiastical robes was busy on the afterdeck preparing for divine services. When the first bomb fell he ran to the armory and grabbed a machine gun. Setting it up on his reader's stand, he began pouring lead at the Japanese. In a few minutes the men heard him say, "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition. I just got one of the sons of bitches."

The repair ship *Vestal* was tied up alongside the *Arizona*. It was armed with one 3-inch gun which its pint-sized skipper insisted on firing himself. When the bomb hit the *Arizona's* forward magazine and blew the battleship apart, the *Vestal's* little skipper was blasted into the water. In his absence the executive officer gave the order to abandon ship. The men, scrambling down the sides, met the skipper swimming back to the *Vestal*.

"Where in hell are you guys going?" he demanded. The men told him they had been ordered to leave the ship.

"Get back aboard. She might sink under our feet but we're not going to leave until she does," he shouted.

He ran to his gun and began firing furiously. In a few minutes he called a ship's messenger and ordered him to bring a sack of potatoes up on deck. The messenger, sure that he had heard wrong in all the noise, inquired: "Potatoes?"

"Yes, potatoes!" snorted the skipper. "There are men standing idle here. Let them throw spuds at the Japs."

THE JAPANESE STAB-IN-THE-BACK was carried out with the aid of the most effective and the most extensive fifth column and espionage organization used so far in World

War II. The Quislings whom the Nazis used to prepare the way for their invasion of Norway were but a handful of amateurs in comparison.

THE FULL STORY OF JAPANESE TREACHERY was not told by the Roberts Inquiry Board. From British and American intelligence sources and U.S. Army and Navy officers on the islands, however, I was able to put together the details of the picture.

There are 158,000 Japanese on the islands. They compose one-third of the total population, and some 122,000 of them are American citizens. A great proportion of them, aliens and citizens, were organized in groups which worked under Tokyo's direction. Their organizations were patterned on the lines of those which operated in Manchuria prior to the Japanese invasion and later in China proper.

Top man of the civilian fifth columnists was the Japanese Consul General, a career man of long service whose rank in the Consular Service was equal to that of an ambassador or minister. Operating under him, and reporting through him to the Japanese mainland, were two main groups.

The first was the consular police, which kept tabs on the activities of Japanese on the islands and spied on those who were not completely loyal to Japan. They were also charged with the formation of the second group, the *Ronin*, cells of young Japanese toughs who were assigned to deal out any necessary punishment to Japanese who strayed from the fifth column. Membership in the *Ronin* appealed primarily to the sons of the poor farm families. Educated in American schools in the islands, they were dissatisfied with the coolie-type labor which they had to perform at home. These two groups were financed directly by the Japanese Consulate. The Roberts Report has revealed that in the Summer of 1941

there were more than 200 agents in Honolulu alone who were acting under orders from the Jap consul.

A third organization was the Japanese Army Intelligence Service, which operated through a host of spies, most of them disguised as petty merchants, cafe proprietors, and contractors. It was furnished with adequate pay-off funds by the Japanese Tourist Bureau. Operating parallel to Army Intelligence was the Japanese Naval Intelligence Branch, financed by the N.Y.K. (Steamship) Company and the famed Mitsui and Mitsubishi industrial trusts, long regarded as the conservative financial organizations which would keep the rash Japanese armed forces from plunging into a war with the United States. Naval Intelligence depended for its information on hotel proprietors, seamen, fishermen and, by far the most important, the Japanese fresh produce dealers who supplied fruits and vegetables to American naval vessels.

The fifth, and largest, organization included most of the Japanese on the islands. It was modeled after the German-American Bunds and its most enthusiastic members were young Japanese students. Divided into secret cells of ten members, as they were in the Philippines, the Japanese were handled as a political unit. There are enough of them with American citizenship to *control the elective vote of the Territory*. The cells were organized and provided with unlimited funds by agents of the South Manchuria Railway Company.

Head paymaster for this civilian organization was a renegade American named Joseph Kinney, who was once chief of the Japanese Clipping Bureau at Dairen, Manchukuo. Kinney arrived in Honolulu early in the Spring of 1941 from Tahiti and cultivated many of the American business interests in the Territory.

Because they control the vote, the Japanese have thus been able to control the election of officials in the islands.

The Japs shrewdly elected only a limited number of their own people to office but they quietly insisted on the appointment of Japanese to important—and strategic—civil service positions. Many of the police, post office employees, sanitary inspectors, and road supervisors are Japanese. Large numbers work in vital positions in the telephone service, the telegraph and cable offices, and in all the large public utilities. The majority of transportation facilities are in Japanese hands, including the trucks which, until the December 7th attack, delivered cargo and foodstuffs daily to the Pearl Harbor base and all army camps.

More than ninety per cent of the fresh produce of the islands is controlled by Japanese and sold to buyers through Japanese firms. Out of sheer business necessity they had to keep a close check on the presence of naval vessels in Pearl Harbor. For years it has been customary to order produce in the names of individual ships. Monthly contracts and deliveries were ordered by phone or in person by petty officers and each delivery order carried the name of the vessel to which the supplies were to be charged.

In addition, bulk supplies were usually ordered for a cruise and any competent observer in the Japanese Naval Intelligence could determine the length of a cruise from the amount of supplies ordered. Complacent U.S. naval authorities made no attempt at secrecy. As a result, any clerk in the employ of Japanese produce dealers could have worked out the number of ships in harbor at any given time simply by comparing the food orders. From the information of these produce dealers the Japanese Naval Intelligence was able to turn out the accurate maps showing the positions of vessels in Pearl Harbor which were found in the possession of Jap fliers shot down on December 7th.

If the Japs became suspect because of too-open spy-

ing, they forced Chinese into espionage work. The Chinese community in Hawaii is to a great degree under the influence of the Japanese. The younger generations of both nationalities attend the same schools. There is very little feeling between them. The young people, thrown together in their daily lives, have not grasped the racial feeling generated by the war in China. Most of the Chinese, with the exception of a few wealthy families, had to keep in with the Japs in order to get appointments to government jobs, which the Japs controlled.

AS A RESULT OF YEARS of patient organization Japanese intelligence was perfect on the day of the attack. The appearance of the Jap planes coincided, probably deliberately, with the arrival of a squadron of Flying Fortresses coming in from the American mainland. Ground watchers were thus deceived and did not sound the alarm until Japanese planes were on top of them. They apparently knew that the anti-submarine net at the entrance to Pearl Harbor was, for some still unexplained reason, left open on the morning of December 7th. The Japs evidently knew that no U.S. naval task force was operating in the region northeast, north, or northwest of the islands. They knew that no offshore and inshore air patrols were maintained and that inshore training pilots did not take up their planes until eight o'clock.

At Hickam Field the Japanese appeared to know which hangars contained most of the planes. These they bombed. The Japs, aware of the living habits of American pilots, strafed the roads to Hickam and Wheeler airfields to prevent the Americans from reaching their machines. Knowing that other pilots lived with their families in homes adjacent to the fields, the Japs machine-gunned the houses to keep the pilots indoors.

Some of the Jap aviators shot down were dressed in

Honolulu-made civilian clothes and many carried Honolulu bus tokens in their pockets. In Honolulu the assumption was that many of the Jap pilots had recently been on the islands. More likely, they did not intend to fly back to their carriers—many of the planes shot down contained gasoline enough for another thirty flying miles—after the attack but had instructions to parachute out in the country and then try to mingle with the Japanese on the islands.

Honolulu residents were convinced the Japanese agents on the islands had been tipped off to expect the December 7th attack. A number of coded advertisements reportedly appeared in the papers. One was supposed to show a girl leaning against a chair, the back of which appeared to be covered with tiny crosses which could be taken to indicate airplanes. The key word in the ad was "Look." Above it were billowy clouds which had stenciled across them the legend, "Fashions by the yard." Honolulu residents claimed later that, if the ad was held to a mirror, the lettering of "fashions" spelled the word "raid." Prominent in the ad was the date December 7th. Second-guessing women shoppers drew significance from the fact that a Japanese store early in December suddenly began advertising more than sixteen brands of silk when it had previously never advertised more than four. This ad was supposed to contain coded instructions for the Jap agents.

Whether or not they were tipped off, the fifth columnists did their work fiendishly well on the morning of December 7th. Immediately after the attack it was learned that huge lanes in the shape of arrows had been slashed out in the sugar-cane fields, pointing the way to military objectives. These arrows had either not been observed from the air on December 6th or else had been hurriedly cut early on December 7th.

A Japanese beer garden proprietor at Schofield Bar-

racks, a man who had been a trusted business figure for twenty years, was found operating a short-wave radio transmitter to the Japanese carriers during the raid. He was shot on the spot. Jap ham operators sent signals to the carriers. Others were caught photographing military, naval, and air damage. It was reported that Jap truck drivers stalled their trucks at the entrance to Pearl Harbor and Hickam Field and swayed other vehicles back and forth across the roads to prevent American officers and men from reaching their posts.

Some Jap agents have been rounded up but the potential fifth column remains. Its presence has been overlooked on the American mainland. The bulk of the Japanese in Hawaii have not been molested. They walk about the streets freely, carry on with their businesses and their jobs in the civil service. Many Japanese Americans have enlisted in the Hawaiian Territorial Guard. They wear U.S. Army uniforms, with an armband marked H.T.G., and are assigned to watch strategic water tanks, power and radio stations. The whites on the islands trust them implicitly. Even the attack on Pearl Harbor has not shaken their faith in them.

This is not an indictment of all the Japanese in Hawaii. Perhaps the bulk of them are loyal. Only another Pearl Harbor can decide.

Although the authorities have considered it a necessary precaution to move thousands of Japs from vital areas on America's west coast, Americans in Hawaii are reluctant to crack down on their local alien Japanese. Military authorities complain that it would be impossible to regulate the activities of the 150,000 Japs on the islands. Yet Britain managed to intern or watch the movements of more than 100,000 enemy aliens during the first two years of the war.

There may be other reasons why Hawaii's alien Japanese population has not been treated as potential

enemies. Politicians, who were elected with the approval of the Japanese-American voters, do not want to offend them by insisting on the internment of the alien Japanese. American sugar and pineapple interests, which dominate the life of the islands, encouraged the importation of Japanese in the past because they would work for less than the Chinese and native Hawaiians. These interests, determined to preserve their supply of cheap labor, are unwilling to consider interning even the alien Japanese for the duration of the war.

DESPITE THE FIFTH COLUMN COOPERATION, the Japanese attack would not have been one-tenth as damaging as it was had it not been for the overconfidence and alarming complacency on the part of the American armed forces. Both Secretary Knox and the Roberts Report admitted that the defending forces were not on the alert. That is putting the indictment mildly. To those of us who have seen something of the war around the world it was obvious that the American armed forces and Hawaii's civilian defense agencies had deliberately ignored the lessons learned by Britain in blood and broken bones over the first two years of the war.

Army, Navy, and Air Force authorities did not bother to take the elementary emergency precautions which the British fighting services had maintained during the year between the Peace of Munich and September 3, 1939. Their complacency continued undisturbed in the face of events, some of them detailed in the Roberts Report, which should have forced them to maintain a state of readiness for attack.

For some months previous to the Pearl Harbor attack the Hawaiian commanders, Lieutenant General Walter C. Short of the Army, and Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, C-in-C of the Pacific Fleet, had been warned by the secretaries of War and Navy and their service

chiefs in Washington to expect war with Japan, which would probably begin with a surprise attack on Pearl Harbor. The only precaution taken was to increase the guard against sabotage. Short and Kimmel neglected to confer with each other regarding the measures taken to guard against surprise air attacks. The naval commander assumed that Lieutenant General Short was maintaining an inshore air patrol. He was not. Short assumed that Admiral Kimmel was maintaining an off-shore air patrol. He was not.

The carelessness of American air force authorities would have made an RAF man die of heart failure. Hickam and Wheeler airfields, partly constructed since the war in Europe began, were laid out as nakedly as suburban cities, without thought of concealment. Hangars were built in neat rows, violating all the experience of camouflage and dispersal learned in Europe. Repair work was done in the hangars, instead of at dispersal points around the fields. Planes were frequently lined up, wingtip to wingtip, for inspections.

Many naval vessels were still equipped with practice ammunition. Live "ammo" was stored in the holds below. The battleships were obviously not protected with torpedo nets, which Jap battleships had been using while at anchor for the past four years. Ports and watertight doors were left open on many warships.

THE RUMORS that many army and naval officers and men were absent from their posts or unfit for duty because of Saturday night parties, which might have explained in part the success of the Jap surprise attack, were debunked by the Roberts Report which found that almost eighty-nine per cent of the army men were present for duty on the morning of December 7th, that sixty per cent of the officers and ninety-six per cent of the men were aboard their vessels in Pearl Harbor.

Although Hawaii was a wartime outpost, it permitted itself the luxury of an "it-can't-happen-here" mentality. Except for the medical profession and the local Red Cross, the civilian defense organization was amateurish. Hawaii, like Manila, had made no attempt to profit by the lessons of London, Chungking, or Moscow. There were no air-raid shelters on the islands before December 7th and it wasn't until eight days later that people were advised by means of newspaper editorials to build their own backyard shelters with their own equipment and their own labor. Such shelters, as Londoners found out, give so little protection that it is wiser to stay in bed during raids. Forced to impose a blackout at short notice, the local officials simply turned off all the lights at the main switches before sunset. Normal life was thus deliberately paralyzed, but the civilian defense chiefs paradoxically urged the people to "carry on as usual." For the first few weeks after Pearl Harbor, jittery, untrained home guards shot at everyone who stepped out on the streets after dark.

As commanders, Short and Kimmel had to assume the responsibility for Hawaii's military unpreparedness but the blame cannot be absolved by the court-martial of the two top officers. All Hawaii, all America was guilty. Hawaii, sitting behind its "Maginot Line" of the Pacific Fleet, simply reflected the overconfidence, complacency, smugness, and overweening sense of superiority of the mainland.

SOME 2,340 OFFICERS AND MEN DIED because of the Pearl Harbor attack. The wounded numbered 946, the reverse of the usual wartime proportion of dead to wounded.

For days afterward Hawaii buried the dead. Most of the ceremonies were simple military rites, conducted without spectators. No boatloads of bodies were shipped to New York to prove the rumormongers right. Most

of the dead were interred in Hawaii's new naval cemetery called Halawa.

While the dead were being buried, the youngsters roamed the streets collecting Jap shrapnel, which not so long ago, in another form, had been hoisted by huge magnetic cranes into the holds of Jap freighters anchored at Baltimore and New York.

Battle for the Far East

THE LOSING BATTLE FOR THE FAR EAST was the most important delaying fight of World War II. A series of Dunkirks, each as tragic as the real Dunkirk, it was a struggle written in blood, sweat, and sacrifice. In the years to come free men should stand in reverence whenever Hong Kong, Malaya, Singapore, the Bataan peninsula, and Java are mentioned.

The defenders were doomed to defeat from the start, but they made their sacrifice willingly in order to give their countries time to get ready. They were doomed because the defense of the Far East was based upon an outmoded concept of sea power, which became obsolete when the Japs established themselves in land bases in China and Vichy Indo-China. Except in the Dutch East Indies the defending forces were tiny British and American garrison armies. Against the full weight of the Japanese land and air power they could only fight to the death, and British and American sea power was powerless to help them.

THE BATTLE OF THE FAR EAST has been thoroughly covered by the daily press, but it is important to review its various phases for the lessons we must learn from them.

The Japanese struck virtually simultaneously at Hong Kong, Malaya, and the Philippines.

Hong Kong went first. For a week Japanese forces on the Kowloon mainland poured a tremendous weight of metal into the city. *Japanese dive-bombers, with undisputed control of the air, knocked out British gun positions and strafed the streets and the soldiers in their trenches.* With their water supplies all but gone, half the city in flames, and thousands of wounded lying in the streets, Hong Kong surrendered.

On the helpless city the Japanese perpetrated another 1937 Nanking massacre. For the first time in their fight for the Far East the little Japs could mistreat British and Americans without fear of outside interference. White and Chinese women were raped and stabbed with bayonets until they died. One entire Chinese district was roped off and designated as a brothel. Some fifty officers and men of the British Army were bound hand and foot and then bayoneted to death. The survivors of the British garrison, 5,072 Britons, 1,680 Canadians, and 3,829 Indians, were herded into a Kowloon internment camp. There were no beds and the men were forced to sleep on the floor in their blood-stained uniforms. The Japanese appeared only irregularly to dump sacks of rice inside the gates of the camp, providing no fuel or facilities to cook it. No drugs or medical equipment were supplied and within the first two weeks after the surrender there were 150 cases of dysentery in the camp. The Japanese refused permission to let a representative of the International Red Cross visit the camp.

MALAYA FELL NEXT. On December 8th the Japs pushed across the Thailand border into Malaya while others made a landing near Kota Bahru airdrome at the northern end of the Malayan peninsula. From then on the advance was a steady push right down to the backyard of Singapore. Paced by light 14-ton tanks, against which the British defenders could offer only a few anti-tank

guns, the Japs drove along the main road down the west coast of Malaya.

Their campaign was based on a series of flanking movements which scalloped their way down the western shore. Whenever the advancing tanks and Japanese infantrymen came up against a British defense position which proved too difficult to take from the front, Japanese sea-borne forces were landed at night in the British rear to compel the defenders to retreat or be cut off.

From the opening day of the attack the British, Indian, and Australian defenders were subjected to unceasing dive-bombing and strafing attacks which equaled anything the Germans had laid down on Crete. The Japanese used some 800 to 1,000 planes on this drive. For the first month the British were virtually without fighter support and the men, hugging the earth, cried out as they had done in Greece and Crete and Libya for the sight of one of their own planes.

The British made mistakes. A stupid, repressive censorship hid the seriousness of the Malayan situation from the outside world. A fifth column, composed largely of natives with bitter grudges against the British, worked for the Japanese in the jungle territory in the north. One officer estimated that native fifth columnists were responsible for thirty-five per cent of the Japanese success. The scorched-earth policy was a figment of the imagination. Rubber plantation owners refused to destroy their trees because it takes from five to seven years for new trees to reach productivity. They expected to be back on their plantations in a few weeks, when the little yellow men had been beaten. Huge stocks of rubber and tin, whole smelters and plantations were left untouched by owners who thought they could return to their possessions when the Japanese had been repulsed.

A month after the attack began the Japs were fighting for Kuala Lumpur, second city to Singapore in

Malaya, and only 230 miles from the base itself. On February 2nd they reached Johore Bahru, facing the island of Singapore.

On January 31st, the Singapore authorities ordered the causeway connecting the island with the mainland blown up and the siege of Singapore began. The retreat had been carried out so hastily that several brigades, unaware of the evacuation, were left on the mainland and cut off. For the next few days the Japanese poured reinforcements into their lines opposite Singapore in preparation for their final assault.

At midnight on February 8th, under cover of darkness and a shattering bombardment, Japanese shock troops in *sampans*, launches, and rowboats sneaked across Johore Strait and landed on Singapore's thickest stretch of jungle shore. Moving through ten miles of mangrove swamps, rubber forests, and orchards, they began filtering toward the broken causeway to the east. At the same time other Japanese landed on Ubin island, in the eastern mouth of Johore Strait, half-a-mile from Singapore island, where they captured the 15-inch guns with which the British had hoped to break up a Japanese sea attack. In the morning of the 9th, Japanese light tanks were sent across Johore Strait to exploit the positions won by the Japanese shock troops.

In between the two Japanese landings lay Singapore's naval base, by that time an empty, echoing fortress. The machine shops and storehouses had been stripped, the great graving dock destroyed, and the surface oil tanks were burned out shells.

Singapore was defended by the bravest army in the world, but an army equipped largely with courage was useless against Japanese dive-bombers. In the final phase of the battle the defenders lay hour after hour in the mud as an endless line of dive-bombers screamed down on them unmolested. While the defenders were

held helpless under this ceaseless air attack, the Japanese poured their troops across onto Singapore. They captured the naval base and Singapore's Pierce and MacRitchie water reservoirs. They destroyed or seized Singapore's few airfields and sent their advance patrols filtering into the suburbs.

Meanwhile, Singapore, like Paris in its dying hours, went mechanically about its daily business. A one-time bastion of the British Empire was in its death agonies, but the British colonials who made Singapore what it was went complacently on to the end. Governor General Sir Shenton Thomas, a self-satisfied, smug old bureaucrat, kept insisting, "The situation is not so bad," until the Japanese walked into his office. Until the day of the surrender, cars rolled up to the Raffles Hotel for the afternoon tea-dances. Despite the unending air attacks against the city, movie fans lined up to see Joel McCrea and Ellen Drew in "Reaching for the Sun." A few stiff-shirted Britons grouched about "the Asiatic labor problem" when the waiters fled the Raffles and other establishments which lacked air-raid shelters. On the morning of February 14th, the British were still landing reinforcements on the island who were to march next day into a Japanese prison camp.

Singapore's epitaph was the announcement five days before the city surrendered—nine weeks after the first bombs fell on Singapore—that the authorities planned to build at government expense public air-raid shelters in the congested areas!

On the 14th the British threw their handful of light tanks into a counter-attack in an attempt to stop the Japanese drive for the city. It failed. On the afternoon of the 15th a British major carrying a white flag drove toward Japanese headquarters. The Japanese commander, Lieutenant General Tomoyuki Yamashita, had his conditions of surrender already written out and at

7 P. M., in an office of the Ford Motor plant, around which there had been fierce fighting earlier in the day, Singapore's commander, Lieutenant General Arthur Ernest Percival, signed away one of the most valuable strongholds of the British Empire.

The fall of Singapore was as important as the fall of France. It released half-a-dozen divisions of Japanese troops, hundreds of planes, naval units, and transports for the next step down the Dutch East Indies; captured the main United States tin smelter; provided a pathway to America's chief sources of tin, rubber, and oil in the Dutch East Indies; opened the Indian Ocean to the Japanese, and put them within striking distance of India. As Wavell once said: "Singapore in hostile hands would be a pistol pointed at the heart of India."

The Japs have renamed the island, city, and the harbor of Singapore *Shonan*. *Sho* is from Showa, which designates the enlightened era of Hirohito. *Nan* means south. Singapore is now the "Light of the South."

THE FIRST ATTACK AGAINST THE PHILIPPINES, staged simultaneously with the attack against Malaya, was aimed at northern Lingayen Gulf, 120 miles northwest of Manila, where the American defenders had always expected it would be aimed. The Japs tried to land troops from 154 motorboats. A Filipino division, composed of soldiers with less than six months' training, pounced on the boats as they edged up on the beach. Not a single Jap soldier reached shore alive. At Legaspi, Aparri, and Vigan the Japanese succeeded in establishing beachheads where they set up airdromes, but they suffered heavy losses in men, transports, and naval facilities from attacks by U. S. planes. At Davao, 600 miles south of Manila on the Moro-inhabited island of Mindanao, the Japanese were able to use the cooperation of the huge Japanese colony there to establish another base.

General Douglas MacArthur, commander of the combined American and Filipino forces, kept the bulk of his army centered around Manila and refused to split his forces in widely separated battles.

For forty years American strategy in the Philippines, dictated by necessity, has been to fight a delaying action and retreat slowly into the Bataan peninsula, across Manila bay, and onto Corregidor, a rocky, two-mile-long island fortress in the bay, in the face of a major Japanese attack. These plans were first formulated when Major General Arthur MacArthur, Douglas MacArthur's father, served as military governor of the islands. They were elaborated and perfected by Major General George Grunert, now Commander of the 6th Corps Area in Chicago, who was in charge of the American forces in the Philippines during 1940 and the first half of 1941. In their maneuvers Grunert's officers and troops had worked on different versions of the retreat, known as the blue plan, the orange, and the green, etc. When MacArthur took over in the Summer of 1941 he simply adopted Grunert's plans.

As the Japs poured men, troops, and air support into their Philippine beachheads, MacArthur's forces retreated north and south toward Manila. The defense of Manila, lacking a natural barrier of fortifications, would have nullified MacArthur's plans for a retreat around the bay into Bataan, and on Christmas Eve, on the grounds that he wished to spare the civilian population from further destruction, he declared Manila an "open city" and pulled his defending troops out of the capital. On New Year's Eve the last American and Filipino soldiers slipped around into Bataan and across the bay to Corregidor. At noon on New Year's Day the Japanese entered Manila.

For the next few months MacArthur and his men fought an effective delaying action. They had relatively

little modern equipment—a few tanks, some 75-mm. guns, scout cars, and jeeps. The bulk of their air support was destroyed on the ground or knocked out in the air before the retreat to Bataan. Heavy bombers which were undamaged were sent to the Dutch East Indies and Australia because they had no fields from which to operate in Bataan. A few P-40's, under the command of soft-spoken, competent Brigadier General Harold H. George, later killed in Australia, were flown to the tiny Kindley Field on Corregidor and other makeshift air-dromes were hacked out of the rugged, jungle-covered Bataan peninsula. As long as they lasted these patched-up P-40's carried out savage attacks on Japanese forces in Manila Bay, strafed Japan's troops attempting to make sea-landings on MacArthur's flanks, and performed invaluable reconnaissance flights.

Before the Japanese attack on the Philippines the American and Filipino forces numbered close to 200,000 men. At least 150,000 of these were Filipinos, newly inducted into the American Army, who had never been under fire. An unwieldy, untrained mob in the first weeks of the fighting, they proved themselves in battle to be excellent combat troops, as MacArthur had long contended they would. MacArthur's men, like the British and Dutch, proved that man-to-man they could lick four times their number in Japs.

Compared to Australia, Java, and Burma, Bataan was a minor front occupying comparatively few Japanese troops and a few squadrons of planes. The Japs, preferring to use their available air, naval, and land forces for more important assaults upon Java and Burma, were content for a time to keep the American defenders holed up on the Bataan peninsula.

The Japanese troops sent against Bataan during the first two months of the campaign were mostly divisions of reservists, men with less than a year of military train-

ing, who were thrown into the battle on the theory that the best way to learn to fight is to fight. They made mistakes. They staged costly frontal attacks without first pounding the American and Filipino troops with bombs and mortar fire. They engaged in ammunition-wasting, indecisive artillery duels. They were unskilled in the infiltration tactics which the veteran Jap troops had used in Malaya.

Finally, in March, the Japanese High Command sent into Bataan divisions of crack troops trained in Manchuria. (American military men who got out of Bataan contend that the Japs have a minimum of ninety-five such divisions, trained in China and Manchuria over a period of several years.) *Cooperating closely with their dive- and low-level bombers, using mortars to soften the opposing troops for infighting attacks, these Jap veterans took Bataan with a minimum of casualties to themselves.* On April 9th some 36,000 American and Filipino troops, worn down by weeks of short rations, disease, and lack of sleep, and finally pounded into the ground by the Japanese tactics, surrendered.

A FEW THOUSAND SOLDIERS, SAILORS, AND MARINES managed to escape from Bataan to Corregidor and, with the artillerymen and infantry soldiers of its regular garrison, brought The Rock's defending troops to around 10,000.

With Japanese artillery established on Bataan, however, and Japanese planes ranging undisputed over Manila Bay, life on Corregidor and its satellite forts (Drum, Hughes, and Frank) was like living on a bull's-eye.

In one unfortunate statement to the outside world, The Rock's commander, Lieutenant General Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, promised: "Corregidor can and will be held. There can be no question of surrendering

this mighty fortress to the enemy; it will be defended with all the resources at our command." That kind of talk is as dated as the Maginot Line.

Lieutenant General Wainwright must—or should—have known that the fall of Corregidor was as inevitable as the fall of Bataan, as long as Japanese aircraft held complete control of the skies.

For four days in a row Corregidor and the other forts took thirteen bombing assaults per day. In addition, the Japanese guns on the heights of Bataan, only two miles across the water, poured shells unceasingly into the American positions.

Ammunition ran short on The Rock. The food was almost gone. Wounded crammed the underground passages, and malaria and dysentery ravaged the defenders.

One night the Japanese pushed out from Bataan's shores on assault boats and poured through the great gaps their artillery had made in the barbed wire along The Rock's beaches. How the Japanese boats crossed safely through the heavily mined stretch of water between Bataan and Corregidor has never been explained.

For twenty-four hours the American defenders held on, but the Japs kept coming. As at Singapore, they came in such swarms that Wainwright and The Rock's defenders had no choice but to surrender.

With the fall of Corregidor, Manila became one of the best Japanese bases in the Far East, next in importance to Singapore and Surabaya.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE PHILIPPINES was a sideshow to the main Japanese objective in the Far East—the capture of the entire Dutch East Indies.

The long, cigar-shaped Dutch island of Sumatra lay open to attack as soon as Singapore fell. The northern half of Sumatra lies parallel to and alongside the southern half of Malaya. Lacking troops and equipment to

defend every inch of Sumatra's shores, the Dutch had decided to concentrate their defenses in the southern half of the island, with their main defense line running across Sumatra's waist. Before they had a chance to fight, the Dutch in Sumatra were outflanked by Japanese forces operating out of Singapore and the Banka and Billiton islands, and forced to retreat.

Against Java, the next objective, the Japs threw their largest invasion force of all in a desperate effort to win the last of the Dutch East Indies before American striking power could be concentrated in Australia. At least 150,000 Japs were landed on the island. The ill-equipped little Dutch Army of 75,000 fought back with stolid courage, but it was the same old story of Norway, Flanders, Greece, Crete, and Malaya. *The greatly superior Jap air force knocked out the few Dutch, British, and American fighter squadrons, forced the United Nations to withdraw their unprotected bombers from the campaign, and then dive-bombed the ground defenders into submission.*

The Japanese transport armada assigned to take Java was first sighted 100 miles north of Surabaya on February 27th. Reconnaissance pilots said that it stretched over the horizon and contained so many ships that they couldn't be counted. It was later confirmed that the armada consisted of some 60 transports, 14 cruisers, 55 destroyers, 25 submarines, and 5 aircraft carriers.

A small "sacrifice squadron" of the combined available U.S., Dutch, Australian, and British naval vessels, lacking capital ships and aircraft carriers, was sent out to delay the Japanese landing. Outgunned, outnumbered, and pounded unceasingly from the air, the Allied fleet staged a three-day battle described as one of the fiercest naval engagements ever fought.

In terms of total Allied naval units in the Far East area, it was a disaster worse than Pearl Harbor. The

U.S. Asiatic Fleet lost the heavy cruiser *Houston* and the old destroyer *Pope*. The British lost the heavy cruiser *Exeter*, which had helped defeat the *Graf Spee* in 1939, and four destroyers. The Dutch lost two light cruisers and two destroyers. Australia's navy lost its light cruiser *Perth*.

The Japanese conquered Java in eight days. They poured across from neighboring Sumatra and Bali, surged up on the northern coast, captured the capital of Batavia, the naval base at Surabaya, and the Dutch Army's mountain stronghold at Bandung. They captured, killed, or wounded some 8,500 British, Australian, and U.S. troops, and the Dutch Army of 75,000, which had waited for reinforcements and equipment that did not arrive.

On the day Java fell I saw in an Indianapolis factory several score light U.S. tanks which had been ordered by the Dutch early in 1941. Almost complete, except for a tiny gadget, they were sitting idly on the factory floor, cluttering the assembly lines. Their shipment had been held up for weeks because U.S. Army officials would not grant to the Dutch priority permission to purchase the tiny but vital part.

When the full story of the defense of the Dutch East Indies can be told it will turn out to be one of the most horrible examples of "too little and too late"—but this time, for a change, the blame will be on America and not on Britain.

Within a month after the fall of Holland in 1940, Dutch officials in America began ordering military equipment for the defense of the Netherlands East Indies. From June, 1940, to February, 1942, when the N.E.I. were all but gone, The Netherlands Government placed orders for \$275,000,000 of war equipment in American factories. The Dutch dealings were *not* on a Lease-Lend basis. Some eighty per cent of the orders

were to be paid for in hard cash. When Java fell, only thirty per cent of the \$275,000,000 had been delivered.

Of the \$275,000,000 total orders, some \$90,000,000 were allocated for the purchase of airplanes. At the time of Pearl Harbor, only \$23,000,000 of this had been delivered, consisting mostly of training planes and equipment.

The Dutch, not waiting for the war to come to them, had thrown their own meager air force into the war against Japan on December 8th. They had suffered heavy losses in the air but they were optimistic that promised reinforcements from the United States would arrive in time. They did not.

Of the 400 planes which the Dutch had on order from American factories, practically none except training planes was ever delivered. Not a single fighter plane was delivered until February, 1942, when Java was in its death throes.

Aware that American factories were unable to turn out sufficient quantities of small-caliber ammunition, the Dutch early in 1941 asked permission to build their own plant in America. They had the machine tools on hand and promised production by August, 1941. Their request was refused by the United States Army ammunition board. Three months later the valuable machine tools were still sitting in their crates, unused and unwanted.

Late in 1940 the Dutch asked to buy a quantity of the several million U.S. Enfield rifles which were stored in our arsenals and armories. Months went by, and finally Prince Bernhard and Crown Princess Juliana of the Netherlands visited the White House and requested the assistance of President Roosevelt in getting the rifles for the Indies. Other Dutch officials made patient calls on Chief of Staff Marshall and other high service chiefs. From everyone the Dutch were assured that the rifles

would be shipped, but when the order sheets and requisitions and memos got down among the colonels and majors of the Army organization they were sidetracked and mislaid, just as the equipment destined for the Russians somehow seemed to be diverted to other sectors. Of the 60,000 rifles ordered by the Dutch, only 20,000 reached the hands of their gallant little Indies Army before it surrendered.

JAVA'S LAST WORDS came from a radio dispatcher speaking to RCA: "We are shutting down now. Good-bye until better times. Long live the Queen!"

The Japs had won the battle of the Pacific. They still faced the battle for Australia and the battle for India.

THE LESSONS OF THE BATTLE for the Far East were obvious. The Japanese had been willing to make great sacrifices in men and materials to attain their objectives. Man for man the soldiers of the United Nations had shown themselves better than the Japanese, but the Japs had seldom let their soldiers fight man-to-man. *Except in the Bataan peninsula, they paved the way for each assault with overwhelmingly superior air support. In Bataan they were unsuccessful until they brought up the necessary air strength to do the job.*

The Japanese technique of invasion was elaborately prepared and efficiently executed. For invasion from the sea the Japanese selected beach areas about five miles long which had been reconnoitered thoroughly from the air or by secret agents. Landings were usually made just before dawn and, when possible, during rainy or stormy weather.

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them were their transports, guarded by an aircraft carrier in their midst. Anti-aircraft guns raised a steel curtain over the ships and over the sea to the beach to keep off air attacks.

Above this steel protection, observation and pursuit planes kept watch. Barges from the transports slid into the sea and made for the beach. Some of them were open boats carrying up to 120 soldiers armed with automatic weapons and grenades. Others had armored prows which were let down on the beaches and became runways for tanks and light field guns. As their men were landed the destroyers' guns acted as artillery, lobbing a barrage of shells behind the beach to keep the defending troops under cover.

WITH THE FALL OF JAVA the Japs turned their full attention to Burma. Japanese troops, headed by elephant-riding Thais, had filtered through jungle trails from Thailand early in the war to nip off the Burma panhandle with its half-dozen good air bases. Backed up by reinforcements and troops released from Malaya and Singapore, they then drove across the muddy Sittang River flats to flank Rangoon.

The scorched-earth policy which had been thwarted by British business interests in Malaya was thoroughly carried out by army officers in Rangoon. Several hundred crated American trucks, cars, and jeeps were burned on the quays. Wharves, warehouses, storage tanks, and vast supplies of rice went up in flames before the British retreated.

Photographer George Rodger, fresh from the Libyan desert campaign, flew to India and Burma, drove a jeep south to Rangoon, and arrived just in time to begin a hasty retreat with the rear-guard British soldiers.

When they temporarily lost their air superiority to the RAF and Yankee fliers of the AVG, the Japs waited

for air reinforcements released by the fall of Java before pushing the British, Indian, and Chinese troops into the mountainous uplands of Burma. With the capture of Akyab, carried out by the same sea-landing invasion technique which the Japs had used all along the way, Hirohito's forces placed themselves only 320 miles from Calcutta.

The early defense of Burma was under British Lieutenant General Thomas J. Hutton. When the battle for Burma became the opening phase of the battle for India, Hutton was replaced by Lieutenant General Sir H.R. L.G. Alexander, a competent soldier who had followed General Auchinleck as head of the Southern Command in England.

Alexander's defense problems were formidable. In order to get supplies with which he could hit back he had to depend largely on a pack-mule track which crosses the mountains of upper Burma to the Indian railroad in Assam. Burma depended for its outside communications on the ports which the Japanese captured. No road or railroad had been built in peacetime along the coastal strip around to India because a road or railroad would have cut into the business of the British-owned British India Steamship Company, which ran passenger and freight boats between Rangoon and Calcutta.

The Burmese, who had no love for the British, helped the Japanese landing parties and killed unarmed Britons in the streets. Because they look like Burmese, the Japs were able to dress in Burmese clothes and filter through the British lines.

The 1,250,000 Indians in Burma were persecuted as soon as the British troops retreated. The Indians are despised by the Burmese because Indian merchants controlled what business life was not controlled by the British, and Indian troops took part in the suppression of the Burmese rebellion in 1930. Thousands of Indians were

set upon and robbed and beaten by Burmese as they tried to escape on foot over the mountains to Assam.

Alexander's retreating defense of Burma was laid out along the three great rivers which flow southward through the country: the British and Indian troops retreated along the wide Irrawaddy in the west, which runs through the oilfields of the Yenangyaung sector; the Chinese troops attempted to hold the valley of the Sittang, in the center, and then took on the defense of the eastern Salween when the Japs tried a flank attack up its valley.

The defense of Burma was not made easier by the friction in the military commands. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Chief of Staff, the American Lieutenant General Joseph W. ("Vinegar Joe") Stilwell, had little to do with the British commander. The various Chinese generals, who had long looked upon their divisions as their personal armies, preferred to fight the war their own way, without coordination with the rest of the United Nations' strategy. Finally it was necessary for Chiang Kai-shek to fly to the front, where he told off the Chinese generals, instructed them to take their orders from Stilwell, and instructed Stilwell to groove his tactics with those of General Wavell's officers operating in India and Burma.

After more than three months of incessant fighting, always outnumbered, always pounded from the air, the British and Indian troops along the Irrawaddy were back against the Indian-Burmese border. They were ordered to scatter and find their way across the mountains as best they could. On the Salween and Sittang river fronts, Stilwell's Chinese troops fought valiantly, but the Japs kept coming. Leaving small units behind to fight guerrilla actions, he sent his main Chinese forces back across the border into China and, leading a party of 400, set out to walk over the mountains into India.

Ignoring India for the time-being, the Japs pushed up the old Burma Road to the Chinese border, fought their way across it, were repulsed, and came back again. It appeared that their first strategy, before tackling India, was to thrust all the way up to Chungking if necessary, in order to bring about the defeat of Chiang Kai-shek. The Japs apparently reasoned that they could not safely undertake a campaign against India—or against Russian Siberia—as long as the strong Chinese threat existed on their flank.

NO LEGEND EVER SPRANG UP AS RAPIDLY as the Legend of MacArthur. Americans, suffering from the death and destruction and defeat at Pearl Harbor, bewildered by the British loss of Malaya and Singapore, turned to the defender of Bataan peninsula and made him the first national hero of the war. Streets were named MacArthur in Washington, D. C., Jackson, Miss., Springfield, Ill., and Oakdale and Vallejo, Calif. Syracuse, N. Y., renamed its ball park MacArthur Field, and a General Douglas MacArthur lock was planned for the Soo Canal. MacArthur skirts and hose, a MacArthur camellia, and a Mrs. MacArthur sweet pea appeared. The "MacArthur Girl" was crowned at Kansas City, and New York dancing teachers introduced the MacArthur Glide. A farmer named his two-month overdue colt General MacArthur "because he held out so long."

Certain newspapers, notably the Scripps-Howard chain, the appeasolationist *Chicago Tribune*, New York *Daily News*, and Washington *Times-Herald*, knowing that an idolized MacArthur would be a sure-fire presidential candidate in 1944, kept his name on the front pages long after he had sunk into the comparative obscurity of an Australian command.

The defense of the Philippines had gone on for more than ninety days when MacArthur turned over his com-

mand there to Lieutenant General Jonathan Wainwright, stepped aboard a motor speedboat with his wife and son, and eventually escaped to Australia. There he was appointed supreme commander of the United Nations' forces in the Far East.

All over America, in Australia, and even in Britain, the hope went up that MacArthur would put an end to retreats; that he would take the offensive; that MacArthur was the one man who could win the war.

There is no doubt that MacArthur is the best fighting general the United States has produced so far in World War II, but whether or not he could do any of these things remained to be seen.

In Bataan, MacArthur had fought a brilliant but restricted, long-planned battle of position in an area about as big as Los Angeles. He and his staff knew every inch of Bataan's ground. In Australia he was called upon to defend an area of 3,000,000 square miles, nearly as big as the United States, with a coast line of 12,000 miles. No one knew better than MacArthur that he needed more than idolatry to hold Australia. Unless he could fill in the gaps in man power, air power, and mechanized striking units, he would go down to defeat as the defenders of Hong Kong, Malaya, Singapore, and Java had done.

"I have every confidence in the ultimate success of our joint cause, but success in modern war requires something more than the courage and willingness to die. It requires careful preparation," MacArthur warned the Australians and the Allied world. "No general can make something from nothing. My success or failure will depend primarily upon the resources which our respective governments place at my disposal. My faith in them is complete. In any event, I shall do my best. I shall keep the soldiers' faith."

The United States must defend Australia (1) to keep

open the United Nations' supply line running up into the Indian Ocean and (2) to keep up diversionary attacks on the thin, extended line of Japanese communications.

Regardless of how many troops and planes America pours into Australia, MacArthur cannot prevent the Japanese from landing at many places on its 12,000-mile coast line, but landings in themselves would not be fatal unless the Japs reached the populous urban areas of the southeast where eighty-five per cent of the Australians live.

Japan's advance by island-to-island jumps, each within fighter-plane range, came to a stop against the shores of Australia. Japan's next aim was not so much to occupy Australia, a job that would strain her resources to the limit, but to prevent Australia from becoming a United Nations base by cutting America's supply line running to it.

This could be done by Japanese naval assaults on the convoy routes, one of which was stopped by the United Nations' victory in the famed battle of the Coral Sea. It could also be done in part by seizing New Caledonia, the Free French and American-guarded base 1,000 miles east of Australia, and the Fiji Islands, 700 miles farther east. These blockade tactics would leave Japan free to turn against India or Russian Siberia, or both.

Behind MacArthur the Australians waited, ready to make the last stand of the white race in the Far East if the Japs attacked, ready to stage a series of diversionary counter-attacks if the Japs gave them time to prepare. The Japs might land in Australia, but the Australians were determined that they would never conquer it any more than the Nazis will conquer Yugoslavia.

Half-a-million of Australia's men and women are in uniform. Proportionately, that would mean 9,000,000 Americans in uniforms. Most of the Diggers who fought

in the Middle East were brought home and placed under General Sir Thomas Blamey, Commander-in-Chief of the ground forces under MacArthur.

As they waited for the Japs to come, they sang Australia's fighting song:

*Fellers of Australier, cobbers, chaps, an' mates,
Hear the bloody enemy, kickin' at the gates!
Blow the bloody bugle, beat the bloody drum,
Uppercut and out the cow to kingdom bloody come!*

From Factory to Fighting Front

THIS IS A WAR OF TREMENDOUS DISTANCES. It is, therefore, primarily a war of supply lines and communications, and the first job of America and Britain is to see that the products of their factories get to the fighting fronts.

Thus, while the airplane has immeasurably speeded up the fighting, the real pace of the war the United Nations are engaged in is limited by the speed of the nine-knot freighter plowing along between New York and Suez, between Glasgow and Archangel. We cannot—yet—transport 30-ton tanks or bunkers of oil by plane.

The supply lines to the United Nations' far-flung battlefronts are tenuous and easily cut. Two of the most vital lifelines go through the Indian Ocean. If the Japs take India and gain control of the Indian Ocean and if the Germans push through to the Persian Gulf, the only remaining two routes to the Middle East will be lost, and Russia will have to depend on her inadequate Winterbound Arctic ports.

THE TWO MAIN UNITED NATIONS' supply lines are long sea routes which take from eight to twelve weeks under convoy for each trip. Freighters can make but two or three round trips over them each year.

One is the American route from West Coast ports

through the South Pacific to Australia. From Sydney, 6,458 miles from San Francisco, and Melbourne, American supplies go over a 2,000-mile route involving five different railway gauges and a 700-mile truck haul through the "dead heart" of Australia in order to reach Darwin, main jumping-off spot for attacks against the Japanese. If the freighters risk the trip all the way around Australia to Darwin, they must add another two weeks to the total time. Although some of the richest oilfields of the world are only a few hundred miles away, American tankers must bring oil to Darwin from South America and the United States.

An extension of this supply line runs up through the Indian Ocean to Calcutta and Madras on India's east coast, Bombay and Karachi on the west. With the fall of Singapore, protection of this supply route rests on the British naval base at Trincomalee, across Ceylon from Colombo. Regarded as second only to Singapore and equal to the Japanese-captured Dutch base at Surabaya, the strength of Trincomalee (abbreviated to Trinca by the British in Ceylon) is hush-hush. The British have been quietly building it up for years. Each time an appropriation was made for naval purposes in Singapore, a portion was allocated secretly to Trinca. The British have now built repair facilities there which can handle light cruisers, in addition to reserves of fuel and ammunition.

With the fall of Rangoon, China's Burma Road was closed. As a substitute for the Burma Road 20,000 Chinese stonecutters and 100,000 laborers have for some months been carving the "India Road," which connects Chinese Sikang to the Indian province of Assam. Some 400 miles to the north of the Burma Road, it runs across the 10,000-foot peaks of the Himalaya Mountains, some of the highest in the world. Utilizing the new highway, railroads, and rivers it runs a total distance of 2,300

miles from Calcutta to Sikang. When the Japanese reached upper Burma the road stretch was still uncompleted.

China has been forced to fall back on the "Russian Road," which runs from Chungking, to Sian, to Urumchi in Sinkiang province, where it connects by road with the Russian Trans-Siberian Railway. Once the ancient Silk Road over which gunpowder and the compass were brought to the West and along which Marco Polo traveled to China, it has a history predating Christianity.

To replace the Burma Road an American Air Service from India to China was instituted, to ferry in small arms, light machinery, tools, and medical supplies. Despite terrific difficulties of weather and mountainous terrain, this air-freight route may become China's lifeline. A mere 100 transport planes could equal the monthly tonnage of the Burma Road.

The second major United Nations' route is the long sea voyage around Africa from England and America to the Red Sea. During 1941 Britain used 300 ships continuously on this 12,000-mile route to keep her armies in the Middle East supplied. British and American freighters bound for the Middle East must run the gantlet of Axis submarines operating from Vichy Dakar. Around Africa, the route skirts the once-Vichy island of Madagascar, which was occupied by the United Nations early in May, 1942, in order to prevent the Japs from occupying it and cutting the main British-American supply route to the Middle East.

Greatest difficulty on this route is the lack of adequate port facilities at the Africa end. Suez, at the entrance to the canal, is the bottleneck. Formerly a landing place for Moslem pilgrims on the way to and from Mecca, it can unload only 3,000 tons per day. British supply troops using lighters have upped this to 7,000, which is still only half of the tonnage arriving daily.

As subsidiaries the British turned to the tiny ports of Aqaba in Transjordan, opposite the Sinai peninsula, from where supplies are trucked up into Palestine and Syria, and Ataka, five miles along the Gulf from Suez, where American trucks are landed and assembled in the open. Meanwhile, gangs of laborers worked furiously to build a new 120-mile road and parallel railroad which runs from a port far down the Red Sea in once-Italian Eritrea, a sun-baked, fever-filled hole, a thousand miles from Suez. The new road and railroad connect with existing railroads running up into Egypt. Hundreds of American technicians have been sent out to assist in the assembling of United States-made trucks and tanks, giving rise to newspaper reports that an "American arsenal" was being built up in Eritrea.

There are a number of air routes into the Middle East and India. British and American fighter planes (old Hurricanes, Spitfires, new Tomahawks and Kittyhawks) are shipped in crates to Takoradi, on the Gold Coast, and Lagos in Nigeria, where they are assembled and flown across French Equatorial Africa and the Sudan to Khartum and then up to Cairo in a five-day hop. Bombers assigned to India continue across Palestine, Transjordan, and Iraq, down the Persian Gulf to Karachi.

America's air supply route and line of communication to the Middle East runs from New York to San Juan, Puerto Rico; to Port of Spain, Trinidad; to Belem (Para) and Natal in Brazil. From there it hops 1,800 miles across the South Atlantic to Monrovia, Liberia (with Bathurst in Gambia, or Freetown in Sierra Leone as alternates) from where it hugs the coast around to Lagos. The British forged the chain of jungle airdromes across from Lagos to Khartum and for the first six months the route was run by the RAF. Pilots who needed a rest after the Battle of Britain were sent

down to supervise operations. Up to twenty per cent of the planes were lost in the jungle crossing because the necessary equipment at the airfields was lacking. Responsibility for the route was ultimately given to Pan-American, which installed direction finders, weather stations, and communications under the supervision of its own employees. When America came into the war the route was taken over by the United States Army.

The West African ports, where crated airplanes and other war materials are being landed, are a series of bottlenecks of inefficiency and complacency, where United States and British officials fight each other, and the British colonial officials fight their military men. Lagos can handle only 8,000 tons per day; Takoradi, the main RAF assembly base, 4,000 tons; and Freetown, where British convoys are assembled for the trip up to England, less than 100. The British are reluctant to invest in new harbor facilities at these ports because "after the war" the ports will not justify the expense.

In order to ship overland the gasoline, oil, and equipment necessary to stock the airfields across Africa, the Free French have developed two new roads. One runs 1,700 miles from Douala, on the coast of French Equatorial Africa, to Abeshir, to El Fasher in the Sudan, to Khartum. The southern road runs from Douala to Bangui, on the border of French Equatorial Africa and the Belgian Congo, across to Juba and up to Khartum, a total of 1,900 miles.

A secondary route for supplies into the Middle East is the burning-hot sea voyage through the Persian Gulf to Basra, eighty-five miles up the Shatt-Al-Arab. Basra's port facilities, hurriedly erected during the first World War, are just adequate to handle the incoming supplies necessary for the British troops in Iraq and Iran.

Iran was supposed to provide another "Burma Road"

over which Allied supplies could reach Soviet Russia. Actually, there are three potential "Burma Roads" in Iran.

Main route is the Trans-Iranian Railway, known as the "Shah's Folly" because it runs between two useless ports, Bandar Shahpur on the Persian Gulf to Bandar Shah on the Caspian Sea. Before the war it had a schedule of two trains a week. It is a standard-gauge, single-track line running for 870 miles over mountain grades tougher than the Rockies. There are 224 tunnels and 4,102 bridges, and at many places two engines are necessary even for passenger and light-freight traffic. After it crosses the Elburz range at a height of almost 9,500 feet, it plunges dizzily downward through more than ninety tunnels to reach the Caspian.

In 1939 the Shah agreed to start a spur of his railway toward Tabriz, some 400 miles from Teheran, but the completed track only reached Zenjan, halfway to Tabriz. If this spur were completed, it would make a direct rail connection with Russia. Tabriz is linked by rail via Julfa with Baku in the Caucasus. Motor trucks are used to make the connections.

Second route across Iran to the U.S.S.R. is the rough track leading north from Zahidan, near the junction of Baluchistan and Afghanistan, through eastern Iran to Meshed and then into Russian Turkestan. Indian trucks are now making this long haul but they are carrying mostly such non-essentials as jute and shellac. The road-bed needs constant repair. Thousands of trucks would have to be imported and fuel stations set up along the road, which runs through almost uninhabited country, before it would prove of any value. North of Meshed the truck loads can be transferred to the single-track Russian railway which runs to Krasnovodsk on the east shore of the Caspian. There the supplies can be placed on steamers for Baku or Astrakhan, at the mouth of the

Volga. There are at present only five steamers of over 2,000 tons operating in the Caspian plus some twenty coastal tramps which are so small that they cannot carry much cargo. Observers estimate that it will take six months of hard work before even 500 tons per day can be delivered to Russia via this route.

The third route is via the narrow-gauge railroad from Basra to Baghdad, then along the standard-gauge railway to Khanaqin, Kirkuk, and Erbil in northern Iraq. From near Erbil a road leads over the terrific Rowanduz Pass into western Iran and then northward to strike the Russian railway at Tabriz. This route involves three transshipments over a total distance of 1,600 miles.

Observers in Iran doubt if all three routes combined, in their present state, can ship more than 1,000 tons per day into Russia. Two American experts, Brigadier General Russell L. Maxwell, now in charge of the American mission in the Middle East, and Brigadier General Raymond A. Wheeler, were assigned to organize Iran's transportation system. Wheeler was in charge of the railways, Maxwell of all the supply lines. American engineers under their direction began dredging an inlet at Khoram Shahr, on the Persian Gulf, for a new port in Iran to replace the Shah's prankish port of Bandar Shahpur, where the tide rises thirty feet. A 75-mile railway was built from Khoram Shahr to Ahwaz, where it connects with the Trans-Iranian Railway. The equipment, men, and supplies to construct it were provided by America under an arrangement similar to the construction of Lease-Lend bases in Northern Ireland. An appeal was made to America to supply 200 locomotives and additional rolling stock so that the capacity of the Trans-Iranian Railroad could be doubled by the Spring of 1942.

Until the Iran route can be expanded the main United Nations' supply line to Russia thus remains the long sea

route from the United States and England up through the Norwegian Sea to Archangel and Murmansk. Archangel is weather-shut most of the Winter. The major supply route for heavy American bombers reaching Soviet Russia is via Alaska, Kamchatka, to Vladivostok.

The Axis powers cannot seize in one great swoop all the land areas where the United Nations can fight, but they can choke off the sea, land, and air routes by which America and Britain must get their supplies to the battlefields.

To the Last Britisher

I HEARD IT FIRST IN THE PHILIPPINES. In an officers' mess on the Lingayen Gulf a wise young American lieutenant asked me, scornfully, "Why can't the British do anything about anything?" After spending more than two years with their front-line and civilian forces, I thought the British were doing plenty about a lot of things.

I heard it later from cocky American pilots in Manila. "Those God damned limeys don't know how to fight a war," they said. That was ten days before almost eighty per cent of the American pursuit planes and bombers were lost on the ground, through carelessness and complacency, when the Japs bombed the Philippine airfields.

I came back to America under the impression that the United States had declared war on the Axis, but in a few weeks I heard so much perverted talk against the British that it sounded as though America had declared war on Great Britain instead.

The fall of Singapore brought the ugly mouthings to a climax. All across America ran the disgusted whisper, "Those British!" American refugees from Malaya squawked that the British had not evacuated them soon enough, that the British did not warn them of the withdrawal from Penang, that the British didn't do this and

didn't do that. No one thought to ask why the British should play wet nurse to American nationals or why the American consular officials at Singapore did not look out for their own countrymen.

The British made mistakes in Malaya and Singapore—foolish, needless mistakes—but for the United States to assume smugly that the Malayan peninsula fell solely because of British blunders was an even more grievous error.

Keeping the Japs from advancing in the Pacific has for the past five years been the responsibility of the United States, not of Britain. Remember, the British supported America in the Far East, not America the British. It was in the Pacific, not the Atlantic, that the bulk of the American fleet lay. Had it not been for American complacency at Pearl Harbor and the Philippines, American planes might have reached Singapore in time to wrest supremacy from the Japs.

The British defeat at Singapore looked particularly bad alongside the resistance of General MacArthur and his men on the Bataan peninsula. Every day that the American and Filipino defenders held out on Bataan made the showing of the British at Singapore look that much worse. As long as the Japs were engaged in their drive down the Dutch East Indies, the Bataan pocket was little more than a nuisance to them, but no one inquired whether the Japs might also be cleverly and deliberately ignoring Bataan in order to drive still deeper this comparison between British and American soldiers.

American radio generals and armchair commanders forgot to point out—and the Japs did not tell them—that the Japanese had used 800 to 1,000 planes to blast the defenders from Singapore, which they wanted to capture in a hurry and that, in contrast, Bataan enjoyed long weeks of lulls in the air when comparatively few planes appeared. When the Japs decided to clean out

the Bataan pocket they whistled up the necessary planes and took it in a matter of days.

After listening to Americans criticize British shortcomings for more than two years the British were entitled to gloat over Pearl Harbor, but they didn't. When I wrote an expose of American complacency at Hawaii for a Canadian newspaper the editors refused to publish it. Criticism of America's mistakes should be aired only in America, they said.

Although they fully realized that America's strength would win the war for the United Nations, a large share of Britishers were genuinely sorry that America had at last been brought into the awful conflict, with all the suffering and bloodshed it would mean.

IT SEEMS TO ME THAT AMERICA has forgotten what Britain has done. Maybe we need a reminder.

With a population one-third that of the United States, one-fourth that of Russia, one-half that of the German-speaking nations, little Britain held the Axis alone for a year and a half.

With an ill-equipped army only one-third the divisional strength of the German *Reichswehr*, the British forced Hitler to turn away from the 21-mile-wide English Channel and seek an easier end to the war.

A few hundred young fighter pilots of the RAF pushed back the whole might of the Nazi *Luftwaffe*, gave Britain its chance for survival, and provided the United Nations with their first major victory of the war, a victory which will rank in history with Marathon and Waterloo.

Since September 3, 1939, Britain has spent anywhere from six-and-a-half to ten million pounds per day for the war.

In 1941 she spent sixty per cent of her national income to fight Hitler.

In 1942 fifty-two per cent of Britain's total national income will go to the government in taxes, to be spent on the war.

The British have put out of action more than 500,000 Italian and German troops in Africa.

They have reduced Mussolini's empire to ruins and knocked Italy out as a major power in the war.

From the beginning of the war until February, 1942, British fighter planes and anti-aircraft guns brought down 9,396 German and Italian planes.

The British Navy and the RAF have destroyed or damaged some 5,250,000 tons of enemy shipping since the war began.

To protect the merchant shipping of the United Nations the British keep more than 600 ships continuously at sea in all kinds of weather.

In 1941, 800 vessels were being used continuously on the long trip around Africa to bring supplies and men to the vital Middle East.

After Dunkirk we saw men, women, even youngsters, work thirteen, fourteen, fifteen hours a day, seven days a week. It was their sons, their brothers, who were without planes, tanks, and guns, and they worked furiously to supply them, and also to give America time to make up her mind and get ready. While American production was frequently throttled by senseless capital-labor and jurisdictional union troubles, British workers worked steadily. Since Dunkirk, labor disputes in Britain have been so few that the industrial time lost amounts to one-fifth of one per cent of the total working time.

In the air blitz on Britain, which wrecked huge areas in London, Coventry, Manchester, Plymouth, Sheffield, Birmingham, Southampton, Liverpool, Bristol, Cardiff, and Glasgow, 43,357 British civilians were killed and 50,000 seriously wounded up to January 1, 1942. No Briton then suggested that his country should quit.

America's highly publicized "all aid short of war" contributions were important, but they were small compared to the amount of military equipment which Britain sent to Russia, the Middle East, India, and the Far East. For some months toward the end of 1941, about eighty per cent of Britain's total military production was being sent abroad. Britain received 2,000 airplanes from the United States in 1941, but in the same period she sent more than 9,000 of her own planes to her allies and her armies overseas. Britain imported 200 tanks in 1941; she sent 3,000 overseas from her own factories.

America's "aid to Britain" has not been the one-sided proposition Americans have assumed it to be. Britain's radio locator invention, one of the few secret weapons of the war, which can spot approaching planes or surface vessels, was turned over to America early in 1941. American vessels are being repaired in British ports and British airplanes operate from Cuba to attack the U-boats which prey on American shipping.

To help the Russians the RAF staged costly daylight air raids over France and Germany in the Summer and Autumn of 1941, raids which were designed to draw German *Luftwaffe* units from the Russian front. That air offensive alone cost the British about half as many fighter pilots as they lost during the whole 1940 Battle of Britain.

The present (May, 1942) night bombing offensive over Germany is being carried out entirely by British-made planes. Of all the aircraft which the British are now using throughout their worldwide fronts, four-fifths are manufactured in Britain.

That's not a bad record for a country about the size of Oregon.

The British have provided two of the four most important events of the war, turning points which made sure an eventual United Nations' victory: 1) the evacua-

tion of 300,000 British soldiers from Dunkirk; 2) the defeat of the *Luftwaffe* by the RAF in the Battle of Britain.

The others were: 3) the resistance of the Russians at the gates of Moscow; and 4) the entrance of America into the war.

The last two will be more important in the long run, but had it not been for the victories of the British at Dunkirk and in the skies above England, Americans would be taking their orders from Berlin's Wilhelmstrasse by now. Don't forget that.

If America doubted Britain's ability to stand fast after Dunkirk, one man at least was aware that the British would fight from house to house and tree to tree before going down. He was Adolf Hitler, who wrote his own epitaph with these words in *Mein Kampf*:

The spirit of the British nation enables it to carry through to victory any struggle it once enters upon, no matter how long the struggle may last or however great the sacrifice that may be necessary or whatever the means which have to be employed; and all this though the actual equipment at hand may be utterly inadequate when compared with that of any other nation.

THE AXIS PROPAGANDA POLICY is to drive a wedge between Britain and America by spreading insidious canards. Consciously or unconsciously, a great many Americans have been guilty of believing and repeating them. Let's take a look at some.

1. "The British are willing to fight to the last American, just as they fought in Greece and Crete to the last Australian," say Goebbels' radiators. Americans, somewhat conceitedly, before we have done much real fighting, have fallen for this one. What about the facts?

In the Greek campaign, out of a total of 60,000 troops, there were 30,000 Britishers from the British Isles and 30,000 mixed New Zealanders and Australians. In Crete

half of the 32,000 defenders were British, the other half mixed Australians and New Zealanders. It was the British Royal Marines who fought the rear-guard to let the others escape, and they lost all but 400 of their 2,000 men in doing it. In the whole Middle East army of some 750,000 troops, more than 300,000 are men from the British Isles. There were never more than 75,000 Australians and New Zealanders in the Middle East at any one time.

In all the fighting in World War II, seventy per cent of the British Empire casualties have come from the British Isles. The proportion is higher still in the casualties at sea.

2. "The British are keeping an army of 3,500,000 at home while Americans fight alone in the Far East," is one of Goebbels' favorites. The figures are correct, but have you forgotten that 2,000,000 of these are Home Guards, second-line troops who do a full day's work in factories and offices and do their military duties in their spare time? That leaves an army of 1,500,000 to guard Britain's 90,000 square miles and 3,000-mile coastline against a Nazi invasion. I have yet to hear an informed military man say that Britain is over-defended. Let those troops be depleted—which is what the Germans want—and Britain would be invaded in a month. After that, America would be fighting alone.

3. Americans were hardly in the war before they began echoing the Nazi-inspired suspicion that Britain might seek a separate peace and leave America to continue the fight. The British people make a separate peace? I've heard more talk of a negotiated peace with Hitler in the club car of the 20th Century Limited than I heard in all Britain during the blackest months of the air blitz. That foul rumor should be left to Goebbels, who started it.

4. "I'm not so worried about the Russians," I've heard

Americans say, "but I'm afraid that before this war is over America will become part of the British Empire." Sure, or maybe Britain will become America's forty-ninth state?

Britain has enough to worry about without taking on America. Long before America was willing to accept its role as the leading world power, Britain recognized America's dominant position. If the Americans refuse world leadership after this war as they did after World War I, it will not be the fault of the British. They are ready to stand aside.

THE BRITISH ARE OUR ALLIES. Without them, you could write an end to America. Without us, their hope of winning the war would fade to nothing.

The Germans have nothing but contempt for their Italian allies. Privately, they call the Japs "little yellow devils." But not once have they permitted themselves the luxury of criticizing their allies in public.

The British are our allies. They will make more mistakes. So will we. When mistakes are made they should be openly aired, but we must learn to confine ourselves to an honest examination and be sure of our facts before we speak. We can't allow ourselves to indulge in criticism just because we don't like the way the British pronounce their *a's*.

The Immediate Future

THERE ARE FIVE MAIN UNITED NATIONS' FRONTS: 1) the defense of Britain; 2) the Russian front; 3) Australia; 4) India; and 5) the Middle East.

As long as the RAF cannot be knocked out of the skies, no Nazi invasion of Britain has a chance.

The Russians stopped the Germans twice in the Autumn of 1941 and are confident that they can do it again, provided they get the necessary war materiel from Britain and America. Red Army leaders, according to the best-informed sources to come out of the Soviet capital, expect to lose ground in the face of another German all-out offensive (and they might lose the Caucasus), but they are convinced that by the end of the Summer of 1942 the Red Army will have absorbed the German drive and begun the counter-offensive which will bring about the defeat of the Nazis.

Australia is a comparatively minor front. While it must be denied to the Japs as long as possible in order to keep them fighting at the end of an extended line of communications, the defense of Australia won't win the war. It is vital to the United Nations only if we are willing eventually to pay the price of a slow, bloody fight to win back, inch by inch, the Far East territory lost to the Japs. This costly offensive may not be necessary if the European end of the Axis cracks up first.

India is of major importance by itself, but at the same

time it is a complementary front to the one United Nations' area which must be held—the Middle East. If India is conquered, the Middle East will not automatically fall to the Axis, but if the British forces are driven from the Middle East, the Axis conquest of India will be little more than a problem in transportation.

BECAUSE IT IS THE WEAKEST SPOT in the circle of British-American-Russian power which is tightening around the Nazis, the Middle East at the present time is the United Nations' most important front. It is the most vulnerable of the five fronts, and unfortunately, it is the one most desperately in need of reinforcements in equipment and men.

To prevent the Nazis from reaching the oil they need in the Caucasus and Iraq and Iran, and to block the Axis from joining hands across the face of Asia, the United Nations must stop the Germans either in the Caucasus or, failing that, at the British defense line on the Syrian-Turkish border.

Russian strength in the Caucasus may surprise the Germans. For the minor Anglo-Soviet invasion of Iran in August-September, 1941, the Russians were able to spare five divisions (including one armored division) from their Caucasian army, although at the same time they were holding back the full weight of a German drive at the Crimean entrance to the Caucasus. This was an indication that the Russians had a considerable number of troops in reserve in that region.

Since that time British ground and aircraft missions have been established in the Caucasus. Anglo-Russian bases, manned by Soviet troops and British technicians, air, ground, and anti-sabotage crews, are functioning at Astrakhan, Krasnodar, and Grozny, where the Russians have huge refineries; Maikop, Tiflis, and half-a-dozen other Caucasian towns.

If they succeed in pushing their way through the Caucasus and/or Turkey, the Nazis will come up against the bulk of Britain's Middle East forces. These troops at the present time number 750,000 trained men, most of them veterans of at least one year of active fighting. To these must be added several divisions of Polish soldiers, released from Russian prisons in the Spring of 1942, who are presently being mobilized in Iran and will be equipped for fighting in a matter of months.

Of Britain's 750,000 Middle East soldiers, however, comparatively few are front-line fighters. In France during World War I there were seven men on the supply and communication lines for every one in the trenches. Pershing's ratio was nine to one. Thus General Auchinleck's army of 750,000 leaves him around 100,000 men for front-line duty, and they must defend a curving front of some 4,000 miles, running from the borders of Afghanistan to Tobruk.

From what I know of the Middle East terrain, defense lines, British air power, and available manpower, any German drive into the Middle East would have to be on a scale as large as the first all-out Nazi attack on Moscow. In the early Spring of 1942, after the Libyan desert campaign which took a heavy toll in British tanks and mechanized equipment, General Auchinleck had perhaps less than an even chance of stopping the Nazis in their drive through the Caucasus or over the Taurus mountains out of Turkey. Every month—every week—which Hitler has delayed a Middle East campaign, however, has increased Auchinleck's chances of holding it.

The Middle East RAF, while not able to take on the full force of the *Luftwaffe*, is strong enough to prevent the Nazis from gaining the air superiority they will need for their drive beyond Turkey. The lack of good airfields in Turkey will limit the number of planes the *Luftwaffe* can employ.

Minor reverses are inevitable. Malta may go (but the British will make a terrific effort to hold Cyprus, from which Axis bombers could reach their troops in Syria and Palestine). Under the full weight of *Luftwaffe* attacks, the British Mediterranean fleet, which has previously had little to contend with except the Italian Navy, might have its movements severely restricted in the western and central Mediterranean. But as long as the British hold Suez and the ports along the Red Sea, and as long as the United Nations' air-supply routes up through Africa are kept open, Auchinleck's chances of holding the Middle East will improve from week to week.

The danger is that the Nazis, when they attack over the Turkish-Caucasian route, will also stage a simultaneous offensive across the Egyptian desert to threaten the Suez Canal from the rear. The British, with their present air and armored equipment, could not stage a successful major defensive war on these two fronts. Thus Auchinleck's ability to hold the Middle East against a double Nazi drive depends entirely on how fast America and Britain can send him reinforcements in tanks, planes, and manpower, in that order.

THERE IS ONE VERY PROMISING POSSIBILITY. Most observers who have seen both the Middle East and the Russian fronts agree that if the Nazis stage their drive for the Middle East through the Caucasus or Turkey, they will not be able to take major offensive action along the remainder of the 2,000-mile Russo-German front. To remain on the defensive on the central and northern Russian fronts, however, the Nazis will be compelled to use up to 100 divisions, which is one-third of their effective armed strength.

On the other hand, if the Germans do not resume full-scale action against the U.S.S.R. all along the front, the Russians will be able to throw their available reserves

against the central and northern sections in order to divert the Germans pressing for the Middle East. In addition, once the Russians are relieved of the threat of another offensive against Moscow, they will be in a position to consider offensive action against the Japs in the East.

The Russian Army in Siberia is estimated by well-informed Chinese sources to be 630,000 strong. In 1940 this force was backed up by 3,000 planes, 2,800 armored cars, and 90 submarines. The Red Army was forced to withdraw some of its strength (mostly mechanized units) from Siberia to help defend the Caucasus when the Nazis reached Rostov in 1941, but it did not greatly weaken its Siberian forces. If it had done so, it is likely that the Japs would have moved against Siberia simultaneously with their attack in the Far East in order to remove this threat from their rear, which will become extremely dangerous to them in a matter of months.

Soviet Russia has the *only* United Nations' bases from which it is possible to bomb Japan effectively, bases such as Vladivostok, and Petropavlovsk in Kamchatka. Within a radius of 725 air miles from Vladivostok lie all the vital military, industrial, communications, and population centers of the Japanese Empire.

Russia did not declare war on Japan in December, 1941, along with the other members of the United Nations, purely and simply because she was engaged in a fight for her life on her European borders. It was not a matter of appeasing Japan; it was simply that the Russians had no choice but to take first things first. As soon as Russia is convinced that she can turn back the Germans in the west she will be ready to begin offensive action against Japan in the east (although Japan might strike first at Siberia, coincident with a Nazi offensive against the Caucasus).

How soon Russia can be brought into the war against

Japan depends on a number of things: on how much equipment the United States can manufacture for Russia, how quickly we can get it there, and also how soon we give evidence that our determination to win the war is stronger than our old prejudices and suspicions of our Russian ally.

The cooperation we get from Russia will depend on how thoroughly we rid ourselves of such Hearstian sentiments as these:

" . . . Matters seem to be progressing very favorably in Russia—FOR RUSSIA," wrote Hearst in one of his "In the News" columns.

"Of course, Russia is not a full partner of the United Nations. She is a semi-partner of the Axis. She is making friendly treaties with Japan—protecting Japan on her Siberian frontier.

"But she is walloping Germany aplenty on her European frontier, and that is very much to our benefit. You know we cannot expect too much of Russia. The bear that walks like a man does not always think like a man. . . . Let us not too trustfully send all our arms to support Russia. We may need some to oppose Russia if later she should line up with Japan."

The Soviet Union is America's ally. Yet there still exists a large body of American public opinion which distrusts Russia. Others hope wishfully that Germany and Russia will bleed each other to exhaustion. Still others are hate-blinded enough to be willing to watch America go down in defeat to the Nazis rather than see the Russians win.

There is no chance that the Nazis and the Soviets will eat each other up, like the Gingham Dog and the Calico Cat. One or the other will win—probably before the end of 1942—and if the Nazis win, America can settle down to the longest, toughest, bloodiest war it ever dreamed of.

Americans in large numbers have fallen for the belief,

carefully fostered by Axis propagandists and trumpeted across this country by Red-haters of the Hearst-Dies-Fish-Mrs. Dilling stripe, that a Russian victory will spread Communism over Europe and half the world. Yet every responsible observer to come out of Russia since the Nazi-Soviet war began, including Britain's Sir Stafford Cripps, has reiterated that the Comintern is dead, that the Russians have no intention of imposing their philosophy of government outside the borders of Soviet territory. The best way for Americans to make sure that this does not happen is to strain every effort to win the war. The greater America's contribution to a United Nations' victory, the greater will be America's influence in the peace that follows the Nazi defeat.

The Long-Range Future

PLODDING THROUGH THEIR OWN "long, grim, scowling valley of war" the Americans and British are apt to forget that the German people have all but resigned themselves to inevitable defeat; that in Italy, resentment against the war and their German allies has reached such a peak that the people are jocularly divided into two schools—those who say "we wish the Anglo-Saxons would hurry up and win" and those who say "we wish the damned Anglo-Saxons would hurry up and win"; that the Japanese realize that their rapid conquest of the Far East is only the first phase of a hard war.

We have underestimated the fact that Hitler, faced with three colossal setbacks in as many years (the victory of the RAF in the Battle of Britain, the failure of the *Reichswehr* to crack Russia, and America's entry into the war), is just as desperately looking for a way to win as we are seeking the means to defeat him.

The short war and early victory which Hitler promised the German people in 1939 has dragged on for nearly three years, and the prospects of victory are almost gone. The situation facing the Nazis is in many ways similar to that of 1918, when Germany had just enough strength left and was desperate enough to make one final effort to break through the Allied stranglehold. Hitler realizes that he must either win the raw material

resources of Russia and/or the wealth of the Middle East, India, and the Far East this year or lose the war to the combined military strength of the Soviet Union and the industrial might of the United States and Britain.

If we want proof of Hitler's growing lack of confidence, we need only glance back through his speeches for the past two years:

Sept. 4, 1940—"Whatever may come, England will collapse. The hour will come when one of us two will crack up and it won't be National Socialist Germany."

Jan. 1, 1941—"The year 1941 will bring the completion of the greatest victory of our history."

Mar. 16, 1941—"So we enter the year 1941 cool and determined to end that which started the year before."

Oct. 3, 1941—"For forty-eight hours a development of gigantic proportions has been under way [the offensive against Moscow]. Now it can be declared that the enemy already is broken and will never rise again."

Oct. 9, 1941—"Today begins the last great decisive battle of this year. It will hit the enemy [Russia] destructively, and with it the instigator of the entire war, England herself."

Nov. 8, 1941—"Never was a great empire smashed and destroyed in shorter time than was Soviet Russia this time."

Jan. 1, 1942—"We shall again get hold of this enemy of mankind [Russia] and we shall beat him. . . . The year 1942—and we pray to God, all of us, that it may—should bring the decision which will save our people and with them our allied nations."

Jan. 30, 1942—"I don't know if the war will end this year."

Mar. 16, 1942—In appealing to the Germans to make new sacrifices, Hitler promised them a "crushing victory" in the Summer of 1942.

Apr. 26, 1942—"The Bolshevik colossus will be hit until it is destroyed," said Hitler, but he failed to say when it would be destroyed. In promising that "next Winter, wherever we may be, the army in the east will be better armed and equipped," Hitler admitted to the German people that still another war Winter lies ahead.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S MESSAGE to Congress on the State of the Union in January, 1942, set these production goals for America: 60,000 airplanes, including 45,000 combat machines, in 1942 and 125,000 in 1943; 45,000 tanks in 1942 and 75,000 in 1943; 20,000 anti-aircraft guns in 1942 and 35,000 in 1943; 8,000,000 deadweight tons (approximately 12,000,000 gross tons) of merchant shipping in 1942 and 10,000,000 deadweight tons in 1943.

To those of us who had been away from America during most of the war, these goals seemed unreachable. Berlin dismissed the whole program as sheer bluff. Yet by April, 1942, the President revealed at a press conference that not only would the 1942 goals be reached but that the production totals might have to be set even higher to match the newly unearthed productive capacity of American industry.

The one exception to this good news on the production front is ship construction. During the first months of 1942 the United Nations were losing an average of 500,000 gross tons a month, yet the total monthly production of British Empire and United States shipyards during the same time averaged only 300,000 gross tons. In other words, in order to reach the President's goal of 9,000,000 deadweight tons in 1942 (increased one million over his State of the Union goal to compensate for sinkings), American shipyards alone must perform the superhuman job of turning out close to 1,000,000 deadweight tons monthly for the remainder of 1942.

This is an air war and as such it is a war the United Nations can win. We are now far ahead of the Axis in the production of planes, and they are losing machines faster than we are.

America's production was officially admitted to be 3,300 planes per month in April, 1942, and it is increasing weekly. Britain is turning out close to 2,500 monthly. Russian production is unknown, but even allowing for the time lost in the removal of many factories to the Urals, it is probably up to 2,000 per month. (Nazi sources credit them with 2,600 to 2,900 per month.)

Germany's production is certainly not more than 3,000 per month (peak production was reached in June, 1941, when 3,300 machines were turned out) and it will decrease steadily under continuous RAF attacks on German industrial centers. Italian production has almost ceased, due to the scarcity of raw materials, and Italy seldom manages to manufacture more than 500 planes monthly. Japan may be producing up to 1,000 per month, although she had not reached that figure by the time of Pearl Harbor.

Thus the combined production of the United Nations is at least 7,800 per month (as of May, 1942) and America's contribution is increasing spectacularly every day. On the other hand, Axis production, at the most optimistic estimate, cannot be over 4,500 per month. While the Axis may still have a greater total of first-line and reserve planes, that advantage will be wiped out in a few months.

EXCEPT FOR THE SHIPPING SITUATION, America's production battle is already won. However, we must not make the mistake of thinking that Americans can sit back and win this war by production alone. This is total war and it cannot be won without the participation of every man, woman, and child in the country.

In the four months after Pearl Harbor I visited a score of American cities, from San Francisco to Boston and Washington, from Detroit to Louisville and St. Louis. Despite the oft-made assertion that America was complacent—which seemed to come most often from government officials and commentators who apparently mistook the confusion of Washington for the complacency of the country—I found America awake to the war.

The people know they are at war. They simply want to be told what they can do, how they can do more than they are doing. For every individual I met who acted as though he didn't know there was a war on, ten asked me, "How can I help?"

Washington has failed to realize how much it can ask of the people.

The *Fortune* poll for May, 1942, revealed that seventy per cent of the public are willing to have the government: 1) register all male civilians for work in defense industries "wherever they are needed"; 2) "strictly ration all food or materials that might become scarce." It also showed that 68.4 per cent think the government should register "all able-bodied women" for full-time wartime jobs (unless they have children).

We need more direction from the top—call it total mobilization for total war—and we cannot afford to wait for our Dunkirk as Britain did before getting it. The British wasted nine valuable months before they passed Article 58 of the Defense Regulations, which gave the government absolute power over the lives and property of 40,000,000 Britons. Australians waited until the eleventh hour, until the Japs were threatening them from Java, before decreeing that every human being in the country, whether he liked it or not, was at the service of the government to work in the defense of his nation. Total war, requiring the cooperation of every individual in the country, requires total direction.

WHEN I SAID that most Americans know there is a war on, I did not mean that we all know which war we are fighting. Far too many of us—and not only in the civilian ranks—are prepared to fight World War I all over again.

This is not the first World War. It is a new war, a war in which we must out-think our enemies, and out-produce them in ideas. Whether they are military men or government officials, those who are ready to fight World War I a second time must go!

Britain and America have not been out-fought so much as they have been out-thought. The Axis' out-thinking victories started not on December 7, 1941, or September 3, 1939, but in 1936, when the Nazis were allowed to remilitarize the Rhineland, and in 1935, when Il Duce's armies invaded Ethiopia, and on September 18, 1931, when the "Mukden incident" was used by Japan as a pretext for the invasion of Manchuria, and perhaps many years before that.

Donald Nelson, writing in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, has said: "This is neither an old man's war, nor a young man's war. It is a smart man's war. Our enemies have made it so."

The great mass of our people must be jerked out of their peacetime thinking processes. We must discard our old habits of thought: we must forget our comfortable belief that the old ways of doing things are the best ways, and begin with the assumption that there is always a better way to do almost anything.

Let me cite two examples, one American, one British, of how the bureaucratic mind slows up the war effort by clinging to its peacetime formalities.

At Wheeler Field, during the attack on Pearl Harbor, while Jap planes were strafing the ground and bombing the hangars, an enterprising sergeant raced through a hail of bullets and bombs to the armory for a

machine gun. He was halfway out the door with the weapon when the non-com in charge of the armory, still thinking with his five-carbon-copy mentality, refused to let him have the gun and the ammunition unless he signed for it!

In Weymouth, England, a few months ago, an ingenious, 17-year-old lad in the Home Guard heard that Home Guardsmen were to be issued medieval pikes because there were not enough firearms to go around. He set to work and made himself a Tommy gun out of odd parts, and his platoon tested it enthusiastically. Next day the police took it away and the youth was hauled before the Weymouth magistrate, who fined him \$2.50 for having a firearm without a certificate.

"This sort of thing," pronounced the pompous old jurist, "is very dangerous."

THE AIRPLANE, COMBINED WITH THE TANK on the ground, has won every battle since Poland. This knowledge, which should be universal by now, has apparently not penetrated into some army and navy minds in America. American infantrymen are still being trained without the experience of modern war conditions. Soldiers are still being sent abroad who haven't seen a tank or an airplane even in mimic warfare.

Despite the tragic lessons of the war from Norway to the battle of Burma, there are still top American army and navy men who think that airplanes are only "supplementary" military equipment, that planes are useful only to carry passengers. There are still naval men who can't see the place of naval aviation, who think that what was good enough for Admiral Mahan is good enough for them.

Most shocking to me on returning to America was the discovery that aircraft production was not at the very top of America's priority list. Planes continued to take

second place to warships, artillery, and even army trucks until mid-February, 1942, more than two months after Pearl Harbor.

Even then, the top priority rating was not granted willingly. The Army and Navy Munitions Board reportedly stalled for one whole month and made six counter-proposals to hold up increased airplane production until Donald Nelson was forced to walk into a board meeting and announce flatly that the manufacture of aircraft would henceforth be on an A-1-A—the highest—priority basis.

"Hatred of novelty, hatred of intellectual daring, hatred of modernization—these paralyzed the army," declared France's Daladier at the Riom trial. There is still too much evidence that the same hatreds exist in America's fighting services. Daladier's indictment should be printed in large type and hung in every army tent, in every warship, and in every office in Washington.

AS DONALD NELSON HAS SAID, "Before we try to get tough with someone else we've got to get tough with ourselves."

America will have to go through something of a spiritual rebirth before we can begin to win. We must stop reading the communiqués of battles far away and acting as if we were mere spectators for whom war is a huge, macabre entertainment. Despite our determination to defeat the Axis, there are still a great many Americans who put their pocketbooks and their personal security ahead of winning the war. There are still those who think that sacrifices for the war are all right as long as they don't have to make them.

We must realize and accept the fact that a good many Americans are going to get killed before this war is over, and that many more are going to get hurt. The sacrifices we have made so far—higher income taxes, sugar rationing, tire and gasoline restrictions—have been slight. We

must realize that we cannot win the war by buying War Bonds alone.

If we intend to win back the Axis-conquered areas, we must be prepared to lose men by the thousands. If it took 150,000 Japs to capture Java, it will take 300,000 of our men to get it back. If it took six crack Japanese divisions to conquer Singapore, it will take twelve to drive them out. The Japs are not going to be sipping gimlets on the terrace of Manila's Army and Navy Club or Singapore's Raffles Hotel when we attack.

There are still an alarming number of Americans intent on getting commissions in the fighting services only because they consider commissioned positions "safer" than the ranks. There are others frantically string-pulling to get office jobs which will keep them far back of the firing lines.

A young airman named Jerald B. Davis put this more tellingly than I can. He wrote a letter home, which was published in the Sioux Falls *Argus-Leader*:

"In not too many weeks I'm to be an Army officer. But when I'm honest with myself, I confess that throughout my training I've had in mind becoming an instructor, not because I thought I would be especially good as an instructor, but because I thought that would be the safest job I could find. . . .

"There, it seems to me, is the essence of the whole trouble. We are an entire nation of people who are trying to wage a war and everyone is trying, himself, to keep out of the hot seat. . . .

"Patriotism is surely something more than knowing verbatim the Pledge of Allegiance. . . . It's the feeling that you get when you hear that Jap planes are about to bomb San Francisco and you feel that if you could get a plane you'd go up and give those yellow devils a taste of their own medicine. . . .

"It's that kind of a feeling that has about decided me to apply for active service when the time comes. . . . If I get killed—well, what the hell? We all die sometime, and very few of us get to die for a cause. And if I do get through I will have had a world of experience and the feeling that perhaps in times that try men's souls I had stood the test. . . ."

Americans all must find that faith, the faith of the British Tommy in the Libyan desert who says, "We might have more hard fights but Jerry will never get us. We'll win in the end. Maybe I won't be there to see it, but most of us will."

Until we accept that outlook—the willingness to make the ultimate sacrifice, if necessary—America will not be doing its share to win the war. There can be no victory without pain, no peace without a sacrifice. Only those who are willing to die are fit to win.

Civilian Defense Is a Luxury

IN THE GENERAL STRATEGY OF RETREAT to victory there must be no wasted motions. Every effort must be made to take full advantage of the dearly won time to produce the equipment which will give us parity, the superiority, over the Axis. Everything we undertake must be measured by the question, "Will it help to win the war in the shortest possible time?"

Against this requirement, civilian defense as presently planned in America is a luxury that we cannot afford.

OUR WHOLE CIVILIAN DEFENSE set-up at the present time is amateurish and haphazard. Unofficial, voluntary women's defense organizations, many of them more concerned with natty uniforms than with winning the war, have mushroomed over the country. Vigilant males have banded into Daniel Boone Minute Men and every other kind of minute man. Even government and semi-official agencies at present overlap—the American Women's Voluntary Service on the Red Cross, and both on the Office of Civilian Defense.

Chicago has mustered 600,000 civilian defense workers; Philadelphia's airplane spotting force alone numbers 19,000; Wisconsin wants 30,600 civilians to man 1,275 airplane spotting posts twenty-four hours a day for the duration of the war; New York City has 54,000

auxiliary firemen (in addition to the regular fire-fighting force) and wants 100,000, plus 165,000 air-raid wardens on the job and another 100,000 enrolled.

Apartment-house dwellers and suburbanites, who saw their counterparts playing such a gallant role in "London Can Take It" and the newsreels from Britain, have enlisted by the thousands. Virtually every hamlet dignified by a post office has its wardens, fire-fighters, or aircraft spotters. All across the country, even in the most back-of-beyond corners of the Middle West, a vast civilian defense army of 9,000,000 volunteer men and women has been enrolled. Some 7,000,000 of these have been assigned jobs, and OCD officials estimate that by August, 1942, even the 9,000,000 total will be inadequate "for the task ahead."

The defense of cities against aerial bombardment is an absolute must in Britain, Germany, European Russia, at Chungking and the cities of Free China, the towns on India's east coast, and certain areas of Australia; but for the great part of America, civilian defense is absolutely unnecessary at the present time.

We must be realistic about war in the air. This is 1942, not 1945. This is a war of today, not the shape of things to come.

No one denies that the Nazis have 4,500-mile-range bombers capable of reaching America (from Brest to Cleveland is 3,400 miles, to Detroit 3,500, Chicago 3,700) but they do not at the present time have bombers which can fly to America, bomb, and return to their bases.

We must first consider whether Hitler will be willing to send a \$300,000 bomber to attack America, especially since the damage would be negligible. Even if he decided—and could afford—to send twenty-five or fifty planes, their loss would hardly be compensated by the results of their bombing.

As the British can testify, the *Luftwaffe* learned that large cities the size of Toledo and Cleveland can absorb the bombs of twenty-five or fifty or seventy-five planes with very little dislocation and few casualties. The Germans learned, and the British are now demonstrating, that it takes from 200 to 500 planes in repeated, night-after-night raids to disrupt a city so thoroughly that normal activities are paralyzed.

In 1944 or 1945, provided their aircraft factories are not in the meantime knocked out by RAF raids, the Germans may have a force of long-range bombers sufficient to spare 200 to 500 for the bombing of America. At the moment they don't have enough medium and long-range bombers to attack the easily reachable targets in Russia and Britain. In their "reprisal" raid on the English cathedral town of Canterbury, which was their reply to the British bombing of Cologne by more than 1,000 planes, the Nazis were unable to muster more than fifty bombers.

Certain American factories undoubtedly present tempting targets to the Nazis—but the defense of factories is not a civilian job. It is first of all the responsibility of our interceptor planes and ground defenses, and secondly a job for small, trained crews of factory workmen.

Raids from enemy aircraft carriers operating off American coasts are always possible. But the Italians have no aircraft carriers, and if they did, they couldn't get them out of the Mediterranean as long as the British Navy plugs both ends of it. The Germans may have one or two carriers completed, but none have been observed in action since the beginning of the war. The Japs, before Pearl Harbor, had eight carriers and it is likely that some of them will be used for sporadic raids against our West Coast cities, particularly after American raids on Japan.

But the danger of scattered raids on a few cities by fifty to seventy-five carrier-based planes, which carry light bomb loads, does not justify the creation of a huge national army of civilian defense workers who could be employed far more usefully on other and more vital war jobs. Carrier planes might strike from time to time at our coastal cities, but they should not be able to reach more inland cities before being attacked by our interceptor planes.

Until America can expect nightly raids by 100 to 500 planes, we will be wiser to forget all about mass civilian defense, especially in our inland cities.

German bombers attacking London (from 200 to 500 on some nights) worked from bases 150 miles distant. Their bomb loads and striking power were terrific compared to the weight of bombs that could be carried by a few score light bombers working from Axis carriers or by a squadron or two of long-distance planes which might be assigned to bomb America.

Yet these Germans, operating almost every night against London, were only able to kill a maximum of 6,000 people a month out of London's 6,000,000 population. That meant that you would get killed by a bomb in London once every eighty-three years, provided you took the precautions of the average Londoner (who usually slept in his bed and said to hell with shelters).

Thus, on the cold, actuarial basis of London's experience, the proportion of Americans who will get killed in air raids during the next two years, at least, is so small that it does not warrant the expenditure of money and man-hours necessary to maintain a nationwide civilian defense army. Those who urge such a national civilian defense army should realize that there are priorities on war jobs as well as on war materials.

Our normal fire-fighting, police, ambulance, hospital, and sanitation services should be able to take care of all

casualties and damage. If the more scary souls among us decide that these services are not enough, then let us train small, skeleton squads of professional civilian defense workers to supplement them.

But we must not go overboard on civilian defense. New York, under present plans, wants 100,000 auxiliary firemen. Remember that London's *total* fire-fighting force at the height of the blitz was only 30,000, including regular firemen as well as auxiliaries. The total number of auxiliary firemen in all of Britain numbered only 248,000.

Wisconsin, some 4,000 miles from Hitler's *Luftwaffe*, wants an army of 30,600 aircraft spotters. I hope the British don't hear of it. The British never had more than 30,000 men in their Observer Corps to spot airplanes along their 3,000-mile coastline, and the Germans were only across the Channel, twenty-one miles away.

For America this is primarily a war of production. Even Britain, at a time when she was literally inviting the *Luftwaffe* to resume its large-scale raids over her island in order to relieve pressure on the Russian front, decided in April, 1942, to demobilize some 80,000 of her civilian defense army in order to make better use of these men and women in war industries.

America is already faced with a growing labor shortage in some industries, and it will become critical when we have our planned fighting army of 7,000,000 men. If the conversion of our factories to war production is still too slow to provide jobs for everyone at the moment, then let our present civilian defense workers roll bandages for the Red Cross, send books to the fighting men, serve in canteens, entertain soldiers, give blood, collect scrap and waste paper, send bundles to bluejackets, bundles to the British or the homeless, friendless Yugoslavs, Poles, Czechs, Greeks, Belgians, and Free Frenchmen in the Middle East. There are a hundred odd jobs they

can do which will do more to help win the war than patrolling the streets of Paducah.

The main objection to a large civilian defense army at the present time is that it will cut down our productive efforts by immobilizing, even on a part-time basis, hundreds of thousands of men and women who could be more usefully employed. A secondary danger is that civilian defense will actually lower civilian morale because the vast bulk of our air-raid precautions workers will have nothing to do once their training is completed. We saw it happen in Britain, where for ten long months the civilian defense workers chafed at their idleness and many drifted off into other jobs during the "Bore War."

The creation of a huge civilian defense army has been defended on the grounds that participation in air-raid precautions will help the morale of the people by giving them a war job to do. It would—if they had the hope of seeing any action for the next year or two. But what about the morale of Wisconsin's 80,600 aircraft spotters a year from now when they have had nothing to do but chart the course of Northwest Airlines planes plodding along from Chicago to St. Paul?

After the panic of the first small raids on this country we may be pressured into blacking out our cities. If we do, let us remember the price we must pay for a blackout—more people will be killed by night traffic accidents in one month than could be killed and injured by the few Axis planes that can reach America in the next year or two.

No Second Front on Tuesday

THE DEMOCRACIES HAVE COINED THEIR WAY through more than two years of war with a series of comforting slogans which have blinded us to the harsh realities of the battle going on around us.

Following the "peace with honor" of Munich came, among others, "the impregnable Maginot Line," "the French Army is the best army in the world," then "defense in depth," "the bomber will always get through," "hemisphere defense," "neutrality patrol," "aid to Britain," "all aid short of war," "Singapore, the Gibraltar of the Pacific," "Pearl Harbor is impregnable," "the Axis is a myth," and a legion of others.

Latest pat catch phrase to raise its head is the "second front." The very term itself is a misnomer, since the United Nations are already fighting on or holding half-a-dozen fronts.

Stemming partly from a genuine desire to aid the Russians by a United Nations offensive in Europe, partly from the frustration which a long string of defeats and retreats has produced, the demand of the people of America and Britain for a "second front" reached such proportions in the Spring of 1942 that it threatened to become a political issue inside both the Roosevelt and Churchill governments.

Brushing aside obvious military factors such as the

United Nations' shortages of ships, offensive weapons, and airplanes, the common people of the United States and Britain demanded an immediate offensive. They were by no means united on where it should be launched, but they wanted it soon.

All over the free world those who had seen enemy dive-bombers and tanks and flame-throwers only in their newsreels and picture magazines shouted for bold and immediate offensive action. In America at this time a hard, punchy little volume entitled "Defense Will Not Win the War," by Lieutenant Colonel W. F. Kernan, hit the bookstalls when everyone was saying the same thing.

A disciple of the smashing tactics of Napoleon, Wellington, and Foch, Kernan advocated a great American-British offensive against Italy, "the solar plexus of the Axis," in the Spring of 1942, which would require three-fourths of the United States Fleet, at least half the British Navy, every bomber and transport plane of both nations, and an American Expeditionary Force of 200,000 trained and equipped men per month. Such an attack against Italy would force the Axis to fight on two fronts, open the back door to Germany, and catch Hitler between "the upper and nether millstones on British and Italian-based American sea power."

Kernan argues, correctly, that as long as the United Nations stay on the defensive, they will keep losing to the Axis. In the early days of the war Britain's Maginot-minded military commanders, convinced that a strong defense (assisted by the Allied blockade) would wear the Nazis to death, were undoubtedly unable to think except defensively.

But there is no evidence that the British commanders who have been in control since Dunkirk are caught in the rut of defensive warfare. Those whom I know, and they are the top, are not—General Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of

the Imperial General Staff; General Auchinleck, C-in-C Middle East; General Wavell, C-in-C India—nor are the lesser commanders—Alexander, who was in Burma, Platt in East Africa, Quinan in Iran, Wilson in Palestine and Syria.

Although they have had their share of retreats against hopeless odds, they have taken the offensive whenever they had anything like equality in materiel and manpower. American military commanders—Chief of Staff Marshall, Navy C-in-C King, MacArthur in Australia, and General Stilwell, who fought in Burma, to name a few—are certainly not defensive fighters.

They would be the first to agree with Colonel Kernan that defense will not win the war. But they, more than their amateur and professional military critics, realize that you can't make something out of nothing. If the people of their countries forget, these men know that Britain and America lack ships, planes and tanks, and all the equipment necessary to stage an offensive on a large scale. They know that Britain and America lack the things which by the end of 1942 or the middle of 1943 they will have. It is not because of the absence of an offensive spirit that the men in possession of these facts know that America and Britain must wait.

While an offensive outlook is necessary to win the war, the danger of too much premature "second front" agitation is twofold: 1) that the mounting force of public opinion, which can operate today only in the democracies, will pressure the military leaders into an abortive offensive before we are prepared; and 2) that public morale will suffer a terrible shock when the continued absence of an offensive forces out the truth of how inadequately prepared we really are. The first danger is probably the more important. In other words, we must take care that "too little and too late" does not become "too little and too soon."

Public opinion is a powerful force in democracies like Britain and America, but the responsibility for opening another land front in Europe would fall on Churchill, Roosevelt, their ministers and military aides. Regardless of what the Americans think, Churchill, for one, is not willing to put his country through another Dunkirk. He knows that the very people who are now most vociferous in demanding a "second front" would be the first to wail if an invasion failed.

TAKING THEIR CUE from the public enthusiasm for an offensive, a veritable army of amateur and professional "second front" strategists has stepped forward with suggestions. Some favor an offensive across the Channel to France; Colonel Kernan demands an immediate drive through the Mediterranean into Italy; some suggest Norway; Arctic Explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson advocates a landing at Murmansk to knock Finland out of the war; Julio Alvarez del Vayo, who lost his job as Foreign Minister of Loyalist Spain when Franco won, favors a United Nations push through Portugal and Spain; some want a direct assault on Japan; Alexander Kiralfy, in his book, "Victory in the Pacific," urges an American offensive from Russian Kamchatka against Japan; Major Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson wants us to "hold" the European front while we stage an offensive from Alaska, Kamchatka, and Vladivostok on Japan; MacArthur and his supporters are committed to a gradual stepping-stone offensive up the Dutch East Indies to free the Philippines and strike at Tokyo.

The startling thing is not that there are almost as many invasion plans as there are military experts, but that a great many of the bold "second fronters" ignore completely the one condition which any United Nations' offensive must have to be successful—namely, control of the air.

The major lesson of World War II as I have seen it around the globe is this: *No decisive land or sea operations are possible without first winning control of the air above.*

That cannot be emphasized too strongly.

In his recent book, "Victory Through Air Power," Major Alexander de Seversky sums it up this way:

An umbrella of adequate air power is the minimal condition today for surface warfare anywhere within striking distance of enemy aviation. Those who do not understand this or still cavil about it—those who dare send battleships or land units into action under skies controlled by the foe—cannot be trusted with authority in modern war or in preparations for modern war.

Major de Seversky has simply put into military language the desperate, hopeless appeal of the British and French in Norway and Flanders, the British and Imperials in Greece and Crete, the British, Aussies, and Indians in Malaya, the Dutch in Java, and the Americans and Filipinos in the Bataan peninsula, who were dive-bombed and machine-gunned into the ground until they cried out for the sight of one of their own planes.

Those who urge a "second front" must remember that. No offensive has the slightest hope of success unless it can be assured that the skies above will be friendly, or at least neutral.

Any offensive is limited by the distance at which land-based fighter planes can operate from their bases. (Carrier-based naval planes, because of the technical difficulties of operating from a floating base, are not in the same class with land-based fighter planes and cannot be considered adequate to oppose land-based enemy planes.) The present operating radius of British and American fighter planes runs from 200 up to 400 miles. Both British and American factories are producing fighters with a radius of 600 to 1,000 miles, but it will be at least a year

before enough of them are available for a large-scale offensive.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN. It is not enough for the United Nations to be united to win the war—we must not disunite on *how* to win the war.

Committed by the global scope of the conflict to fight for the Middle East, Australia, India, China, to defend the shores of Britain and to aid Russia with the materiel of war to the limit of our ability, it is unlikely that America and Britain will be able to produce enough to stage more than one major offensive before the end of 1942 or even mid-1943.

There is only one anti-Axis war. There must be only one anti-Axis strategy. America and Britain must decide now where that anti-Axis offensive can be most effectively launched and then strain every effort to prepare for it.

By this decision, victory in the Far East may have to wait for the destruction of the Nazis in Europe. Although Japan may appear to be the weaker of the two, by her conquest of the Far East she now possesses strategic and economic advantages which make the defeat of Japan at the time-being a tougher proposition than the defeat of Germany.

A direct sea-borne assault on Japan is unthinkable in the face of Japanese land-based air power. A round-about assault from Alaska, the Aleutian Islands, and Kamchatka could not have land-based fighter plane protection at the present time and would require, among other things, more shipping than we can spare for some years to come.

A coordinated air-land-and-sea drive to take back, one by one, the islands of the Dutch East Indies, Malaya, and the Philippines would demand a terrific proportion of America's available military and industrial power—

and in the meantime the Russians, and perhaps the British, deprived of American assistance in Europe, would have been defeated by the Nazis.

Once Germany is beaten, Japan will collapse in a matter of months under the combined assault of the U.S. Air Force, the R.A.F., the British and American fleets.

This does not mean that we can concentrate on Hitler to the total exclusion of the Mikado. We must fight to hold what is left of the Pacific and India. We must keep Japan from consolidating her gains by unceasing counter-attacks, such as the raids on her Gilbert and Marshall Islands and the sporadic bombardment of her cities. We must reinforce and hold Alaska, which Japan might try to capture before she turns on Soviet Siberia. Alaska in Japanese hands would: 1) outflank Hawaii; 2) put Japanese bombers within striking distance of Canada and the West Coast of the United States; 3) cut America's Pacific air-communication line to Russia; and 4) remove the threat of Vladivostok at Japan's rear.

OF THE EUROPEAN "SECOND FRONTS" only three should be seriously considered—Norway, Italy, and France—and against the requirement of aerial superiority the only front that can be successfully opened in the near future (within one year, at least) is the coast of France opposite the Straits of Dover.

A successful invasion of Norway (extended to include Sweden and Finland) would achieve a number of worthwhile results. It would: give the United Nations mastery of the Arctic Ocean and the supply routes to Russia; bring about a junction of the Russian and American-British land forces in Europe; relieve the pressure on the Red Army at Leningrad; deprive Germany of Swedish iron ore, the principal Nazi source, and the important nickel mines in the Petsamo region.

But, as the British once learned the hard way, no

invasion of Norway has the slightest hope of success as long as it cannot be carried out under a curtain of land-based fighter planes, able to fly to Norway, fight, and return to their home bases. British Spitfires and Hurricanes and the present American fighter planes, with an effective combat radius of 200-400 miles, cannot even reach Norway from Scotland, the nearest British base, much less fight and fly back. Thus, to open a "second front" in Norway, America and Britain must first produce a force of fighter planes with an effective radius of at least 600 miles. These planes will not be available in sufficient numbers until well into 1948, if then.

As Colonel Kernan points out, a successful United Nations invasion of war-weary Italy offers tempting strategical rewards. It would: hit the Axis at its weakest end; give the United Nations control of the Mediterranean and Africa; outflank Spain and Vichy France; and open the back door to Germany.

The strategical rewards are great, but the tactical difficulties against the invasion of Italy in the near future are considerable.

Kernan is a field artillery specialist and he is unfortunately vague as to the role he expects air power to play in his proposal to throw against Italy 200,000 men per month, plus three-fourths of the American Fleet, at least half the British Fleet, every bombing plane, and every transport of both nations.

In order to reach Italy without losses on a most colossal, perhaps fatal, scale this armada would have to be protected by an aerial curtain of fighter planes stretching from North Africa to the shores of Italy. British and American carrier-based aircraft might hold off Italy's second-rate *Regia Aeronautica*, but they would be no match for the fighters, bombers, and Stukas of the *Luftwaffe*, which would rapidly appear from Crete, Greece, Italy, Sicily, and Libya.

The only alternative to carrier-based planes is British and American land-based fighters. To provide them with bases close enough to Italy to operate within their present limited flying range, the British and American forces in the Middle East would first have to knock the Axis out of Africa, in itself a major job, as General Auchinleck found out, and then stage a Crete-style attack to conquer Sicily.

Preparations for such an attack on North Africa and eventually on Italy will take time—perhaps much more time than the United Nations will get before a “second front” becomes imperative. The preparatory job is complicated by the fact that all supplies must travel the long sea route around the Cape of Good Hope to reach the Middle East.

A COMBINED BRITISH-AMERICAN OFFENSIVE across the Dover Straits into France would run up against the most heavily defended part of the European coastline. The Germans have installed many of the Maginot Line guns along the French coast, and their defenses, running back to a depth of fifty miles, are comparable to those of the old Westwall.

Nevertheless, an offensive against the French coast is the only one that can be carried out in the near future within the operating radius of land-based fighters. In addition, the Atlantic sea lane between America and Britain is the shortest United Nations’ communication and supply route, enabling America to ship offensive weapons to Britain in less than one-fourth the time required to send them around to the Middle East for an attack on Italy.

The manpower for an offensive is already available in Britain. Against the threat of a German invasion, Britain has been compelled to immobilize a well-trained army of 3,500,000 (2,000,000 of them part-time Home

Guards) within her shores. She does not dare deplete these forces to build up "second front" bases around the world. However, if we decide on an invasion of France, Britain's well-equipped home army of 1,500,000 regular soldiers could become offensive as well as defensive troops.

An offensive into France could travel under a continuous blanket of United Nations' fighter planes, flying from the maze of British airfields in the south coast area, which would stretch for a hundred miles into France. Once across into France, the British invasion troops would have the advantage of operating in a sector of France they know well (from the days of the "phony war" and Dunkirk), plus a network of French communications and, most important, a sufficient number of excellent German-French airdromes, which, once captured, would become the advance operating bases for British-American fighter planes.

There is no doubt that the British alone at this moment have sufficient fighter strength, and enough reserves, to wrest supremacy of the air from the *Luftwaffe* over the French coast. But while a "second front" is dependent on the protection of fighter planes, it cannot be carried out by fighter planes alone.

The British, even with all the aid America can give at the present time, must still overcome a number of weaknesses before they can think of re-crossing the Channel. They lack parachute troops and air-borne infantry in adequate numbers to seize and hold the airdromes on the French side. The Nazis have at least four to five air-borne infantry divisions and some 50,000 trained parachute troops. Britain's air-carried infantrymen and paratroopers are still numbered in the hundreds, not in the thousands. The British are greatly deficient in transport planes (in the Middle East they rely on a score of antiquated, baling-wire-and-string,

1925-model Bombay and Valencia troop-carriers) and it will be many months before America will be able to help them out.

The British lack army cooperation planes and trained pilots to work hand-in-glove with the advancing motor-carried infantrymen. They are still shockingly weak in dive-bombers. Air Minister Sir Archibald Sinclair admitted early in 1942 that dive-bombers had been ordered from America in 1940, but it was doubtful if those American orders could be filled, in view of America's own needs.

Britain—and America—lacks the tanks capable of beating the best models which the Germans have in Europe. The British lack the double-purpose anti-aircraft-anti-tank guns which can equal the Nazis' 88-mm. guns. In short, they lack a great many of the offensive weapons which American and British factories will be producing in eight, ten, or twelve months' time.

The greatest deterrent to any "second front" at this time is the scarcity of shipping. The total tonnage in the United Nations' shipping pool is a military secret, but the most optimistic estimate would not put it higher than 25,000,000 gross tons. With the American-British ship-building program at present hardly keeping up with the rate of sinkings, and with available merchant vessels scattered along the sea lanes from Suez to Sydney, from Cardiff to Calcutta, it is unlikely that the United Nations will be able to spare for some time the minimum of 6,000,000 tons which would be necessary for any of the "second fronts."

Every military, industrial, and communication factor points to the end of 1942 as the earliest possible moment when the American-British combination will be prepared to challenge the Axis on the continent of Europe. Only if the Russians are in danger of collapsing before then, will we be forced to gamble on another Dunkirk.

IN THE MEANTIME, the best and only "second front" that can help the Russians is the RAF aerial offensive against Germany, which got under way with large-scale raids on Cologne, Essen, the Ruhr, Luebeck, Augsburg, Trondheim, and Rostock during the good-weather days in the Spring of 1942.

On a round-the-clock basis, hundreds of British fighters swept far into France, teasing the *Luftwaffe* into combat, while medium bombers slugged away at Nazi bases along the coast of Europe and scores of four-motored British Stirling and Halifax bombers, each lugging up to 10,000 pounds of bombs, went out almost every night to pulverize Nazi industrial centers.

The RAF set a new high in Coventration when it sent a force of more than 1,000 heavy bombers over Cologne to drop 3,000 tons of bombs during one ninety-minute period on the night of May 30-31. This was almost six times the weight of bombs the Germans dropped on their main raid over Coventry.

This aerial "second front" has three main objectives:

1) to force the Nazis to withdraw planes from the Russian front to oppose the British; 2) to break German morale by bringing destruction home to a people who have never known war on their own soil; and 3) to disrupt and eventually paralyze Germany's industrial life.

By May, 1942, there was every indication that the RAF's objectives were being reached.

Goering's *Luftwaffe* was forced to pull more and more fighters away from the Russian front to oppose British fighters and bombers which even penetrated into the heart of Germany (on one raid coming within 110 miles of Hitler's Berchtesgaden retreat) on daring daylight raids. By May, 1942, RAF sources estimated that there were more single- and twin-engined fighters operating against the British in France, Malta, and the Middle East than there were against the whole 2,000-

mile Russian front. Although the estimate could not be checked, there was reason to believe it was true, for at no point along the Russian front did the Nazis have overwhelming superiority in the air.

Under the terrific, unceasing, combined pounding of the RAF and the Red Air Force, the *Luftwaffe* has suffered great losses during the past twelve months. British official sources estimated that the strength of the German Air Force was, by May, 1942, thirty-five per cent less than it had been when London was first attacked at the end of 1940.

German morale, which has seldom had to stand up to more than 100 RAF planes in any one raid, underwent its first serious test in the four-night bombing of Rostock, Baltic supply port which served the Nazi armies in Norway, Finland, and northern Russia. Swedish reports claimed that up to 7,000 had been killed in the city.

The people of the Rhineland, who have never been in Hitler's good books as loyal Nazis, staggered under the greatest aerial blow delivered in the history of warfare (up to June 1, 1942) when more than 1,000 RAF bombers bombed Cologne and, forty-eight hours later, another 1,000 planes bombed Essen, site of the famed Krupp iron and steel works.

On only three nights did the Nazis drop 400 or more tons of bombs on London. Some 530 tons were dropped by 500 planes one night on Coventry. In contrast, some 3,000 tons of explosives were dropped on Cologne during a 90-minute period. The planes the British now have are larger and lug a greater bomb load than those used by the *Luftwaffe* over Britain in 1940-41. Thus, from twice the number of planes ever used by the Germans against Britain, the British were able to drop four times the weight of explosives and incendiary bombs on Cologne that were dropped in any one night on Britain.

Although German censorship prevented any accurate picture of the results of the British raid, there was no doubt that the damage was immense. Thousands of citizens of Cologne and neighboring Ruhr cities fled the area. The New York *Times* reported, from private sources in Berlin, that some 20,000 had been killed and 54,000 injured in Cologne alone.

British reconnaissance photographs, taken in daylight by fast-flying, long-range Spitfires after the smoke pall had cleared away, were more explicit. They showed some 5,000 acres, or about eight square miles, of Cologne wrecked and gutted by fire. Many of the factories by which Cologne lived were destroyed.

IN THE LARGE-SCALE ATTACKS against German industrial cities the RAF abandoned the tactics it had been forced to use all through 1940 and 1941. With few planes to spare (from twenty-five to one hundred on most raids) the British then were forced to make every bomb count. Bombs had to be dropped smack on specific industrial or military targets, and if the pilots felt that they had no assurance of hitting their targets, because of bad weather or other interferences, they were instructed to bring their bombs home and try again another night.

Assured of an adequate supply of bombers (including as many as twenty-five flying in some days from the United States), and backed by a reserve pool of trained pilots and stocks of bombs and gasoline, the British could afford to change their tactics in the Spring of 1942. They began bombing whole target areas, selected for their strategic and military value, instead of isolated war factories and railroad yards.

With upward of 500 bombers available nightly the RAF began dumping all its eggs into one industrial city, in an effort to wipe the whole town from their target list for some months to come. Thus the attack on

Cologne was not directed at any one factory, but was designed to paralyze one of the most important cities in the Nazi war economy, a city which supplied a great part of the German synthetic rubber, chemicals, and airplane and submarine engines.

Unlike the Germans in their raids against Britain, the RAF tactics are not to bomb at random for the sole purpose of terrorizing the civilian population, but if civilian lives are lost and houses destroyed, so much the better. The collapse of Germany will come that much quicker.

THE FAILURE OF THE NAZIS to knock out British cities from the air unfortunately led those uninitiated to air power to believe that no large-scale bombardment can be decisive. The estimates of the effectiveness of the German raids over Britain vary, but those of us who were there know what repeated raids can do to the industrial life of a nation. The Nazis came closer to winning with their aerial bombardment than most of us now like to remember. I have heard high British officials admit that if the Germans had been able to continue their all-out air assaults for thirty—even ten—days longer, Britain would have cracked. But the Germans had no way of knowing how close to success they were.

The Nazi failure against Britain was not the failure of air power as such. The *Luftwaffe* failed against Britain simply because it was the wrong kind of air force for the job it was required to do.

Briefly, the Nazis' weaknesses were these: 1) their bombers and fighters were primarily designed to work above and just ahead of an advancing land army and were not equipped to fight an air war against an enemy air force; 2) their plane designs were "frozen" after the experience of the Spanish civil war and were at least two years out of date when they came up against the

RAF; 3) the *Luftwaffe* day bombers were not protected by enough defensive armament and were "cold meat" for British eight-gun fighters; 4) the Nazis lacked sufficient numbers of trained night-flying pilots; 5) they preferred to concentrate, for psychological reasons, on a sprawling target like London, which absorbed the bombs in its hundreds of square miles, or on the *business* centers of Birmingham, Manchester, etc., instead of using all their strength to knock out the *industrial* areas of the smaller cities; and 6) they did not have enough bombers nor an air organization capable of keeping up a sustained attack.

THE LAST POINT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT. Those of us who visited Coventry on the morning after the *Luftwaffe* dropped 530 tons of explosives there found the inner heart of the city all but leveled. Few factories had been hit, but the machinery by which a city and its people live—the local government offices, the shops, the water and gas supplies, tramcars and buses, hospitals, schools, etc.—had been pretty badly knocked about.

Coventry was still functioning, but its real test was yet to come. If the Germans came back a second night, before the bomb-shocked city could get to its feet, and a third night, and a fourth, no amount of human guts could have kept the city going. On the first night the Germans had concentrated on the commercial and administrative center of Coventry. If they returned a second night and simply widened their target area in a huge circle around their previous night's destruction they would knock out the bulk of Coventry's factories. On a third night their widening target circle would have reached the remainder of the factories and the residential suburbs, forcing the inhabitants into the fields. By the fourth and fifth nights, Coventry would have been eliminated from British industrial life for at least one year.

But the Germans didn't come back in force the second night, nor the third, nor for many nights running—they sat back and confidently declared that they had added the word "Coventrate" to the lexicon of war. This year, on the receiving end, they are learning how "Coventration" should be done.

The failure of the Nazis to press their mass raids one night after another revealed the weakness of the *Luftwaffe's* bomber force. To keep a force of 500 bombers in the air night after night requires a tremendous reserve of machines plus a smooth-working air organization worked out to the last detail. Figuring, as the British do, that for every bomber brought down by the enemy another one is lost in take-offs and landings due to bad weather, mechanical accidents, or anti-aircraft damage, this would mean that the attacking force must count on losing up to 100 planes each night. This was more than the Nazis could afford, even at the peak of their production in 1940-1941.

Few airdromes can send off more than twenty-four planes nightly. A force of 500 planes would require take-offs from at least thirty different dromes (the British used some sixty fields for their Cologne raid). Additional fields have to be provided for landings after the raids, in case local weather conditions close down while the planes are out. Thousands of gallons of gasoline and tons of bombs must be brought up to the airdromes by trucks and railroads in a steady, daily stream. For 500 bombers, at least 2,500 airmen must be "briefed" (given detailed instructions regarding their targets and routes) and provided with weather reports, recognition signals, radio codes, and landing instructions. Planes taking off from different fields must be timed so that they will not arrive over the target at the same moment or at the same height.

The Nazis in 1940 and 1941 had neither the planes

nor the facilities to keep up sustained raids, by anywhere from 200 to 500 machines. By 1942 the British, backed by an increasing flow of American aircraft, were convinced that they had both. This British-American offensive, heavy as it is, will grow in intensity until the largest Nazi blitzes against Britain will look insignificant by comparison.

Air Marshal A. T. Harris, chief of Britain's RAF Bomber Command, has said that if he could send 1,000 planes over Germany every night he could end the war by the Fall of 1942; if he could send 20,000 bombers over Germany on one night the war would end the next morning. This is a partisan view. Most military leaders think that a land offensive will still be necessary to take occupied Europe and Germany away from the *Reichswehr*. However, the leaders of the RAF are convinced that by applying Hitler's air blitz on a bigger and better scale they can bomb the heart out of German production and the fight out of the German people. All the RAF hopes to do during 1942 is to lay open so many sores on the face of Germany that the body of the country will be slowly poisoned and weakened for the eventual land attack.

A SECOND LAND FRONT *will* be opened against the Axis and all signs indicate that it will be opened on the Channel coast of France.

Two things are necessary for a successful United Nations offensive. The first is a clear superiority in offensive weapons. The second is the ability to get those weapons to the theatre where the offensive can be staged. One is a production job; the other is a problem in military movement and administration known as logistics.

The United Nations are still a long way from superiority in either weapons or manpower.

The combined military strength of the United Na-

tions, including the huge armies of the Chinese and Russians, is only 425 divisions against 475 for the Axis. Axis troops are immeasurably better equipped and trained. The United Nations' air strength in May, 1942, is an estimated 13,500 planes against approximately 16,500 Axis machines.

It will be some time before American resources can tip the scales for the United Nations. The Germans have nine million men under arms, most of them well-trained, experienced campaigners. America has two million, most of them still in the training stage. Even those American troops sent to bases in Northern Ireland require many months of hard training.

The German High Command believes, perhaps wrongly, that for at least one year the United States will not have the airplanes, the trained armored divisions, or the merchant shipping necessary to achieve military superiority against the Axis on any front.

American fighter planes coming off the production lines are still not good enough to have a decisive superiority over the best Nazi models. American tanks, although they have been greatly improved since 1940, are still inferior in number and slightly below the quality of the best German tanks.

ANYONE WITH COMMON SENSE can be an amateur strategist, and possibly a pretty good one, but where the amateur strategists go wrong is in their lack of knowledge of the logistics of war, the problems of administration, movement, and supply.

The Germans, once they had decided to attack the Allies at the Sedan junction of the Maginot and so-called Gort lines, spent seven months in preparation. When they decided to attack Russia, they spent an equal amount of time in readying their armies for the offensive. Auchinleck planned for six months before attack-

ing Nazi General Rommel in Libya in the Fall of 1941, and General Wavell prepared for several months before launching his successful desert drive against the Italians a year earlier.

Thus, after we have achieved a superiority in weapons for an offensive, we still face the problems of putting it into action. You can't stage an offensive next Tuesday just because you have found a likely looking weak spot in the Axis front. The whole Axis front is full of weak spots. British Commando units make landings almost anywhere they choose on the coasts of Norway, France, and Italy. I know of one Commando who has made seventy trips into France. But landing a Commando unit of fifty men is one thing. Landing a full-scale offensive is quite another.

The Germans maintain a defensive force of thirty divisions in France, something like 600,000 troops with all the ancillary troops included, against the threat of a United Nations invasion. Some military men contend that the Germans could bring a total of 100 divisions to this front without materially weakening their Russian campaigns.

Against this defensive Nazi army, the British contend that a United Nations' invasion force would have to number at least forty-five divisions, in order to achieve the necessary superiority.

It takes twenty-seven ships of 5,000 tons each to carry one British division. Two divisions require more than double this because of the equipment of the additional artillery unit. To move forty-five divisions across the Channel, the British estimate that they would need 6,750,000 tons of merchant shipping.

Based on the experience of Dunkirk, the United Nations must be prepared to lose up to two-thirds of that tonnage. Thus the invasion, even if it succeeded in establishing a hold in Europe, might prove a Pyrrhic victory.

A great part of the British and American fleets would have to be stationed in the Channel to ward off German naval attacks, and losses from *Luftwaffe* air attacks and U-boat attacks would be great. In addition, the United Nations would have to have a reserve of planes of all types sufficient to suffer losses far greater than the *Luftwaffe* was unable to endure during the 1940 Battle of Britain.

The British alone do not have enough aircraft, ships, equipment, and men to launch a successful land offensive against either France, Norway, or Italy at the present time. Huge amounts of American equipment and American manpower will be necessary for an invasion of Europe, and it is no secret that America at the present writing does not have the equipment, the trained men, or the vessels to transport an American invasion force to Britain, much less push it across to the continent. We might have all those things before the end of 1942.

We must remember, however, that an offensive inadequately equipped would mean certain defeat, and the United Nations cannot afford the materiel and shipping losses of another Dunkirk, even if we could take the moral blow.

UNTIL AMERICA AND BRITAIN have the forces to compensate for our inferior strategic position, we must be content to hold the enemy wherever possible, to prevent him from concentrating overwhelmingly at any one point. In other words, we must continue the Commando raids, organize small scale diversionary "second front" attacks, encourage sabotage inside Nazi-occupied Europe, reinforce our outposts and such crucial fronts as the Middle East, Russia, and India, and keep up mass air raids on German industrial targets—in short, the tactics of a retreat to victory.

To those who urge an offensive before we are pre-

pared, there is only one answer: The only way to beat a tank is by a better tank, the only way to stop a dive-bomber is to chase it out of the sky with a fighter plane. Until we have the planes and the tanks and last of all the trained manpower to achieve superiority in whatever theatre we choose, we must continue to retreat until we are ready for victory.

INDEX

I N D E X

-
- Abdullah, Emir of Transjordan, 126-127, 181-186
 Abyssinia *See* Ethiopia
 Addis Ababa, 88-91, 44
 Afghanistan, 845, 847-850
 Afmadu, 88
 Africa *See* Egypt; Libya
 Ahmad, Sultan of Persia, 220-221
 Alexander, Sir H.R.L.G., 426
 Alexandria, 176, 179, 185, 207, 291
 Ambedkar, Bhimrao Ramji, 865
 America
 attitude of, toward war, 459-464, 473-474
 civilian defense in, 465-491
 production goals in, 457-458, 469-470
 responsibility of, in Pacific, 441
 See also American troops and supplies; Honolulu; MacArthur, Gen. Douglas; Roosevelt, Franklin D.; United Nations
 American troops and supplies
 effectiveness of, in desert, 810
 in Libya, 295, 807-808
 in Malaya, 888
 in Middle East, 251-255
 production goals of, 457-458
 transportation of, 482-489
 Amman, 127, 129-180, 159, 164
 Anderson, Godfrey, of AP, 802
 Angly, Ed, of *Chicago Sun*, 52, 182, 826
 Anzacs *See* British forces
 Aosta, Viceroy of Ethiopia, 86, 41
 Arab Legion, 84-86, 157-158, 160-164
 Arabs, 102, 126-181, 189-141, 144-149, 167-178, 209-210
 See also Arab Legion; Glubb, Maj. John Bagot; Lawrence of Arabia
 Arizona, 898, 400
 Ataturk, Kemal, 814-816
 Auchinleck, Gen. Sir Claude, 86, 87, 178, 182, 185, 208, 249, 259-275, 296-311
 Aussies *See* British forces
 Australia, 429-431
 Australians *See* British forces
 Axis propaganda
 in Afghanistan, 845-850
 in America, 445-447
 in Burma, 879
 in Crete, 65-66, 74
 in Egypt, 177, 187
 in Hawaii, 401-407
 in India, 845-847, 850
 in Iran, 207-208, 217-218
 in Iraq, 77-78, 88-89
 in Portugal, 47-48
 in Saudi Arabia, 167
 in Turkey, 818
 policy of, 445-446
 Azad, Maulana Abul Kalam, 865
 Azhar Moslem University, 189
 Baghdad, 85-87, 211, 218
 Baguio, 884
 Bahrain Island, 14, 169
 Balkans, 18-14
 Ba Maw, of Burma, 879
 Bardia, 29-30, 88, 247
 Barrows, Joe, 886
 Basra, 20, 76, 84, 87, 89
 Bataan, 417-419
 Bengali, 82-88, 283, 256, 276, 297, 308, 854
 Berbera, 85
 Bey, Samyr, 180-181, 185
 Bismarck, 50
 Boyle, Admiral "Ginger," 265-267
 Brahmins in India, 864
 Britain
 activities of, in Iraq, 75-89
 air blitz on, 29, 85, 443, 468, 488
 Arabia dominated by, 169
 attitude of, toward taking the offensive, 85-86, 90, 472-474
 censorship in, 826-827

- Iran occupied by, 208-219, 225
 Italians defeated by, 26-45
 pact of, with Haile Selassie, 45
 promises of, to Arabs, 144, 168
 propaganda of, Middle East, 382
 relations of, with India, 364-375
 statistics of war effort in, 10, 22-23, 442-447
 strategy of, 21-23, 75-91, 150-153
 treaty of, with Egypt, 176, 205-206
 treaty of, with Ibn Saud, 172
See also British forces; Churchill, Winston; India; United Nations
 British forces
 Addis Ababa captured by, 38-45
 Germany attacked by, 484-485
 in Burma, 425-428
 in Cairo, 182
 in Crete, 54-74
 in Iraq, 82-88
 in Libya, 295-311
 in North Africa, 246-258
 in Norway, 264-267
 in Singapore, 418-416
 in Syria, 93, 95-99, 102
 in Tobruk, 233-240
 numbers of, in Middle East, 21-22
 outnumbered, 4, 10, 479-485
 reasons for retreats of, 3, 7-10,
 statistics regarding, 442-447, 450-451, 479, 485
 Buddhists in India, 365
 Bullard, Sir Reader, 217
 Burma, 378-380, 425-428
 Burma Road, 377-379, 433
 Cairo, 53, 176-188, 228
 Campbell, Capt. Robin, viii, 292, 331
 Carroll, Wallace, of UP, 232, 335, 339
 Casey, Bob, of *Chicago Daily News*, 326
 Casey, Richard G., 271, 289-290
 Cassin, 398
 Catroux, Gen. Georges, 96, 104, 106-111, 123
 Caucasus, 449-451
 Censorship
 in Britain, 326-327
 in Middle East, 84, 290, 327-334
 in United States, 390-392
 Chiang Kai-shek, 427
 Churchill, Randolph, viii, 179, 207-209, 331-332
 Churchill, Winston, 22-23, 44, 54, 148, 155, 260, 275, 295, 329-330, 355
 Civilian defense
 in Hawaii, 403-409
 in London, 468
 in Malta, 323-324
 in Manila, 335
 in United States, 465-491
 Colby, Maj. Joseph M., 254
 Collet, Philibert, 93-94
 Collishaw, Raymond, 287
 Commandos, 291-294
 Communism, 454
 Congress Party, India, 365, 368, 373-374
 Coningham, Arthur, 286
 Cornog, Maj. William W., 254
 Cornwallis, Sir Kinahan, 82-83
 Corregidor, 419-420
 Corvedale, Viscount, 179
 Cox, Geoffrey, 58
 Craw, Maj. Demas "Nick," 254
 Crete, 54-74
 Cripps, Sir Stafford, 371-375
 Cunningham, Lt. Gen. Sir Alan Gordon, 33-44, 280-282, 304
 Cunningham, Adm. Sir Andrew B., 283-285
 Cyprus, 325
 Cyrenaica, 32-33, 296-311
 Dakar, 49, 122
 Damascus, 101, 103-104, 108, 140-147
 Dardanelles, 18, 21, 318-319
 Darlan, Adm. Jean, 90-91
 Denny, Hal, of *N. Y. Times*, 302
 Dentz, Gen. Henri Fernand, 91, 95, 97, 102-107
 Deraa, 99
 Dessie, 41, 46
 Djibouti, 85
 Dobbie, Lt. Gen. Sir William, 324
 Downes, 398
 Drummond, Air Vice Marshal R. M., 286
 Dutch East Indies, 421-422
 Dyer, Gen. Reginald Edward H., 366-367
 Eden, Sir Anthony, 27, 92, 168
 Egypt, 176-188, 205
 See also Farouk, King of Egypt; Libya; names of individual cities in Egypt
 El Agheila, 306
 El-Gailani, Rashid Ali, 55, 80-83, 87-88, 158
 El Hassani, Mohammed, 110-111
 El-Husseini, Haj Amin, 78
 El Mafrak, 183
 El-Maraghi, 190-191, 193, 197
 El-Masry, Gen. Aziz, 192-193
 Ethiopia, 25, 39-45
 Far East, 411-431
 See also names of individual countries and cities
 Farouk, King of Egypt, 189-206, 222

Feisal II, King of Iraq, 78, 82, 148
Filipino troops, 416-419
Fodor, M. W., of *Chicago Sun*, 318
Fouad, King of Egypt, 195-198
France, 118-119

See also French; Gaulle, Gen.
Charles de; Syria

French

Free, 92, 96-104, 108, 112-114

Vichy, 98-94, 96, 98-104

See also Gaulle, Gen. Charles de
Freyberg, Maj. Gen. Bernard C.,
Commander in Crete, 60-61, 73

Galatos, 71-72

Gallabat, 87

Gandhi, Mohandas, 865-868, 873-
874

Gaulle, Gen. Charles de, 92, 96, 97,
110, 112, 114-125, 178-179

See also French, Free

Gentilhomme, Gen. Paul Louis le,
96, 100-101, 124

George II, King of Greece, 65

Germans

attitude of, toward enemy, 251,
278-275

attitude of, toward Italians, 289

expenditures of, for war, 10

in Crete, 64-78

in Libya, 298-311

in North Africa, 250-258

in Norway, 264-267

in Syria, 92-98

materials needed by, 15

strategy of, in Middle East, 77-
78

See also Axis propaganda; *Luft-*
waffe; Nazis

Gervasi, Frank, of *Collier's*, 58,
182, 288, 326, 382

Gestapo *See* Axis propaganda

Glubb, Maj. John Bagot, 84, 157,
160-166

Gort, General the Viscount, 324

Graziani, Marshal Rodolfo, 26-31,
191, 276

Greece, 59

Greeks, 315

Grobba, Dr. Fritz, 77-78, 152

Habbaniya, 88-86

Haining, Gen. Sir Robert H., 271,
282-288

Halfaya Pass, 84, 246-249, 297, 306

Harris, Air Marshal A. T., 488

Hartley, Sir Alan Fleming, 362

Hawaii *See* Honolulu

Hess, Rudolf, 50

Hickam Field, 397, 404, 408

Hindus, 864-869

Hitler, Adolf, 14-21, 54-55, 77, 456-
457

See also Axis propaganda; Ger-

mans; Nazis

Holburn, Jimmy, of *London Times*,
302

Holland, 421-424

Hong Kong, 412

Honolulu, 389-400, 409

Hood, 50

Hussein, of the Hejaz, 126, 144, 149

Ibn Saud, of Saudi Arabia, 168-175

India, 335-350, 364-376

See also British forces; names of
individual cities and of politi-
cal and religious groups in
India

Indians *See* British forces

India Road, 433-434

Inonu, of Turkey, 814-819

Iran, 207-225

Iraq, 75-80, 211, 488

Ismailia, 243-244

Ismet *See* Inonu

Italians, 24-32, 39-43, 239, 249-250,
455

See also Axis propaganda; Gra-
ziani; Mussolini

Italian Somaliland, 38-39

Italy, 175

See also Axis propaganda; Gra-
ziani; Italians; Mussolini

Jacoby, Mel, of *Time*, viii, 385-386

Jains, in India, 365

Jamrud, 337-338

Jamshedpur, 369

Japan, 15, 394-407, 411-431

See also Axis propaganda;
Honolulu

Java, 5-6, 421-424

Jericho, 128

Jerusalem, 210

Jervis Bay, 5

Jews in Palestine, 188, 209-210

Jinnah's Moslem League, 366, 374

Juba River, 38-39

Jumbo, 39

Kantara, 244

Kassala, 37, 39

Kenya, 35, 36

Keren, 40, 43

Kernan, Lt. Col. W. F., 472, 474,
478

Keyes, Lt. Col. Geoffrey, 291-294

Khartum, 35, 52

Khojak Pass, 396

Khyber Pass, 336, 339-343

Kimmel, Adm. H. E., 389, 407-409

King, Adm. Ernest Joseph, 10

Kiralfy, Alexander, 474

Kirkbride, Alec Seath, 130

Kismayu, 38-39

Kitchener, Lord, 144

Knox, Frank B., 391

Kosmodemyanskaya, Zoya, 6-7

- Kurusu, of Japan, 885
- Lampson, Sir Miles W., 190, 290
- Landi Khotal, 840
- Lash, Maj. Norman, 164
- Lawrence of Arabia, 127, 180, 145-149, 156, 158, 165-166
- Layton, Sir Geoffrey, of RAF, 381-382
- Libya, 296-311
- Lingayen Gulf, 416
- Lisbon, 46-48
- London air raids, 29, 35, 443, 468, 488
- Lourenço Marques, 50
- Luftwaffe*
- attacks of, on Malta, 321
 - failure of, in Britain, 485-488
 - in Crete, 56-69
 - in Libya, 307
 - possibility of American cities being bombed by, 466-469
 - raids on London by, 29, 35, 443, 468, 488
 - raids on Alexandria by, 179
- Lyttelton, Capt. Oliver, 287-289
- MacArthur, Gen. Douglas, 417-419, 428-431, 474
- MacKenzie, Duncan, 272
- MacMichael, Sir Harold, 159
- McEvoy, Dennis, 385
- Maher, Ali, of Egypt, 190-198, 198, 206
- Malaya, 381, 412-416
- Malemi, 68-72
- Malta, 820-824
- Manila, 384-387
- Maxwell, Brig. Gen. Russell, 255, 488
- Mediterranean, 22-23
- See also* names of individual countries bordering on Mediterranean
- Mersa Matruh, 27-28, 246, 255-256, 306
- Middle East
- Allied defense of, 21-23
 - Americans in, 253-255
 - as a proving ground for American aircraft, 253
 - British personnel in, 276-290
 - British soldiers in, 450
 - censorship in, 327-334
 - commanders in, 276-290
 - Commando units in, 291-294
 - definition of, 12 (footnote)
 - history of, 139-156
 - Hitler's plans regarding, 14-21
 - importance of, 13-17, 259, 449
 - importance of Syria in, 91-92
 - oil in, 13-14
 - routes into, 435-439
- See also* Axis propaganda; Britain; British forces; Germans; Italians; Nazis; names of individual countries and cities
- Miller, Bob, foreign correspondent, 58
- Miram Shah, 343-345
- Mombasa, 50-51
- Momin Ansar Party in India, 366
- Morshead, Gen. Leslie James, 298
- Moscow, 9, 227-228
- Moslem League, 364-366, 374
- Moslems, 140, 364-369
- Mosley, Leonard, 328
- Mosul, 85
- Mountbatten, Lord Louis, 52
- Mowrer, Edgar A., 385
- Murphy, Charlie, of *Fortune*, 49
- Muselier, Emile H., 123
- Mussolini, 25-32, 191
- See also* Axis propaganda; Italians
- Mydans, Carl, *Life* photographer, ix, 386
- Napoleon, 323
- Narvik, 264-267
- Nazis, 6-7, 14-21, 65-74, 227-228
- See also* Axis propaganda; Germans; Hitler
- Nelson, Donald, 460, 462
- Neville, Bob, formerly of *PM*, 326
- New Zealanders *See* British forces
- Norway, 264-267, 477
- Nehru, Pandit Jawaharlal, 365
- Oil
- in Afghanistan, 349
 - in Balkans, 13-14
 - in Burma, 378
 - in Iran, 203, 220
 - in Iraq, 76
 - in Kirkuk, 20, 85
 - in Mosul, 85
 - Nazi requirements of, 13-14
- Oklahoma, 398
- Pahlavi, Reza, of Iran, 219-224
- Pahlavi, Mohammed, 222
- Palestine, 183, 209-211
- Papen, Franz von, 813
- Parachutists in Crete, 56, 62-71
- Parsees in India, 365
- Peake, Frederick G., 160
- Pearl Harbor, 306-307, 389-400
- See also* Axis propaganda; Honolulu; Japan
- Persia *See* Iran
- Peshawar, 337, 342-343
- Pétain, Marshal, 107
- Petit, Brig. Gen. Ernest, 123
- Philby, Harry St. John Bridger, 165

Philippines, 416-419
 Philpots, Maj. Anthony, 272
 Piburn, Lt. Col. Edwin W., 254,
 271, 306
 Poland, 7, 18, 298
 Pope, Gen. Vyvyan U., 257
 Port Said, 248, 245
 Port Tewfik, 243
 Portugal, 47-48
President Coolidge, 888-892
Prince of Wales, 4
 Production in U. S., 457, 458, 469-
 470
 Propaganda *See* Axis propa-
 ganda
 RAF *See* British forces
 Rangoon, 377
 Red Sea, 251
Repulse, 4
 Reynaud, Paul, 116-117
 Ritchie, Lt. Gen. Neil M., 272, 282
 Roberts Inquiry Board, 401
Robin Moor, 49
 Rodger, George, of *Life*, 43, 96-
 102, 114, 132, 185, 218, 333-
 335, 377, 425
 Rommel, Marshal Erwin, 40-41,
 234, 239, 246-250, 291-311, 354
Ronin, Japanese fifth-column, 401
 Roosevelt, Franklin D., 391, 457
 Roosevelt, Jimmy, 52
 Russia, 6, 9, 212-219, 228-232, 452-
 454
 Sabbagh, Salah Ud Din Al, 80
 Salum, 246-247, 297, 306
 Sarajoglu, Shukru, of Turkey, 318
 Saudi Arabia, 169-170, 173-174
 Saydam, Dr. Refik, of Turkey, 318
Scheherazade, 308
 Scherman, Dave, of *Life*, 49
 Schofield Barracks, 396, 405
 "Second Front," 474-491
 Selassie, Emperor Haile, 37, 44, 45
 Seversky, Maj. Alexander de, 475
Shaw, 398
 Sheean, Vincent, 385
 Shearer, Brig. Gen. John, 271
 Sheikh, Bedouin, 181-186
 Short, Lt. Gen. Walter C., 407-409
 Short Snorter Club, 386-387
 Siberia, 453
 Sidi Barrani, 26-28, 36
 Sidi Omar, 297
 Sidky, Bekr, 79
 Sidon, 102
 Sikhs in India, 365, 367
 Sinclair, Sir Archibald, 431
 Sinenko, Gen. Max, 216, 226-227
 Singapore, 4-5, 381-384, 412-416,
 440-441
 Sirry, Hussein, of Egypt, 193
 Slogans of democracies, 471

Smith, Gen. Arthur, 271
 Stalin, 318
 Stark, Freya, 78-79
 Stefansson, Vilhjalmur, 474
 Stilwell, Lt. Gen. Joseph W., 427
 Suda Bay, 59
 Sudan, 35, 37, 51
 Suez, 242-243
 Suez Canal, 241-245
 Sumatra, 420-421
 Supply lines of United Nations,
 432-439
 Syria, 90-111
 Tallal, heir of Abdullah, 152-153
 Taurus Mountains, 21
 Tedder, A. W., 272, 285-286
 Teheran, 217, 228
 Tobruk, 30, 207, 233-240
 Transjordan, 128-136, 149
 Turkey, 312-318
 United Nations, 3, 7-11, 448-454,
 483-491
 See also names of individual
 countries
 United States *See* America
 Untouchables in India, 364
 U Saw, of Burma, 379-380
Utah, 398
 Valin, Col. Martial, 123
 Valletta, 322
 Vayo, Julio Alvarez Del, 474
 Verdillac, General de, 106
 Versailles Peace Treaty, 146-147
 Vestal, 400
 Volpini, General, of Abyssinia, 42
 Wadi Halfa, 53
 WAFD party in Egypt, 190, 199-
 200, 205
 Wainwright, Lt. Gen. Jonathan
 M., 419-420
 Ward, Eddie, of the BBC, 302
 Wavell, Gen. Sir Archibald Perci-
 val, 18, 26-36, 36, 178-192, 208,
 249, 351-363
 Weygand, Maxime, 94, 116, 120
 Wheeler, Brig. Gen. R. A., 438
 Wheeler Field, 395, 408, 460
 Wheeler-Nicholson, Maj. Malcolm,
 474
 Whitmore, Annalee, of MGM, 386
 Willkie, Wendell, 337
 Wilson, Lt. Gen. Sir H. Maitland,
 21, 31, 33, 95, 97, 101, 106, 257,
 276-280
Yarra, 5-6
 Yemen, 169, 175
 Zahir, Mohammed, 348
 Zarghunkhel, India, 341-342

